THE

CONFESSIONS

OF

J. J. ROUSSEAU,

CITIZEN OF GENEVA.

PART THE SECOND.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A NEW COLLECTION OF LETTERS

FROM THE AUTHOR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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BY THE

TRANSLATOR.

THE following ſheets may be ſtyled, a continuation of the Life and Character of Rouſſeau, written by himſelf. Of their authenticity not a doubt can be entertained by thoſe who have read the preceding part of the ſame work, publiſhed ſeveral years ſince, or who are in the leaſt acquainted with the ſtyle and peculiar manner of thinking of that extraordinary man. The part of the Confeſſions of J. J. Rouſſeau now preſented to the public certainly deſerves to be conſidered as more intereſting and important than the former, which only contained the adventures and amours of the yet unknown youth, while we here have the hiſtory of the man, after he had deſervedly engaged the attention of the whole literary world. The narrative now

preſents

preſents us with the adventures of the writer of the *Devin du Village*, the Social Contract, Eloiſa, and Emilius; and a circumſtantial relation of the manner in which the firſt idea of theſe and other celebrated works was conceived, and of their progreſs and completion, while the portrait of their author is given by his own original pencil, which depicts, in the moſt natural and lively colours, the eccentricities of Genius, and the wanderings and ſingularities of which the human head and heart are capable.

The Letters which compoſe the Third Volume bear the ſame indubitable marks of authenticity, and cannot but be highly acceptable to the admirers of the philoſopher of Geneva, and to all who wiſh to become more intimately acquainted with the circumſtances of the Life of Rouſſeau, and the peculiarities of his mind and character.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Intus et in cute.

BOOK VII.

AFTER two years ſilence and patience, and notwithſtanding my reſolutions, I again take up my pen. Reader, ſuſpend your judgment as to the reaſons which force me to ſuch a ſtep; of theſe you can be no judge until you have read my book.

My peaceful youth has been ſeen to paſs away calmly and agreeably without any great diſappointments or remarkable proſperity. This mediocrity was moſtly owing to my ardent yet feeble nature, leſs prompt in undertaking than eaſy to diſcourage; quitting repoſe by violent agitations, but returning to it from laſſitude and inclination, and which placing me in an idle and tranquil ſtate for which alone I felt I was born, at a diſtance from the paths of great virtues, and ſtill farther from thoſe of great vices, never permitted

me to arrive at any thing great either good or bad. What a different account ſhall I ſoon have to give of myſelf! Fate, which for thirty years forced my inclinations, for thirty others has ſeemed to oppoſe them; and this continued oppoſition between my ſituation and inclinations will appear to have been the ſource of enormous faults, unheard of misfortunes, and every virtue except that fortitude which alone can do honour to adverſity.

The hiſtory of the firſt part of my life was written from memory, and is conſequently full of errors. As I am obliged to write the ſecond part from memory alſo, the errors in it will probably be ſtill more numerous. The agreeable remembrance of the fineſt portion of my years, paſſed with ſo much tranquillity and innocence, has left in my heart a thouſand charming impreſſions which I love inceſſantly to call to my recollection. It will ſoon appear how different from theſe, thoſe of the reſt of my life have been. To recal them to my mind would be to renew their bitterneſs. Far from increaſing that of my ſituation by theſe ſorrowful reflections, I repel them as much as poſſible, and in this endeavour often ſucceed ſo well as to be unable to find them at will. This facility of forgetting my misfortunes is a conſolation heaven has reſerved to me in the midſt of thoſe which fate has one day to accumulate upon my head. My memory, which preſents to me no objects but ſuch as are agreeable, is the happy counterpoiſe of my terrified imagination, by which I foreſee nothing but a cruel futurity.

All the papers I had collected to aid my recollection, and guide me in this undertaking, are

are no longer in my poſſeſſion, nor can I ever again hope to regain them.

I have but one faithful guide on which I can depend: this is the chain of the ſentiments by which the ſucceſſion of my exiſtence has been marked, and by theſe the events which have been either the cauſe or the effect of the manner of it. I eaſily forget my misfortunes, but I cannot forget my faults, and ſtill leſs my virtuous ſentiments. The remembrance of theſe is too dear to me ever to ſuffer them to be effaced from my mind. I may omit facts, tranſpoſe events, and fall into ſome errors of dates; but I cannot be deceived in what I have felt, nor in that which from ſentiment I have done; and to relate this is the chief end of my preſent work. The real object of my confeſſions is to communicate an exact knowledge of what I interiorly am and have been in every ſituation of my life. I have promiſed the hiſtory of my mind, and to write it faithfully I have no need of other memories: to enter into my own heart, as I have hitherto done, will alone be ſufficient.

There is, however, and very happily, an interval of ſix or ſeven years, relative to which, I have exact references, in a collection of letters copied from the originals, in the hands of M. du Peyrou. This collection, which concludes in 1760, comprehends the whole time of my reſidence at the hermitage, and my great quarrel with thoſe who called themſelves my friends; that memorable epocha of my life, and the ſource of all my other misfortunes. With reſpect to more recent original letters which may remain in my poſſeſſion, and are but few in number, inſtead of tranſcribing them at the end of this collection, too voluminous to enable me to deceive the vigilance of my Arguſes, I will copy

them into the work wherever they appear to furniſh any explanation, be this either for or againſt myſelf; for I am not under the leaſt apprehenſion leſt the reader ſhould forget I make my confeſſion, and be induced to believe I make my apology; but he cannot expect I ſhall conceal the truth when it teſtifies in my favour.

This ſecond part, it is likewiſe to be remembered, contains nothing in common with the firſt, except truth; nor has any other advantage over it, but the importance of the facts; in every thing elſe, it is inferior to the former. I wrote the firſt with pleaſure, with ſatisfaction, and at my eaſe, at Wootton, or in the caſtle of Trie: every thing I had to recollect was a new enjoyment. I returned to my cloſet with an increaſed pleaſure, and, without conſtraint, gave that turn to my deſcriptions which moſt flattered my imagination.

At preſent my head and memory are become ſo weak, as to render me almoſt incapable of every kind of application: my preſent undertaking is the reſult of conſtraint, and a heart full of ſorrow. I have nothing to treat of but misfortunes, treacheries, perfidies, and circumſtances equally afflicting. I would give the world, could I bury in the obſcurity of time, every thing I have to ſay, and which, in ſpite of myſelf, I am obliged to relate. I am, at the ſame time, under the neceſſity of being myſterious and ſubtle, of endeavouring to impoſe, and of deſcending to things the moſt foreign to my nature. The ceiling under which I write has eyes; the walls of my chamber have ears. Surrounded by ſpies and by vigilant and malevolent inſpectors, diſturbed, and my attention diverted, I haſtily commit to paper a few broken ſentences, which I have ſcarcely

time

time to read, and ſtill leſs to correct. I know that, notwithſtanding the barriers which are multiplied around me, my enemies are afraid truth ſhould eſcape by ſome little opening. What means can I take to introduce it to the world? This however I attempt with but few hopes of ſucceſs. The reader will judge whether or not ſuch a ſituation furniſhes the means of agreeable deſcriptions, or of giving them a ſeductive colouring! I therefore inform ſuch as may undertake to read this work, that nothing can ſecure them from wearineſs in the proſecution of their taſk, unleſs it be the deſire of becoming more fully acquainted with a man whom they already know, and a ſincere love of juſtice and truth.

In my firſt part I brought down my narrative to my departure with infinite regret from Paris, leaving my heart at Charmettes, and, there building my laſt caſtle in the air, intending ſome day to return to the feet of Mamma, reſtored to herſelf, with the treaſures I ſhould have acquired, and depending upon my ſyſtem of muſic as upon a certain fortune.

I made ſome ſtay at Lyons to viſit my acquaintance, procure letters of recommendation to Paris, and to ſell my books of geometry which I had brought with me. I was well received by all whom I knew. M. and Madame de Mably ſeemed pleaſed to ſee me again, and ſeveral times invited me to dinner. At their houſe I became acquainted with the Abbé de Mably, as I had already done with the Abbé de Condillac, both of whom were on a viſit to their brother. The Abbé de Mably gave me letters to Paris; among others, one to M. de Fontenelle, and another to the Comte de Caylus. Theſe were very agreeable acquaintances, eſpecially

eſpecially the firſt, to whoſe friendſhip for me his death only put a period, and from whom, in our private converſations, I received advice which I ought to have more exactly followed.

I likewiſe ſaw M. Bordes, with whom I had been long acquainted, and who had frequently obliged me with the greateſt cordiality and the moſt real pleaſure. He it was who enabled me to ſell my books; and he alſo gave me from himſelf, good recommendations to Paris. I again ſaw the intendant for whoſe acquaintance I was indebted to M. Bordes, and who introduced me to the Duke de Richelieu, who was then paſſing through Lyons. M. Pallu preſented me. The Duke received me well, and invited me to come and ſee him at Paris; I did ſo ſeveral times; although this great acquaintance, of which I ſhall frequently have occaſion to ſpeak, was never of the moſt trifling utility to me.

I viſited the muſician David, who, in one of my former journies, and in my diſtreſs, had rendered me ſervice. He had either lent or given me a cap and a pair of ſtockings, which I have never returned, nor has he ever aſked me for them, although we have ſince that time frequently ſeen each other. I however made him a preſent, ſomething like an equivalent. I would ſay more upon this ſubject, were what I have owed in queſtion; but I have to ſpeak of what I have done, which, unfortunately, is far from being the ſame thing.

I alſo ſaw the noble and generous Perrichon, and not without feeling the effects of his accuſtomed munificence; for he made me the ſame preſent he had previouſly done to the elegant Bernard, by paying for my place in the Diligence. I viſited the ſurgeon Pariſot, the beſt and moſt benevolent of men; as alſo his beloved

beloved Godefroi, who had lived with him ten years, and whoſe merit chiefly conſiſted in her gentle manners and goodneſs of heart. It was impoſſible to ſee this woman without pleaſure, or to leave her without regret. Nothing better ſhews the inclinations of a man, than the nature of his attachments*. Thoſe who had once ſeen the gentle Godefroi, immediately knew the good and amiable Pariſot.

I was much obliged to all theſe good people, but I afterwards neglected them all; not from ingratitude, but from that invincible indolence which ſo often aſſumes its appearance. The remembrance of their ſervices has never been effaced from my mind, nor the impreſſion they made, from my heart: but I could more eaſily have proved my gratitude, than aſſiduouſly have ſhewn them the exterior of that ſentiment. Exactitude in correſpondence has ever been what I never could obſerve; the moment I begin to relax, the ſhame and embarraſſment of repairing my fault make me aggravate it, and I entirely deſiſt from writing; I have, therefore, been ſilent, and appeared to forget them. Pariſot and Perrichon took not the leaſt notice of my negligence, and I ever found them the ſame. But, twenty years afterwards it will be ſeen, in M. Bordes,

* Unleſs he be deceived in his choice, or that ſhe, to whom he attaches himſelf, changes her character by an extraordinary concurrence of cauſes, which is not abſolutely impoſſible. Were this conſequence to be admitted without modification, Socrates muſt be judged of by his wife Xantippe, and Dion by his friend Calippus, which would be the moſt falſe and inequitous judgment ever made. However let no injurious application be here made to my wife. She is weak and more eaſily deceived than I at firſt imagined, but by her pure and excellent character ſhe is worthy of all my eſteem.

to what a degree the ſelf-love of a wit can make him carry his vengeance when he feels himſelf neglected.

Before I leave Lyons, I muſt not forget an amiable perſon, whom I again ſaw with more pleaſure than ever, and who left in my heart the moſt tender remembrance. This was Mademoiſelle Serre, of whom I have ſpoken in my firſt part; I renewed my acquaintance with her whilſt I was at M. de Mably's.

Being this time more at leiſure, I ſaw her more frequently, and ſhe made the moſt ſenſible impreſſions on my heart. I had ſome reaſon to believe her own was not unfavourable to my pretenſions; but ſhe honoured me with her confidence ſo far as to remove from me all temptation to allure her partiality. She had no fortune, and in this reſpect exactly reſembled myſelf; our ſituations were too ſimilar to permit us to become united; and with the views I then had, I was far from thinking of marriage. She gave me to underſtand, that a young merchant, one M. Geneve, ſeemed to wiſh to obtain her hand. I ſaw him once or twice at her lodgings; he appeared to me to be an honeſt man, and this was his general character. Perſuaded ſhe would be happy with him, I was deſirous he ſhould marry her, which he afterwards did; and that I might not diſturb their innocent love, I haſtened my departure; offering up, for the happineſs of that charming woman, prayers, which, here below, were not long heard. Alas! her time was very ſhort, for I afterwards heard ſhe died in the ſecond or third year after her marriage. My mind, during the journey, was wholly abſorbed in tender regret. I felt, and

ſince that time, when theſe circumſtances have been preſent to my recollection, have frequently done the ſame; that although the ſacrifices made to virtue and our duty may ſometimes be painful, we are well rewarded by the agreeable remembrance they leave deeply engraven in our hearts.

I this time ſaw Paris in as favourable a point of view as it had appeared to me in an unfavourable one at my firſt journey; not that my ideas of its brilliancy aroſe from the ſplendour of my lodgings; for in conſequence of an addreſs given me by M. Bordes, I reſided at the Hotel St. Quentin Rue des Cordiers, near the Sorbonne; a vile ſtreet, a miſerable hotel, and a wretched apartment: but nevertheleſs a houſe in which ſeveral men of merit, ſuch as Greſſet, Bordes, the Abbé Mably, Condillac, and ſeveral others, of whom unfortunately I found not one, had taken up their quarters: but I there met with M. Bonnefond, a man unacquainted with the world, lame, litigious, and who affected to be a puriſt. To him I owe the acquaintance of M. Roguin, at preſent the oldeſt friend I have, and by whoſe means I became acquainted with Diderot, of whom I ſhall ſoon have occaſion to ſay a good deal.

I arrived at Paris in the autumn of 1741, with fifteen louis in my purſe, and with my comedy of Narciſſus and my muſical project in my pocket. Theſe compoſed my whole ſtock; conſequently, I had not much time to loſe before I attempted to turn the latter to ſome advantage. I therefore immediately thought of making uſe of my recommendations.

A young man who arrives at Paris, with a tolerable figure, and announces himſelf by his talents is ſure to be well received. This was

my good fortune, which procured me ſome pleaſures without leading to any thing ſolid. Of all the perſons to whom I was recommended, three only were uſeful to me. M. Dameſin, a gentleman of Savoy, at that time equerry, and I believe favourite, of the Princeſs of Carignan; M. de B. ſecretary to the Academy of Inſcriptions, and keeper of the medals of the King's cab net; and Father Caſtel, a Jeſuit, author of the *Clavecin oculaire**.

All theſe recommendations, except that to M. Dameſin, were given me by the Abbé de Mably.

M. Dameſin provided me with that which was moſt needful, by means of two perſons with whom he brought me acquainted. One was M. Gaſc, *preſident à mortier of the* parliament of Bourdeaux, and who played very well upon the violin; the other, the Abbé de Leon, who then lodged in the Sorbonne, a young nobleman, extremely amiable, who died in the flower of his age, after having, for a few moments, made a figure in the world under the name of the Chevalier de Rohan. Both theſe gentlemen had an inclination to learn compoſition. In this I gave them leſſons for a few months, by which means my decreaſing purſe received ſome little aid. The Abbé Leon conceived a friendſhip for me, and wiſhed me to become his ſecretary; but he was far from being rich, and all the ſalary he could offer me was eight hundred livres, which, with infinite regret, I refuſed; ſince it was inſufficient to defray the expences of my lodging, food, and cloathing.

* Ocular harpſichord.

I was

I was well received by M. B. he had a thirſt for knowledge, of which he poſſeſſed not a little, but was ſomewhat pedantic. Madame de B. much reſembled him, ſhe was lively and affected. I ſometimes dined with them, and it is impoſſible to be more aukward than I was in her preſence. Her eaſy manner intimidated me, and rendered mine more remarkable. When ſhe preſented me a plate, I modeſtly put forward my fork to take one of the leaſt bits of what ſhe offered me, which made her give the plate to her ſervant, turning her head aſide that I might not ſee her laugh. She had not the leaſt ſuſpicion that in the head of the ruſtic with whom ſhe was ſo diverted there was ſome ſmall portion of wit. M. de B. preſented me to M. de Reaumur, his friend, who came to dine with him every Friday, the day on which the academy of ſciences met. He mentioned to him my project and the deſire I had of having it examined by the academy. M. de Reaumur conſented to make the propoſal, and his offer was accepted. On the day appointed, I was introduced and preſented by M. de Reaumur, and on the ſame day, Auguſt 22d, 1742, I had the honour to read to the academy the memoir I had prepared for that purpoſe. Although this illuſtrious aſſembly might certainly well be expected to inſpire me with awe; I was leſs intimidated on this occaſion than I had been in the preſence of Madame de B. and I got tolerably well through my reading and the anſwers I was obliged to give. The memoir was well received, and acquired me ſome compliments by which I was equally ſurpriſed and flattered, imagining that before ſuch an aſſembly, whoever was not a member of it could

not

not have common ſenſe. The perſons appointed to examine my ſyſtem, were M. Mairan, M. Hellot, and M. de Fouchy, all three men of merit, but not one of them underſtood muſic, at leaſt not enough of compoſition to enable them to judge of my project.

During my conferences with theſe gentlemen, I was convinced with no leſs certainty than ſurpriſe, that if men of learning have ſometimes fewer prejudices than others, they more tenaciouſly retain thoſe they have. However weak or falſe moſt of their objections were, and although I anſwered them with great timidity, and, I confeſs, in bad terms, yet with decifive reaſons, I never once made myſelf underſtood, or gave them any explanation in the leaſt ſatisfactory. I was conſtantly ſurpriſed at the facility with which, by the aid of a few ſonorous phraſes, they refuted, without having comprehended me. They had learned, I know not where, that a monk of the name of Souhaitti, had formerly invented a mode of noting the gamut by cyphers: a ſufficient proof that my ſyſtem was not new. This might, perhaps, be the caſe; for although I had never heard of father Souhaitti, and notwithſtanding his manner of writing the ſeven notes without attending to the octaves was not, under any point of view, worthy of entering into competition with my ſimple and commodious invention for eaſily noting by cyphers every poſſible kind of muſic, keys, reſts, octaves, meaſure, time, and length of notes; things on which Souhaitti had never thought: it was, nevertheleſs, true, that with reſpect to the elementary expreſſion of the ſeven notes, he was the firſt inventor.

But

But beſides their giving to this primitive invention more importance than was due to it, they went ſtill farther, and, whenever they ſpoke of the fundamental principles of the ſyſtem, talked nonſenſe. The greateſt advantage of my ſcheme was to ſuperſede tranſpoſitions and keys, ſo that the ſame piece of muſic was noted and tranſpoſed at will by means of the change of a ſingle initial letter at the head of the air. Theſe gentlemen had heard from the muſic maſters of Paris that the method of executing by tranſpoſition was a bad one; and on this authority converted the moſt evident advantage of my ſyſtem into an invincible objection againſt it, and affirmed that my mode of notation was good for vocal muſic, but bad for inſtrumental; inſtead of concluding as they ought to have done, that it was good for vocal, and ſtill better for inſtrumental. On their report the academy granted me a certificate full of fine compliments, amidſt which it appeared that in reality it judged my ſyſtem to be neither new nor uſeful. I did not think proper to ornament with ſuch a paper the work entituled, *Diſſertation ſur la muſique moderne**, by which I appealed to the public.

I had reaſon to remark on this occaſion that, even with a narrow underſtanding, the ſole but profound knowledge of a thing is preferable, for the purpoſe of judging of it, to all the lights reſulting from a cultivation of the ſciences, when to theſe a particular ſtudy of that in queſtion has not been joined. The only ſolid objection to my ſyſtem was made by Rameau. I had ſcarcely explained it to him before he

* Diſſertation on modern muſic.

diſcovered

diſcovered its weak part. Your ſigns, ſaid he, are very good, in as much as they clearly and ſimply determine the length of notes, exactly repreſent intervals, and ſhew the ſimple in the double note, which the common notation does not do; but they are objectionable on account of their requiring an operation of the mind, which cannot always accompany the rapidity of execution. The poſition of our notes, continued he, is deſcribed to the eye without the concurrence of this operation. If two notes, one very high and the other very low, be joined by a ſeries of intermediate ones, I ſee at the firſt glance the progreſs from one to the other by conjoined degrees; but in your ſyſtem, to perceive this ſeries, I muſt neceſſarily run over your cyphers one after the other; the glance of the eye is here uſeleſs. The objection appeared to me inſurmountable, and I inſtantly aſſented to it. Although it be ſimple and ſtriking, nothing can ſuggeſt it but great knowledge and practice of the art, and it is by no means aſtoniſhing that not one of the academicians ſhould have thought of it. But what creates much ſurprize is, that theſe men of great learning, and who are ſuppoſed to poſſeſs ſo much knowledge, ſhould ſo little know that each ought to confine his judgment to that which relates to the ſtudy with which he has been converſant.

My frequent viſits to the literati appointed to examine my ſyſtem and the other academicians gave me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the moſt diſtinguiſhed men of letters in Paris, and by this means the acquaintance that would have been the conſequence of my ſudden admiſſion amongſt them, which afterwards came to paſs, was already eſtabliſhed.

eſtabliſhed. With reſpect to the preſent moment, abſorbed in my new ſyſtem of muſic, I obſtinately adhered to my intention of effecting a revolution in the art, and by that means of acquiring a kind of celebrity which, in the fine arts, is in Paris moſtly accompanied by fortune. I ſhut myſelf in my chamber and laboured three or four months with inexpreſſible ardour, in forming into a work for the public eye, the memoir I had read before the academy. The difficulty was to find a bookſeller to take my manuſcript; and this on account of the neceſſary expences for new characters, and becauſe bookſellers give not their money by handfuls to young authors; although to me it ſeemed but juſt my work ſhould render me the bread I had eaten while employed in its compoſition.

Bonnefond introduced me to Quillau the father, with whom I agreed to divide the profits, without reckoning the privilege, of which I paid the whole expence. Such were the future proceedings of this Quillau, that I loſt the expences of my privilege, never having received a farthing from that edition; which, probably, had but very middling ſucceſs, although the Abbé des Fontaines promiſed to give it celebrity, and, notwithſtanding the other journaliſts had ſpoken of it very favourably.

The greateſt obſtacle to making the experiment of my ſyſtem, was the fear, in caſe of its not being received, of loſing the time neceſſary to learn it. To this I anſwered, that my notes rendered the ideas ſo clear, that to learn muſic by means of the ordinary characters, time would be gained by beginning with mine. To prove this by experience, I taught muſic

gratis

gratis to a young American lady, Mademoiſelle des Roulins, with whom M. Roguin had brought me acquainted. In three months ſhe read every kind of muſic, by means of my notation, and ſung at ſight better than I did myſelf, any piece that was not too difficult. This ſucceſs was convincing, but not known; any other perſon would have filled the journals with the detail, but with ſome talents for diſcovering uſeful things, I never have poſſeſſed that of ſetting them off to advantage.

Thus was my airy caſtle again overthrown; but this time I was thirty years of age, and in Paris, where it is impoſſible to live for a trifle. The reſolution I took upon this occaſion will aſtoniſh none but thoſe by whom the firſt part of theſe memoirs has not been read with attention. I had juſt made great and fruitleſs efforts, and was in need of relaxation. Inſtead of ſinking with deſpair I gave myſelf up quietly to my indolence and to the care of providence; and the better to wait for its aſſiſtance with patience, I laid down a frugal plan for the ſlow expenditure of a few louis, which ſtill remained in my poſſeſſion, regulating the expence of my ſupine pleaſures without retrenching it; going to the Coffee-houſe but every other day, and to the theatre but twice a week. With reſpect to the expences of girls of eaſy virtue, I had no retrenchment to make; never having in the whole courſe of my life applied ſo much as a farthing to that uſe except once, of which I ſhall ſoon have occaſion to ſpeak.

The ſecurity, voluptuouſneſs and confidence with which I gave myſelf up to this indolent and ſolitary life which I had not the means of continuing for three months, is one of the ſingularities of my life, and the oddities of my diſpoſition.

diſpoſition. The extreme deſire I had the public ſhould think of me was preciſely what diſcouraged me from ſhewing myſelf; and the neceſſity of paying viſits rendered them to ſuch a degree inſupportable, that I ceaſed viſiting the academicians and other men of letters, with whom I had cultivated an acquaintance. Marivaux, the Abbé Mably, and Fontenelle were almoſt the only perſons whom I ſometimes went to ſee. To the firſt I ſhewed my comedy of Narciſſus. He was pleaſed with it, and had the goodneſs to make in it ſome improvements. Diderot, younger than theſe, was much about my own age. He was fond of muſic, and knew it theoretically; we converſed together, and he communicated to me ſome of his literary projects. This ſoon formed betwixt us a more intimate connection, which laſted fifteen years, and which probably would ſtill exiſt were not I, unfortunately, and by his own fault, of the ſame profeſſion with himſelf.

It would be impoſſible to imagine in what manner I employed this ſhort and precious interval which ſtill remained to me, before circumſtances forced me to beg my bread:—in learning by memory paſſages from the poets which I had learned and forgotten a hundred times. Every morning, at ten o'clock, I went to walk in the Luxembourgh with a Virgil and a Rouſſeau in my pocket, and there, until the hour of dinner, I paſſed away the time in reſtoring to my memory a ſacred ode or a bucolic, without being diſcouraged by forgetting, by the ſtudy of the morning, what I had learned the evening before. I recollected that after the defeat of Nicias at Syracuſe, the captive Athenians obtained a livelihood by reciting

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ing the poems of Homer. The uſe I made of this erudition to ward off miſery was to exerciſe my happy memory by learning all the poets by rote.

I had another expedient, not leſs ſolid, in the game of cheſs, to which I regularly dedicated, at Maugis, the evenings on which I did not go to the theatre. I became acquainted with M. de Legal, M. Huſſon, Philidor, and all the great cheſs players of the day, without making the leaſt improvement in the game. However, I had no doubt but, in the end, I ſhould become ſuperior to them all, and this, in my own opinion, was a ſufficient reſource. The ſame manner of reaſoning ſerved me in every folly to which I felt myſelf inclined. I ſaid to myſelf; whoever excels in any thing is ſure to acquire a diſtinguiſhed reception in ſociety. Let us therefore excel, no matter in what, I ſhall certainly be ſought after; opportunities will preſent themſelves, and my own merit will do the reſt. This childiſhneſs was not the ſophiſm of my reaſon; it was that of my indolence. Diſmayed at the great and rapid efforts which would have been neceſſary to call forth my endeavours, I ſtrove to flatter my idleneſs, and by arguments ſuitable to the purpoſe, veiled from my own eyes the ſhame of ſuch a ſtate.

I thus calmly waited for the moment when I was to be without money; and had not father Caſtel, whom I ſometimes went to ſee in my way to the coffee-houſe, rouzed me from my lethargy, I believe I ſhould have ſeen myſelf reduced to my laſt farthing without the leaſt emotion. Father Caſtel was a madman, but a good man upon the whole; he was ſorry to ſee me thus impoveriſh myſelf to no purpoſe.

poſe. Since muſicians and the learned, ſaid he, do not ſing by your ſcale, change the ſtring, and apply to the women. You will perhaps ſucceed better with them. I have ſpoken of you to Madame de B . . . . . l; go to her from me; ſhe is a good woman who will be glad to ſee the countryman of her ſon and huſband. You will find at her houſe Madame de B . . . . . e, her daughter, who is a woman of wit. Madame D . . . n is another to whom I alſo have mentioned you; carry her your work; ſhe is deſirous of ſeeing you, and will receive you well. Nothing is done in Paris without the women. They are the curves of which the wiſe are the aſymptotes; they inceſſantly approach each other but never touch.

After having from day to day delayed theſe very diſagreeable ſteps, I at length took courage, and called upon Madame de B . . . . . l. She received me with kindneſs; and Madame de B . . . . . e entering the chamber, ſhe ſaid to her: Daughter, this is M. Rouſſeau, of whom father Caſtel has ſpoken to us. Madame de B . . . . . e complimented me upon my work, and going to her harpſichord proved to me ſhe had already given it ſome attention. Perceiving it to be about one o'clock, I prepared to take my leave. Madame de B . . . . . l ſaid to me: you are at a great diſtance from the quarter of the town in which you reſide: ſtay and dine here. I did not want aſking a ſecond time. A quarter of an hour afterwards, I underſtood, by a word, that the dinner to which ſhe had invited me was that of her ſervant's hall. Madame de B . . . . . l was a very good kind of a woman, but of a confined underſtanding, and too full of her illuſtrious Poliſh nobility: ſhe had no idea of the reſpect due to talents.

talents. On this occaſion, likewiſe, ſhe judged me by my manner rather than by my dreſs, which although very plain was very neat, and by no means announced a man to dine with ſervants. I had too long forgotten the way to the place where they eat to be inclined to take it again. Without ſuffering my anger to appear, I told Madame de B . . . . . l that an affair of a trifling nature which I had juſt recollected obliged me to return home, and I immediately prepared to depart. Madame de B . . . . . l approached her mother, and whiſpered in her ear a few words which had their effect. Madame de B . . . . . l roſe to prevent me from going, and ſaid, I expect that you will do us the honour to dine *with us*, in this caſe I thought to ſhew pride would be a mark of folly, and I determined to ſtay. The goodneſs of Madame de B . . . . . e had beſides made an impreſſion upon me, and rendered her intereſting in my eyes. I was very glad to dine with her, and hoped, that when ſhe knew me better, ſhe would not regret having procured me that honour. The preſident de L . . . . . n, very intimate in the family, dined there alſo. He, as well as Madame de B . . . . . e was a maſter of all the modiſh and faſhionable ſmall talk jargon of Paris. Poor Jean Jacques was unable to make a figure in this way. I had ſenſe enough not to pretend to it, and was ſilent. Happy ſhould it have been for me, had I always poſſeſſed the ſame wiſdom; I ſhould not be in the abyſs into which I am now fallen. I was vexed at my own ſtupidity, and at being unable to juſtify to Madame de B . . . . . e what ſhe had done in my favour.

After dinner I thought of my ordinary reſource. I had in my pocket, an epiſtle in verſe, written

written to Pariſot during my reſidence at Lyons. This fragment was not without ſome fire, which I increaſed by my manner of reading, and made them all three ſhed tears. Whether it was vanity, or really the truth, I thought the eyes of Madame de B . . . . . e ſeemed to ſay to her mother: Well, mamma, was I wrong in telling you this man was fitter to dine with us than with your women? Until then my heart had been rather burdened, but after this revenge I felt myſelf ſatisfied. Madame de B . . . . . e, carrying her favourable opinion of me rather too far, thought I ſhould immediately acquire fame in Paris, and become a favourite with fine ladies. To guide my inexperience ſhe gave me the confeſſions of the Count de * * *. This book, ſaid ſhe, is a Mentor, of which you will ſtand in need in the great world. You will do well by ſometimes conſulting it. I kept the book upwards of twenty years, with a ſentiment of gratitude to her from whoſe hand I had received it, although I frequently laughed at the opinion the lady ſeemed to have of my merit in gallantry. From the moment I had read the work, I was deſirous of acquiring the friendſhip of the author. My inclination led me right; he is the only real friend I have ever poſſeſſed amongſt men of letters*.

From this time I thought I might depend on the ſervices of Madame the baroneſs, of B . . . . l, and the marchioneſs of B . . . . . e,

* I have ſo long been of the ſame opinion, and ſo perfectly convinced of its being well founded, that ſince my return to Paris I confided to him the manuſcript of my confeſſions. The unſuſpicious J. J. never ſuſpected perfidy and falſehood until he had been their victim.

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and that they would not long leave me without reſource. In this I was not deceived. But I muſt now ſpeak of my firſt viſit to Madame D . . . n, which produced more laſting conſequences.

Madame D . . . n was, as every one in Paris knows, the daughter of S . . . . l B . . . . . d, and Madame F . . . . . e. There were three ſiſters who might be called the three graces. Madame de la T . . . . e who played a little prank, and went to England with the duke of K . . . . . n. Madame D . . . y, the eldeſt of the three; the friend, the only ſincere friend of the P . . . . e of C . . . i, an adorable woman, as well by her ſweetneſs and the goodneſs of her charming character, as by her agreeable wit and inceſſant chearfulneſs. Laſtly, Madame D . . . . n, more beautiful than either of her ſiſters, and the only one who has not been reproached with ſome levity of conduct.

She was the reward of the hoſpitality of Madame D . . . n, to whom her mother gave her in marriage with the place of farmer general and an immenſe fortune, in return for the good reception he had given her in his province. When I ſaw her for the firſt time, ſhe was ſtill one of the fineſt women in Paris. She received me at her toilette, her arms were uncovered, her hair diſhevelled, and her combing-cloth ill arranged. This ſcene was new to me; it was too powerful for my poor head, I became confuſed, my ſenſes wandered; in ſhort, I was violently ſmitten by Madame D . . . n.

My confuſion was not prejudicial to me, ſhe did not perceive it. She kindly received the book, and the author; ſpoke with information of my plan, ſung, accompanied herſelf

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on the harpſichord, kept me to dinner, and placed me at table by her ſide. Leſs than this would have turned my brain; I became mad. She permitted me to viſit her, and I abuſed the permiſſion. I went to ſee her almoſt every day, and dined with her twice or thrice a week. I burned with inclination to ſpeak, but never dared attempt it. Several circumſtances increaſed my natural timidity. Permiſſion to viſit in an opulent family was a door open to fortune, and in my ſituation I was unwilling to run the riſk of ſhutting it againſt myſelf. Madame D . . . n, amiable as ſhe was, was ſerious and unanimated; I found nothing in her manners ſufficiently alluring to embolden me. Her houſe, at that time, as brilliant as any other in Paris, was frequented by ſocieties the leſs numerous as the perſons by whom they were compoſed were choſen on account of ſome diſtinguiſhed merit. She was fond of ſeeing every one who had claims to a marked ſuperiority; the great, men of letters, and fine women. No perſon was ſeen in her circle but dukes, ambaſſadors, and blue ribands. The princeſs of Rohan, the counteſs of Forcalquier, Madame de Mirepoix, Madame de Brignolé, and lady Hervey paſſed for her intimate friends. The Abbés de Fontenelle, de Saint Pierre, and Sallier, M. de Fourmont, M. de Bernis, M. de Buffon, and M. de Voltaire were of her circle and dinners. If her reſerved manner did not attract many young people, her ſociety inſpired the greater awe, as it was compoſed of graver perſons, and the poor J. J. had no reaſon to flatter himſelf he ſhould be able to take a diſtinguiſhed part in the midſt of ſuch ſuperior talents. I therefore had not courage to ſpeak; but no longer able to contain myſelf, I took a

reſolution

reſolution to write. For the firſt two days ſhe ſaid not a word to me upon the ſubject. On the third day ſhe returned me my letter, accompanying it with a few exhortations which froze my blood. I attempted to ſpeak, but my words expired upon my lips; my ſudden paſſion was extinguiſhed with my hopes, and after a declaration in form I continued to live with her upon the ſame terms as before, without ſo much as ſpeaking to her even by the language of the eyes.

I thought my folly was forgotten, but I was deceived. M. de F . . . . . l, ſon to M. D . . . n, and ſon-in-law to Madame D . . . n, was much of the ſame age with herſelf and me. He had wit, a good perſon, and might have pretenſions: this was ſaid to be the caſe, and probably proceeded from his mother-in-law's having given him an ugly wife of a mild diſpoſition, with whom, as well as with her huſband, ſhe lived upon the beſt of terms. M. de F . . . . . l was fond of talents in others, and cultivated thoſe he poſſeſſed. Muſic, which he underſtood very well, was a means of producing a connection between us. I frequently ſaw him, and he ſoon gained my friendſhip. He, however, ſuddenly gave me to underſtand that Madame D . . . n thought my viſits too frequent, and begged me to diſcontinue them. Such a compliment would have been proper when ſhe returned my letter; but eight or ten days afterwards, and without any new cauſe, it appeared to me ill-timed. This rendered my ſituation the more ſingular, as M. and Madame de F . . . . . l ſtill continued to give me the ſame good reception as before.

I however made the intervals between my viſits longer, and I ſhould entirely have ceaſed calling

calling on them, had not Madame D . . . n, by another unexpected caprice, ſent to deſire I would for a few days take care of her ſon, who, changing his preceptor, remained alone during that interval. I paſſed eight days in ſuch torments as nothing but the pleaſure of obeying Madame D . . . n could render ſupportable: I would not have undertaken to paſs eight other days like them had Madame D . . . n given me herſelf for the recompenſe.

M. de F . . . . . l conceived a friendſhip for me, and I ſtudied with him. We began together a courſe of chymiſtry at Rouelles. That I might be nearer at hand, I left my Hotel at Quentin, and went to lodge at the Tennis Court Rue Verdelet, which leads into the Rue Platiere, were M. D . . . n lived. There, in conſequence of a cold neglected, I contracted an inflammation of the lungs that had like to have carried me off. In my younger days I frequently ſuffered from inflammatory diſorders, pleuriſies, and eſpecially ſquinancies, to which I was very ſubject, and which frequently brought me near enough to death to familiariſe me to its image.

During my convaleſcence I had leiſure to reflect upon my ſituation, and to lament my timidity, weakneſs and indolence; theſe, notwithſtanding the fire with which I felt myſelf enflamed, left me to languiſh in an inactivity of mind, continually on the verge of miſery. The evening preceding the day on which I was taken ill, I went to an opera by Royer; the name I have forgotten. Notwithſtanding my prejudice in favour of the talents of others, which has ever made me diſtruſtful of my own, I ſtill thought the muſic feeble, and devoid of animation and invention. I ſometimes had the

vanity to ſay to myſelf; I think I could do better than that. But the terrible idea I had formed of the compoſition of an opera, and the importance I heard men of the profeſſion affix to ſuch an undertaking, inſtantly diſcouraged me, and made me bluſh at having ſo much as thought of it. Beſides, where was I to find a perſon to write the words, and one who would give himſelf the trouble of turning the poetry to my liking? Theſe ideas of muſic and the opera had poſſeſſion of my mind during my illneſs, and in the delirium of my fever I compoſed ſongs, duets, and choruſſes. I am certain I compoſed two or three little pieces, *di prima intenzione*, perhaps worthy of the admiration of maſters, could they have heard them executed. Oh, could an account be taken of the dreams of a man in a fever, what great and ſublime things would ſometimes proceed from his delirium!

Theſe ſubjects of muſic and opera ſtill engaged my attention during my convaleſcence, but my ideas were leſs energetic. Long and frequent meditations, and which were often involuntary, had made ſuch an impreſſion upon my mind, that I reſolved to attempt both words and muſic. This was not the firſt time I had undertaken ſo difficult a taſk. Whilſt I was at Chamberi I had compoſed an opera, entituled, *Iphis and Anaxaréte*, which I had the good ſenſe to throw into the fire. At Lyons I had compoſed another, entituled, *La Decouverte du nouveau Monde**, which, after having read it to M. Bordes, the Abbés Mably, Trublet and others, had met the ſame fate, notwithſtanding I had ſet the prologue and the firſt act to muſic,

* The Diſcovery of the new World.

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and although David, after examining the compoſition, had told me there were paſſages in it worthy of Buononcini.

Before I began the work, I took time to conſider of my plan. In an heroic ballet I propoſed three different ſubjects, in three acts, detached from each other, ſet to muſic of a different character, taking for each ſubject the amours of a poet. I entitled this opera *Les Muſes galantes*. My firſt act, in muſic ſtrongly characteriſed, was Taſſo; the ſecond, in tender harmony, Ovid; and the third, entitled Anacreon, was to partake of the gaiety of the dithyrambus. I tried my ſkill on the firſt act, and applied to it with an ardour which, for the firſt time, made me feel the delightful ſenſation produced by the creative power of compoſition. One evening, as I entered the opera, feeling myſelf ſtrongly incited and overpowered by my ideas, I put my money again into my pocket, returned to my apartment, locked the door, and, after having cloſe drawn all the curtains that every ray of light might be excluded, I went to bed, abandoning myſelf entirely to this muſical and poetical *æſtrum*, and in ſeven or eight hours rapidly compoſed the greateſt part of an act. I can truly ſay my love for the princeſs of Ferrara (for I was Taſſo for the moment) and my noble and lofty ſentiments with reſpect to her unjuſt brother, procured me a night an hundred times more delicious than one paſſed in the arms of the princeſs would have been. In the morning but a very little of what I had done remained in my head, but this little, almoſt effaced by ſleep and laſſitude, ſtill ſufficiently evinced the energy of the pieces of which it was the ſcattered remains.

I this time did not proceed far with my undertaking, being interrupted by other affairs. Whilſt I attached myſelf to the family of D...n, Madame de B.....l and Madame de B.....e, whom I ſometimes continued to viſit, had not forgotten me. The count de M....., captain in the guards, had juſt been appointed ambaſſador to Venice. He was an ambaſſador made by Barjac, to whom he aſſiduouſly paid his court. His brother, the Chevalier de M....., *gentilhomme de la manche* to the Dauphin, was acquainted with theſe ladies, and with the Abbé Alary of the French academy, whom I ſometimes viſited. Madame de B.... having heard the ambaſſador was ſeeking a ſecretary, propoſed me to him. A conference was opened between us. I aſked a ſalary of fifty guineas, a trifle, for an employment which required me to make ſome appearance. The ambaſſador was unwilling to give more than a thouſand livres, leaving me to make the journey at my own expence. The propoſal was ridiculous. We could not agree, and M. de F.....l, who uſed all his efforts to prevent my departure, prevailed.

I ſtayed, and M. de M..... ſet out on his journey, taking with him another ſecretary, one M. Follau, who had been recommended to him by the office for foreign affairs. They no ſooner arrived at Venice than they quarrelled. Follau perceiving he had to do with a madman, left him there, and M. de M....., having nobody with him, except a young abbé of the name of B....s, who wrote under the ſecretary, and was unfit to ſucceed him, had recourſe to me. The chevalier, his brother, a man of wit, by giving me to underſtand there were advantages annexed to

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the place of ſecretary, prevailed upon me to accept the thouſand livres. I was paid twenty louis in advance for my journey, and I immediately departed.

At Lyons I would moſt willingly have taken the road to Mount Cenis, to ſee my poor mamma. But I went down the Rhone, and embarked at Toulon, as well on account of the war, and from a motive of œconomy, as to obtain a paſſport from M. de Mirepoix, who then commanded in Provence, and to whom I was recommended. M. de M..... not being able to do without me, wrote letter after letter, deſiring I would haſten my journey; this, however, an accident conſiderably prolonged.

It was at the time of the plague at Meſſina, and the Engliſh fleet had anchored there, and viſited the Felucca on board of which I was, and this circumſtance ſubjected us, on our arrival, after a long and difficult voyage, to a quarantine of one-and-twenty days.

The paſſengers had the choice of performing it on board or in the Lazaretto, which we were told was not yet furniſhed. They all choſe the Felucca. The inſupportable heat, the cloſeneſs of the veſſel, the impoſſibility of walking in it, and the vermin with which it ſwarmed, made me at all riſks prefer the Lazaretto. I was therefore conducted to a large building of two ſtories, quite empty, in which I found neither window, bed, table, nor chair, not ſo much as even a joint ſtool or bundle of ſtraw. My night ſack and my two trunks being brought me, I was ſhut in by great doors with huge locks, and remained at full liberty to walk at my eaſe from chamber to chamber, and ſtory to ſtory; every where

where finding the ſame ſolitude and nakedneſs.

This however did not induce me to repent that I had preferred the Lazaretto to the Felucca; and, like another Robinſon Cruſoe, I began to arrange myſelf for my one-and-twenty days, juſt as I ſhould have done for my whole life. In the firſt place, I had the amuſement of deſtroying the vermin I had caught in the Felucca. As ſoon as I had got clear of theſe, by means of changing my clothes and linen, I proceeded to furniſh the chamber I had choſen. I made a good matraſs with my waiſtcoats and ſhirts; my napkins I converted, by ſewing them together, into ſheets; my robe de chambre, into a counterpane; and my cloak into a pillow. I made myſelf a ſeat with one of my trunks laid flat, and a table with the other. I took out ſome writing paper and an ink ſtand, and diſtributed, in the manner of a library, a dozen books which I had with me. In a word, I ſo well arranged my few moveables, that, except curtains and windows, I was almoſt as commodiouſly lodged in this Lazaretto, abſolutely empty as it was, as I had been at the Tennis Court in the Rue Verdelet. My dinners were ſerved with no ſmall degree of pomp; they were eſcorted by two grenadiers with bayonets fixed; the ſtair-caſe was my dining-room, the landing place my table, and the ſtep ſerved me for a ſeat; and as ſoon as my dinner was ſerved up a little bell was rung to inform me I might ſit down to table.

Between my repaſts, when I did not either read or write or work at the furniſhing of my apartment, I went to walk in the burying ground of the Proteſtants, which ſerved me as a court-yard. From this place I aſcended to a lanthorn which

which looked into the harbour, and from which I could ſee the ſhips come in and go out. In this manner I paſſed fourteen days, and ſhould have thus paſſed the whole time of the quarantine without the leaſt wearineſs had not M. Joinville, envoy from France, to whom I found means to ſend a letter, vinegared, perfumed, and half burnt, procured eight days of the time to be taken off; theſe I went and ſpent at his houſe, where I confeſs I found myſelf better lodged than in the Lazaretto. He was extremely civil to me. Dupont, his ſecretary, was a good creature, he introduced me, as well at Genoa as in the country, to ſeveral families, the company of which I found very entertaining and agreeable; and I formed with him an acquaintance and a correſpondence which we kept up for a conſiderable length of time. I continued my journey, very agreeably, through Lombardy. I ſaw Milan, Verona, Breſcie, and Padua, and at length arrived at Venice, where I was impatiently expected by the ambaſſador.

I found there piles of diſpatches, from the court and from other ambaſſadors, the cyphered part of which he had not been able to read, although he had all the cyphers neceſſary for that purpoſe, never having been employed in any office, nor ever ſeen the cypher of a miniſter. I was at firſt apprehenſive of meeting with ſome embarraſſment; but I found nothing could be more eaſy, and in leſs than a week I had decyphered the whole, which certainly was not worth the trouble; for not to mention the little activity required in the embaſſy of Venice, it was not to ſuch a man as M. M..... that government would confide a negociation of even the moſt trifling importance.

tance. Until my arrival he had been much embarraſſed, neither knowing how to dictate nor to write legibly. I was very uſeful to him, of which he was ſenſible; and he treated me well. To this he was alſo induced by another motive. Since the time of M. de F.....y, his predeceſſor, whoſe head became deranged, the conſul from France, M. le Blond, had been charged with the affairs of the embaſſy, and after the arrival of M. de M.... continued to manage them until he had put him into the track. M. de M....., hurt at this diſcharge of his duty by another, although he himſelf was incapable of it, became diſguſted with the conſul, and as ſoon as I arrived deprived him of the functions of ſecretary to the embaſſy, to give them to me. They were inſeparable from the title, and he told me to take it. As long as I remained with him he never ſent any perſon except myſelf under this title to the ſenate, or to conference, and upon the whole it was natural enough he ſhould prefer having for ſecretary to the embaſſy a man attached to him, to a conſul or clerk of office named by the court.

This rendered my ſituation very agreeable, and prevented his gentlemen, who were Italians as well as his pages, and moſt of his ſuite from diſputing precedence with me in his houſe. I made an advantageous uſe of the authority annexed to the title he had conferred upon me, by maintaining his right of protection, that is, the freedom of his neighbourhood, againſt the attempts ſeveral times made to infringe it, a privilege which his Venetian officers took no care to defend. But I never permitted banditti to take refuge there, although this would have produced me advantages of which

which his excellency would not have diſdained to partake. He thought proper, however, to claim a part of thoſe of the ſecretaryſhip, which was called the chancery. It was in time of war, and there were many paſſports iſſued. For each of theſe paſſports a ſequin was paid to the ſecretary who made it out and counterſigned it. All my predeceſſors had been paid this ſequin by Frenchmen and others without diſtinction. I thought this unjuſt, and although I was not a Frenchman I aboliſhed it in favour of the French; but I ſo rigorouſly demanded my right from perſons of every other nation, that the Marquis de Scotti, brother to the favourite of the queen of Spain, having aſked for a paſſport without taking notice of the ſequin, I ſent to demand it; a boldneſs which the vindictive Italian did not forget. As ſoon as the new regulation I had made, relative to paſſports, was known, none but pretended Frenchmen, who in a gibberiſh the moſt miſpronounced, called themſelves Provençals, Picards, or Burgundians came to demand them. My ear being very fine, I was not thus made a dupe, and I am almoſt perſuaded that not a ſingle Italian ever cheated me of my ſequin, and that not one Frenchman ever paid it. I was fooliſh enough to tell M. M....., who was ignorant of every thing that paſſed, what I had done. The word ſequin made him open his ears, and without giving me his opinion of the abolition of that tax upon the French, he pretended I ought to account with him for the others, promiſing me at the ſame time equivalent advantages. More filled with indignation at this meanneſs, than concerned for my own intereſt, I rejected his propoſal. He inſiſted, and I grew warm. No, Sir, ſaid I, with ſome heat, your excellency

may keep what belongs to you, but do not take from me that which is mine; I will not ſuffer you to touch a penny of the perquiſites ariſing from paſſports. Perceiving he could gain nothing by theſe means he had recourſe to others, and bluſhed not to tell me that ſince I had appropriated to myſelf the profits of the chancery, it was but juſt I ſhould pay the expences. I was unwilling to diſpute upon this ſubject, and from that time I furniſhed, at my own expence, ink, paper, wax, wax-candle, tape, and even a new ſeal, for which he never re-imburſed me to the amount of a farthing. This, however, did not prevent my giving a ſmall part of the produce of the paſſports to the Abbé de B...s, a good creature, and who was far from pretending to have the leaſt right to any ſuch thing. If he was obliging to me, my politeneſs to him was an equivalent, and we always lived together upon the beſt of terms.

On the firſt trial I made of his talents in my official functions, I found him leſs troubleſome than I expected he would have been, conſidering he was a man without experience, in the ſervice of an ambaſſador who poſſeſſed no more than himſelf, and whoſe ignorance and obſtinacy conſtantly counteracted every thing with which common ſenſe and ſome information inſpired me for his ſervice and that of the king. The next thing the ambaſſador did was to connect himſelf with the Marquis M..i, ambaſſador from Spain, an ingenious and artful man, who, had he wiſhed ſo to do, might have led him by the noſe, yet, on account of the union of the intereſts of the two crowns, he generally gave him good advice, which might have been of eſſential ſervice, had not the other, by joining his own opinion, counteracted

teracted it in the execution. The only buſineſs they had to conduct in concert with each other, was to engage the Venetians to maintain their neutrality. Theſe did not neglect to give the ſtrongeſt aſſurances of their fidelity to their engagements at the ſame time that they publicly furniſhed ammunition to the Auſtrian troops, and even recruits under pretence of deſertion. M. de M....., who I believe wiſhed to render himſelf agreeable to the republic, failed not on his part, notwithſtanding my repreſentations, to make me aſſure government in all my diſpatches, that the Venetians would never violate an article of the neutrality. The obſtinacy and ſtupidity of this poor wretch made me write and act extravagantly: I was obliged to be the agent of his folly becauſe he would have it ſo, but he ſometimes rendered my employment inſupportable and the functions of it almoſt impracticable. For example, he inſiſted on the greateſt part of his diſpatches to the king, and of thoſe to the miniſter, being written in cypher, although neither of them contained any thing which required that precaution. I repreſented to him that between the Friday, the day the diſpatches from the court arrived, and Saturday, on which ours were ſent off, there was not ſufficient time to write ſo much in cypher, and carry on the conſiderable correſpondence with which I was charged for the ſame courier. He found an admirable expedient, which was to prepare on Thurſday the anſwer to the diſpatches we were expected to receive on the next day. This appeared to him ſo happily imagined, that notwithſtanding all I could ſay on the impoſſibility of the thing, and the abſurdity of attempting its execution, I was obliged to comply during the whole time I after-

I afterwards remained with him, after having made notes of the few looſe words he ſpoke to me in the courſe of the week, and of ſome trivial circumſtances which I collected by hurrying from place to place. Provided with theſe materials I never once failed carrying to him on the Thurſday morning a rough draft of the diſpatches which were to be ſent off on Saturday, excepting the few additions and corrections I haſtily made in anſwer to the letters which arrived on the Friday, and to which ours ſerved for anſwer. He had another cuſtom, diverting enough, and which made his correſpondence ridiculous beyond imagination. He ſent back all information to its reſpective ſource, inſtead of making it follow its courſe. To M. Amelot he tranſmitted the news of the court; to M. Maurepas, that of Paris; to M. d'Havrincourt, the news from Sweden; to M. de Chetardie, that from Peterſbourg; and ſometimes to each of theſe the news they had reſpectively ſent to him, and which I was employed to dreſs up in terms different from thoſe in which it was conveyed to us. As he read nothing of what I laid before him, except the diſpatches for the court, and ſigned thoſe to other ambaſſadors without reading them, this left me more at liberty to give what turn I thought proper to the latter, and in theſe therefore I made the articles of information croſs each other. But it was impoſſible for me to do the ſame by diſpatches of importance; and I thought myſelf happy when M. M..... did not take it into his head to cram into them an impromptu of a few lines after his manner. This obliged me to return, and haſtily tranſcribe the whole diſpatch decorated with his new nonſenſe, and honour it with the cypher,

cypher, without which he would have refuſed his ſignature. I was frequently almoſt tempted, for the ſake of his reputation, to cypher ſomething different from what he had written, but feeling that nothing could authoriſe ſuch a deception, I left him to anſwer for his own folly, ſatisfying myſelf with having ſpoken to him with freedom, and diſcharged at my own peril the duties of my ſtation. This is what I always did with an uprightneſs, a zeal, and courage which merited on his part a very different recompenſe from that which in the end I received from him. It was time I ſhould once be what heaven, which had endowed me with a happy diſpoſition, what the education that had been given by the beſt of women, and that I had given myſelf, had prepared me for, and I became ſo. Left to my own reflections, without a friend or advice, without experience, and in a foreign country, in the ſervice of a foreign nation, ſurrounded by a crowd of knaves, who, for their own intereſt, and to avoid the ſcandal of good example, endeavoured to prevail upon me to imitate them; far from yielding to their ſolicitations, I ſerved France well, to which I owed nothing, and the ambaſſador ſtill better, as it was right and juſt I ſhould do to the utmoſt of my power. Irreproachable in a poſt, ſufficiently expoſed to cenſure, I merited and obtained the eſteem of the republic, that of all the ambaſſadors with whom we were in correſpondence, and the affection of the French who reſided at Venice; not even excepting the conſul, whom with regret I ſupplanted in the functions which I knew belonged to him, and which occaſioned me more embarraſſment than they afforded me ſatisfaction.

M. de

M. de M....., confiding without reſerve to the Marquis M . . . i, who did not thoroughly underſtand his duty, neglected it to ſuch a degree, that without me the French who were at Venice would not have perceived an ambaſſador from their nation reſided there. Always put off without being heard when they ſtood in need of his protection, they became diſguſted and no longer appeared in his company or at his table, to which, indeed, he never invited them. I frequently did from myſelf what it was his duty to have done: I rendered to the French who applied to me, all the ſervices in my power. In any other country I ſhould have done more, but, on account of my employment, not being able to ſee perſons in place, I was often obliged to apply to the conſul, and the conſul, who was ſettled in the country with his family, had many perſons to oblige, which prevented him from acting as he otherwiſe would have done. However, perceiving him unwilling and afraid to ſpeak, I ventured hazardous meaſures, which ſometimes ſucceeded. I recollect one which ſtill makes me laugh. No perſon would ſuſpect it was to me the lovers of the theatre at Paris owe Coralline and his ſiſter Camille: nothing however, can be more true. Veroneſe, their father, had engaged himſelf with his children in the Italian company, and after having received two thouſand livres for the expences of his journey, inſtead of ſetting out for France, quietly continued at Venice, and accepted an engagement in the theatre of Saint Luke *, to which Coralline, a child as ſhe ſtill was, drew

* I have my doubts whether or not it was not Saint Samuel; proper names abſolutely eſcape my memory.

great

great numbers of people. The duke de Gevres, as firſt gentleman of the chamber, wrote to the ambaſſador to claim the father and the daughter. M. de M....., when he gave me the letter, confined his inſtructions to ſaying, *voyez cela*, examine and pay attention to this. I went to M. Blond to beg he would ſpeak to the patrician, to whom the theatre of Saint Luke belonged, and who, I believe, was named Zuſtinian, that he might diſcharge Veroneſe, who had engaged in the name of the king. Le Blond, to whom the commiſſion was not very agreeable, executed it badly.

Zuſtinian anſwered vaguely, and Veroneſe was not diſcharged. I was piqued at this. It was during the Carnaval, and having taken the bahute and a maſk, I ſet out for the Palace Zuſtinian. Thoſe who ſaw my gondola arrive with the livery of the ambaſſador, were loſt in aſtoniſhment. Venice had never ſeen ſuch a thing. I entered, and cauſed myſelf to be announced by the name of *Una Siora Maſchera*. As ſoon as I was introduced I took off my maſk, and told my name. The ſenator turned pale, and appeared ſtupified with ſurprize. Sir, ſaid I to him in Venetian, it is with much regret I importune your excellency with this viſit; but you have in your theatre of Saint Luke, a man of the name of Veroneſe, who is engaged in the ſervice of the king, and whom you have been requeſted, but in vain, to give up: I come to claim him in the name of his majeſty. My ſhort harangue was effectual. I had no ſooner left the palace than Zuſtinian ran to communicate the adventure to the ſtate inquiſitors, by whom he was ſeverely reprehended. Veroneſe was diſcharged the ſame day. I ſent him word that if he did not ſet off within a week, I would

would have him arreſted. He did not wait for my giving him this intimation a ſecond time.

On another occaſion I relieved from difficulty ſolely by my own means, and almoſt without the aſſiſtance of any other perſon, the captain of a merchant-ſhip. This was one Captain Olivet, from Marſeilles: the name of the veſſel I have forgotten. His men had quarrelled with the Sclavonians in the ſervice of the republic, ſome violence had been committed, and the veſſel was under ſo ſevere an embargo that nobody except the maſter was ſuffered to go on board, or leave it, without permiſſion. He applied to the ambaſſador, who would hear nothing he had to ſay. He afterwards went to the conſul, who told him it was not an affair of commerce, and that he could not interfere in it. Not knowing what farther ſteps to take, he applied to me. I told M. de M ....., he ought to permit me to lay before the ſenate a memoir on the ſubject. I do not recollect whether or not he conſented, or that I preſented the memoir; but I perfectly remember that if I did it was ineffectual, and the embargo ſtill continuing, I took another method, which ſucceeded. I inſerted a relation of the affair in one of our letters to M. de Maurepas, though I had much difficulty in prevailing upon M. de M ....., to ſuffer the article to paſs.

I knew that our diſpatches, although their contents were inſignificant, were opened at Venice. Of this I had a proof by finding the articles they contained verbatim in the gazette, a treachery of which I had in vain attempted to prevail upon the ambaſſador to complain. My object in ſpeaking of the affair in the letter was to turn the curioſity of the miniſters

of

of the republic to advantage, to inſpire them with ſome apprehenſions, and to induce the ſtate to releaſe the veſſel: for had it been neceſſary to this effect to wait for an anſwer from the court, the captain would have been ruined before it could have arrived. I did ſtill more, I went along ſide the veſſel to make enquiries of the ſhip's company. I took with me the Abbé Patizel, chancellor of the conſulſhip, who would rather have been excuſed, ſo much were theſe poor creatures afraid of diſpleaſing the ſenate. As I could not go on board, on account of the order from the ſtates, I remained in my gondola and there took the depoſitions ſucceſſively, interrogating each of the mariners, and directing my queſtions in ſuch a manner as to produce anſwers which might be to their advantage. I wiſhed to prevail upon Patizel to put the queſtions and take the depoſitions himſelf, which in fact was more his buſineſs than mine; but to this he would not conſent: he never once opened his mouth and refuſed to ſign the depoſitions after me. This ſtep, ſomewhat bold, was, however ſucceſsful, and the veſſel was releaſed long before an anſwer came from the miniſter. The captain wiſhed to make me a preſent; but, without being angry with him on that account, I tapped him on the ſhoulder, ſaying, Captain Olivet, can you imagine that he who does not receive from the French the perquiſite for paſſports, which he found his eſtabliſhed right, is a man likely to ſell them the king's protection? He however, inſiſted on giving me a dinner on board his veſſel, which I accepted, and took with me the ſecretary to the Spaniſh embaſſy, M. Carrio, a man of wit and amiable manners, to partake of it: he has ſince been

ſecretary

ſecretary to the Spaniſh embaſſy at Paris and charge des affaires. I had formed an intimate connection with him after the example of our ambaſſadors.

Happy ſhould I have been, if, when in the moſt diſintereſted manner I did all the ſervice I could, I had known how to introduce ſufficient order into all theſe little details, that I might not have ſerved others at my own expence. But in employments ſimilar to that I held, in which the moſt trifling faults are of conſequence, my whole attention was engaged in avoiding all ſuch miſtakes as might be detrimental to my ſervice. I conducted, till the laſt moment, every thing relative to my immediate duty, with the greateſt order and exactneſs. Excepting a few errors which a forced precipitation made me commit in cyphering, and of which the clerks of M. Amelot once complained, neither the ambaſſador nor any other perſon had ever the leaſt reaſon to reproach me with negligence in any one of my functions. This is remarkable in a man ſo negligent as I am. But my memory ſometimes failed me, and I was not ſufficiently careful in the private affairs with which I was charged; however, a love of juſtice always made me take the loſs on myſelf, and this voluntarily, before any body thought of complaining. I will mention but one circumſtance of this nature; it relates to my departure from Venice, and I afterwards felt the effects of it in Paris.

Our cook, whoſe name was Rouſſelot, had brought from France an old note for two hundred livres, which a hair-dreſſer, a friend of his, had received from a noble Venetian of the name of Z.....o N..i, who had had wigs of him to that amount. Rouſſelot brought me the note, begging

begging I would endeavour to obtain payment of ſome part of it, by way of accommodation. I knew, and he knew it alſo, that the conſtant cuſtom of noble Venetians was, when once returned to their country, never to pay the debts they had contracted abroad. When means are taken to force them to payment, the wretched creditor finds ſo many delays and incurs ſuch enormous expences, that he becomes diſguſted, and concludes by giving up his debt or accepting the moſt trifling compoſition. I begged M. le Blond to ſpeak to Z.....o. The Venetian acknowledged the note but did not agree to payment. After a long diſpute he at length promiſed three ſequins; but when le Blond carried him the note even theſe were not ready, and it was neceſſary to wait. In this interval happened my quarrel with the ambaſſador and I quitted his ſervice. I had left the papers of the embaſſy in the greateſt order, but the note of Rouſſelot was not to be found. M. le Blond aſſured me he had given it me back. I knew him to be too honeſt a man to have the leaſt doubt of the matter; but it was impoſſible for me to recollect what I had done with it. As Z.....o had acknowledged the debt, I deſired M. le Blond to endeavour to obtain from him the three ſequins on giving him a receipt for the amount, or to prevail upon him to renew the note by way of duplicate. Z.....o, knowing the note to be loſt, would not agree to either. I offered Rouſſelot the three ſequins from my own purſe, as a diſcharge of the debt. He refuſed them, and ſaid I might ſettle the matter with the creditor at Paris, of whom he gave me the addreſs. The hair-dreſſer having been informed of what had paſſed, would either have his note or the whole ſum for which

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it was given. What, in my indignation, would I have given to have found this vexatious paper! I paid the two hundred livres, and that in my greateſt diſtreſs. In this manner the loſs of the note produced to the creditor the payment of the whole ſum, whereas had it, unfortunately for him, been found, he would have had ſome difficulty in recovering even the ten crowns, which his excellency, Z.....o N..i, had promiſed to pay.

The talents I thought I felt in myſelf for my employment made me diſcharge the functions of it with ſatisfaction, and except the ſociety of my friend de Carrio, that of the virtuous Altuna, of whom I ſhall ſoon have occaſion to ſpeak, the innocent recreations of the place Saint Mark, of the theatre, and of a few viſits which we, for the moſt part, made together, my only pleaſure was in the duties of my ſtation. Although theſe were not conſiderable, eſpecially with the aid of the Abbé de B...s, yet, as the correſpondence was very extenſive, and there was a war, I was a good deal employed. I applied to buſineſs the greateſt part of every morning, and on the days previous to the departure of the courier, in the evenings, and ſometimes till midnight. The reſt of my time I gave to the ſtudy of the political profeſſion I had entered upon, and in which I hoped, from my ſucceſsful beginning, to be advantageouſly employed. In fact, I was in favour with every one; the ambaſſador himſelf ſpoke highly of my ſervices, and never complained of any thing I did for him; his diſſatisfaction proceeded from my having inſiſted on quitting him, in conſequence of the uſeleſs complaints I had frequently made on ſeveral occaſions. The ambaſſadors and miniſters

niſters of the king with whom we were in correſpondence, complimented him on the merit of his ſecretary, in a manner by which he ought to have been flattered, but which in his poor head produced quite a contrary effect. He received one in particular relative to an affair of importance, for which he never pardoned me.

He was ſo incapable of bearing the leaſt conſtraint, that on the Saturday, the day of the diſpatches for moſt of the courts, he could not contain himſelf, and wait till the buſineſs was done before he went out, and inceſſantly preſſing me to haſten the diſpatches to the king and miniſters, he ſigned them with precipitation, and immediately went I know not where, leaving moſt of the other letters without ſigning; this obliged me, when theſe contained nothing but news, to convert them into journals; but when affairs, which related to the king were in queſtion, it was neceſſary ſomebody ſhould ſign, and I did it. This once happened relative to ſome important advice we had juſt received from M. Vincent, chargé des affaires from the king, at Vienna. The prince Lobkowitz was then marching to Naples, and Count Gages had juſt made the moſt memorable retreat, the fineſt military manœuvre of the whole century, of which Europe has not ſufficiently ſpoken. The diſpatch informed us that a man, whoſe perſon, M. Vincent deſcribed, had ſet out from Vienna, and was to paſs by Venice, in his way into Abruzzo, where he was ſecretly to ſtir up the people at the approach of the Auſtrians.

In the abſence of M. le Comte de M ....., who did not give himſelf the leaſt concern about any thing, I forwarded this advice to the Marquis de l'H ....l, ſo apropos, that it

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is perhaps to the poor Jean Jacques, ſo abuſed and laughed at, that the houſe of Bourbon owes the preſervation of the kingdom of Naples.

The Marquis de l'H.....l, when he thanked his colleague, as it was proper he ſhould do, ſpoke to him of his ſecretary, and mentioned the ſervice he had juſt rendered to the common cauſe. The Comte de M....., who in that affair had to reproach himſelf with negligence, thought he perceived in the compliment paid him by M. de l'H.....l, ſomething like a reproach, and ſpoke of it to me with ſigns of ill humour. I had found it neceſſary to act in the ſame manner with the Count de C.....e, ambaſſador at Conſtantinople, as I had done with the Marquis de l'H.....l, although in things of leſs importance. As there was no other conveyance to Conſtantinople than by the couriers, ſent from time to time by the ſenate to its Bailli, advice of their departure was given to the ambaſſador of France, that he might write by them to his colleague, if he thought proper ſo to do. This advice was commonly ſent a day or two beforehand; but M. de M....., was held in ſo little reſpect, that merely for the ſake of form he was ſent to a couple of hours before the couriers ſet off. This frequently obliged me to write the diſpatch in his abſence. M. de C.....e, in his anſwers, made honourable mention of me; M. de Jonville, at Genoa, did the ſame, and theſe inſtances of their regard and eſteem became new grievances.

I acknowledged I did not neglect any opportunity of making myſelf known; but I never ſought one improperly, and in ſerving well I thought I had a right to aſpire to the natural

return for eſſential ſervices; the eſteem of thoſe capable of judging of, and rewarding them. I will not ſay whether or not my exactneſs in diſcharging the duties of my employment was a juſt ſubject of complaint from the ambaſſador, but I cannot refrain from declaring that it was the ſole grievance he ever mentioned previous to our ſeparation.

His houſe, which he had never put upon a good footing, was conſtantly filled with rabble; the French were ill treated in it, and the aſcendency was given to the Italians; of theſe even, the more honeſt part, they who had long been in the ſervice of the embaſſy, were indecently diſcharged, his firſt gentleman in particular, whom he had taken from the Comte de F.....z, and who, if I remember right, was called Comte de Peati, or ſomething very like that name. The ſecond gentleman, choſen by M. de M....., was an outlawed highwayman from Mantua, called Dominic Vitale, to whom the ambaſſador entruſted the care of his houſe, and who, by means of flattery and ſordid œconomy, obtained his confidence, and became his favourite, to the great prejudice of the few honeſt people he ſtill had about him, and of the ſecretary who was at their head. The honeſt countenance of an upright man always gives inquietude to knaves. Nothing more was neceſſary to make Vitali conceive a hatred againſt me: but for this ſentiment there was ſtill another cauſe which rendered it more cruel. Of this I muſt give an account, that I may be condemned, if I am found in the wrong.

The ambaſſador had, according to cuſtom, a box at each of the theatres. Every day at dinner he named the theatre to which it was his intention to go: I choſe after him, and the gentlemen

gentlemen diſpoſed of the other boxes. When I went out I took the key of the box I had choſen. One day, Vitali not being in the way, I ordered the footman who attended on me, to bring me the key to a houſe which I named to him. Vitali inſtead of ſending the key, ſaid he had diſpoſed of it. I was the more enraged at this as the footman delivered his meſſage in public. In the evening Vitali wiſhed to make me ſome apology, to which however I would not liſten. To-morrow, ſir, ſaid I to him, you will come, at ſuch an hour, and apologize to me in the houſe where I received the affront, and in the preſence of the perſons who were witneſſes to it; or after to-morrow, whatever may be the conſequence, either you or I will leave the houſe. This firmneſs intimidated him. He came to the houſe at the hour appointed, and made me a public apology, with a meanneſs worthy of himſelf. But he afterwards took his meaſures at leiſure, and, at the ſame time that he cringed to me in public, he ſecretly acted in ſo vile a manner. that, although unable to prevail on the ambaſſador to give me my diſmiſſion, he laid me under the neceſſity of reſolving to leave him.

A wretch like him, certainly, could not know me, but he knew enough of my character to make it ſerviceable to his purpoſes. He knew I was mild to an exceſs, and patient in bearing involuntary wrongs; but haughty and impatient when inſulted with premeditated offences; loving decency and dignity in things in which theſe were requiſite, and not more exact in requiring the reſpect due to myſelf, than attentive in rendering that which I owed to others. In this he undertook to diſguſt me, and in this he ſucceeded. He turned

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the houſe upſide down, and deſtroyed the order and ſubordination I had endeavoured to eſtabliſh in it. A houſe without a woman ſtands in need of rather a ſevere diſcipline to preſerve that modeſty which is inſeparable from dignity. He ſoon converted ours into a place of filthy debauch and ſcandalous licentiouſneſs, the haunt of knaves and debauchees He procured for ſecond gentlemen to his excellency, in the place of him whom he got diſcharged, another pimp like himſelf, who kept a houſe of ill-fame, at the Croſs of Malta; and the indecency of theſe two raſcals was equalled by nothing but their inſolence. Except the bed-chamber of the ambaſſador, which, however, was not in very good order, there was not a corner in the whole houſe ſupportable to a modeſt man.

As his excellency did not ſup, the gentlemen and myſelf had a private table, at which the Abbé de B....s and the pages alſo eat. In the moſt paltry ale-houſe people are ſerved with more cleanlineſs and decency, have cleaner linen, and a table better ſupplied. We had but one little and very filthy candle, pewter plates, and iron forks.

I could have overlooked what paſſed in ſecret, but I was deprived of my gondola. I was the only ſecretary to an ambaſſador, who was obliged to hire one or go on foot, and the livery of his excellency no longer accompanied me, except when I went to the ſenate. Beſides, every thing which paſſed in the houſe was known in the city. All thoſe who were in the ſervice of the other ambaſſadors loudly exclaimed; Dominic, the only cauſe of all, exclaimed louder than any body, well knowing the indecency with which we were treated was more affecting

to me than to any other perſon. Though I was the only one in the houſe who ſaid nothing of the matter abroad, I complained loudly of it to the ambaſſador, as well as of himſelf, who, ſecretly excited by the wretch, entirely devoted to his will, daily made me ſuffer ſome new affront. Obliged to expend a good deal to keep upon a footing with thoſe in the ſame ſituation with myſelf, and to make an appearance proper to my employment, I could not touch a farthing of my ſalary, and when I aſked him for money, he ſpoke of his eſteem for me, and his confidence, as if either of theſe could have filled my purſe, and provided for every thing.

'Theſe two banditti at length quite turned the head of their maſter, who naturally had not a good one, and ruined him by a continual traffic, and by bargains, of which he was the dupe, whilſt they perſuaded him they were greatly in his favour. They perſuaded him to take upon the Brenta a Palazzo, at twice the rent it was worth, and divided the ſurplus with the proprietor. The apartments were inlaid with moſaic, and ornamented with columns and pilaſters, in the taſte of the country. M. de M ....., had all theſe ſuperbly maſked by fir wainſcoting; for no other reaſon than becauſe at Paris apartments were thus fitted up. It was for a ſimilar reaſon that he only, of all the ambaſſadors who were at Venice, took from his pages their ſwords, and from his footmen their canes. Such was the man, who, perhaps from the ſame motive, took a diſlike to me on account of my ſerving him faithfully.

I patiently endured his diſdain, his brutality, and ill treatment, as long, as, perceiving them accompanied

accompanied by ill humour, I thought they had in them no portion of hatred: but the moment I saw the design formed of depriving me of the honour I merited by my faithful services, I resolved to resign my employment. The first mark I received of his ill will was relative to a dinner he was to give to the Duke of Modena and his family, who were at Venice, and at which he signified to me I should not be present. I answered, piqued, but not angry, that having the honour daily to dine at his table, if the Duke of Modena, when he came, required I should not appear at it, my duty, as well as the dignity of his excellency would not suffer me to consent to such a request. How, said he, passionately, my secretary, who is not a gentleman, pretends to dine with a sovereign when my gentlemen do not! Yes, sir, replied I: the post with which your excellency has honoured me, as long as I discharge the functions of it, so far ennobles me that my rank is superior to that of your gentlemen, or of the persons calling themselves such; and I am admitted where they cannot appear. You cannot but know that on the day on which you shall make your public entry, I am called to the ceremony by etiquette; and, by an immemorial custom, to follow you in a dress of ceremony, and afterwards to dine with you at the palace of Saint Mark; and I know not why a man who has a right and is to eat in public with the doge and the senate of Venice should not eat in private with the Duke of Modena. Though this argument was unanswerable, it did not convince the ambassador: but we had no occasion to renew the dispute, as the Duke of Modena did not come to dine with him.

From that moment he did every thing in his power to make things diſagreeable to me; and endeavoured unjuſtly to deprive me of my right, by taking from me the pecuniary advantages annexed to my employment, to give them to his dear Vitali; and I am convinced that had he dared to ſend him to the ſenate, in my place, he would have done it. He commonly employed the Abbé B...s in his cloſet, to write his private letters: he made uſe of him to write to M. de Maurepas an account of the affair of Captain Olivet, in which, far from taking the leaſt notice of me, the only perſon who gave himſelf any concern about the matter, he deprived me of the honour of the depoſitions, of which he ſent him a duplicate, for the purpoſe of attributing them to Patizel, who had not opened his mouth. He wiſhed to mortify me, and pleaſe his favourite; but had no deſire to diſmiſs me his ſervice. He perceived it would be more difficult to find me a ſucceſſor, than one to M. Follau, who had already made him known to the world. An Italian ſecretary was abſolutely neceſſary to him, on account of the anſwers from the ſenate: one who could write all his diſpatches; and conduct his affairs, without his giving himſelf the leaſt trouble about any thing; a perſon who, to the merit of ſerving him well, could join the baſeneſs of being the toad-eater of his gentlemen, without honour, merit, or principles. He wiſhed to retain, and humble me, by keeping me far from my country, and his own, without money to return to either, and in which he would, perhaps, have ſucceeded, had he began with more moderation: but Vitali, who had other views, and wiſhed to force

me to extremities, carried his point. The moment I perceived I loſt all my trouble, that the ambaſſador imputed to me my ſervices as ſo many crimes, inſtead of being ſatisfied with them; that with him I had nothing to expect, but things diſagreeable at home, and injuſtice abroad; and that, in the general diſeſteem into which he was fallen, his ill offices might be prejudicial to me, without the poſſibility of my being ſerved by his good ones; I took my reſolution, and aſked him for my diſmiſſion, leaving him ſufficient time to provide himſelf with another ſecretary. Without anſwering yes or no, he continued to treat me in the ſame manner, as if nothing had been ſaid. Perceiving things to remain in the ſame ſtate, and that he took no meaſures to procure himſelf a new ſecretary, I wrote to his brother, and, explaining to him my motives, begged he would obtain my diſmiſſion from his excellency, adding that whether I received it or not, I could not poſſibly remain with him. I waited a long time without any anſwer, and began to be embarraſſed: but at length the ambaſſador received a letter from his brother, which muſt have remonſtrated with him in very plain terms; for, although he was extremely ſubject to ferocious rage, I never ſaw him ſo violent as on this occaſion. After torrents of unſufferable reproaches, not knowing what more to ſay, he accuſed me of having ſold his cyphers. I burſt into a loud laughter, and aſked him, in a ſneering manner, if he thought there was in Venice a man who would be fool enough to give half a crown for them all. He threatened to call his ſervants to throw me out of the window. Until then I had been very compoſed; but on this threat, anger and indig-

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nation ſeized me in my turn. I ſprung to the door, and, after having turned a button which faſtened it within; no, count, ſaid I, returning to him with a grave ſtep, your ſervants ſhall have nothing to do with this affair: pleaſe to let it be ſettled between ourſelves. My action and manner inſtantly made him calm: fear and ſurpriſe were marked in his countenance. The moment I ſaw his fury abated, I bid him adieu in a very few words, and without waiting for his anſwer, went to the door, opened it, and paſſed ſlowly acroſs the anti-chamber, through the midſt of his people; who roſe according to cuſtom, and who, I am of opinion, would rather have lent their aſſiſtance againſt him than me. Without going back to my apartment, I deſcended the ſtairs, and immediately went out of the palace never more to enter it.

I haſtened immediately to M. le Blond, and related to him what had happened. Knowing the man, he was but little ſurpriſed. He kept me to dinner. This dinner, although without preparation, was ſplendid. All the French of conſequence, who were at Venice, partook of it. The ambaſſador had not a ſingle perſon. The conſul related my caſe to the company. The cry was general, and by no means in favour of his excellency. He had not ſettled my account, nor paid me a farthing, and, being reduced to the few louis I had in my pocket, I was extremely embarraſſed about my return to France. Every purſe was opened to me. I took twenty ſequins from that of M. le Blond, and as many from that of M. St. Cyr, with whom, next to M. le Blond, I was the moſt intimately connected. I returned thanks to the reſt; and, till my departure, went to

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lodge at the houſe of the chancellor of the conſulſhip, to prove to the public, that the nation was not an accomplice in the injuſtice of the ambaſſador.

His excellency, furious at ſeeing me taken notice of in my misfortune, at the ſame time that, notwithſtanding his being an ambaſſador, nobody went near his houſe, quite loſt his ſenſes and behaved like a madman. He forgot himſelf ſo far as to preſent a memoir to the ſenate to get me arreſted. On being informed of this by the Abbé de B . . . s, I reſolved to remain a fortnight longer, inſtead of ſetting off the next day as I had intended. My conduct had been known and approved of by every body. I was univerſally eſteemed. The ſenate did not deign to return an anſwer to the extravagant memoir of the ambaſſador, but ſent me word I might remain in Venice as long as I thought proper, without making myſelf uneaſy about the attempts of a madman. I continued to ſee my friends: I went to take leave of the ambaſſador from Spain, who received me well, and of the Comte de Finochietti, miniſter from Naples, whom I did not find at home. I wrote him a letter and received from his excellency the moſt polite and obliging anſwer. At length I took my departure, leaving behind me, notwithſtanding my embarraſſments, no other debts than the two ſums I had borrowed, and of which I have juſt ſpoken; and an account of fifty crowns with a ſhop-keeper, of the name of Morandi, which Carrio promiſed to pay, and which I have never re-emburſed him, although we have frequently met ſince that time; but with reſpect to the two ſums of money, I return-

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ed them very exactly the moment I had it in my power.

I cannot take leave of Venice without saying ſomething of the celebrated amuſements of that city, or at leaſt of the little part of them of which I partook during my reſidence there. It has been ſeen how little in my youth I ran after the pleaſures of that age, or thoſe which are ſo called. My inclinations did not change at Venice, but my occupations, which moreover would have prevented this, rendered more agreeable to me the ſimple recreations I permitted myſelf. The firſt and moſt pleaſing of all was the ſociety of men of merit. M. le Blond, de St. Cyr, Carrio Altuna, and a Forlinian gentleman, whoſe name I am very ſorry to have forgotten, and whom I never call to my recollection without emotion; he was the man of all I ever knew whoſe heart moſt reſembled my own. We were connected with two or three Engliſhmen of great wit and information, and, like ourſelves, paſſionately fond of muſic. All theſe gentlemen had their wives, female friends, or miſtreſſes: the latter were moſt of them women of talents, at whoſe apartments there were balls and concerts. There was but little play; a lively turn, talents, and the theatres rendered this amuſement inſipid. Play is the reſource of none but men whoſe time hangs heavy on their hands. I had brought with me from Paris the prejudice of that city againſt Italian muſic; but I had alſo received from nature a ſenſibility and niceneſs of diſtinction which prejudice cannot withſtand. I ſoon contracted that paſſion for Italian muſic with which it inſpires all thoſe who are capable of feeling its excellence. In liſtening

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to *barcaroles*, I found I had not yet known what ſinging was, and I ſoon became ſo fond of the opera that, tired of babbling, eating, and playing in the boxes, when I wiſhed to liſten, I frequently withdrew from the company to another part of the theatre. There, quite alone, ſhut up in my box, I abandoned myſelf, notwithſtanding the length of the repreſentation, to the pleaſure of enjoying it at eaſe unto the concluſion. One evening at the theatre of Saint Chryſoſtom, I fell into a more profound ſleep than I ſhould have done in my bed. The loud and brilliant airs did not diſturb my repoſe. But who can explain the delicious ſenſations given me by the ſoft harmony of the angelic muſic, by which I was charmed from ſleep; what an awaking! what raviſhment! what extacy, when at the ſame inſtant I opened my ears and eyes! my firſt idea was to believe I was in paradiſe. The raviſhing air, which I ſtill recollect and ſhall never forget, began with theſe words:

Conſervami la bella,
Che ſi m'accende il cor.

I was deſirous of having it; I had and kept it for a long time; but it was not the ſame thing upon paper as in my head. The notes were the ſame, but the thing was different. This divine compoſition can never be executed but in my mind, in the ſame manner as it was the evening on which it awoke me from ſleep.

A kind of muſic far ſuperior, in my opinion, to that of operas, and which in all Italy has not its equal, nor perhaps in the whole world, is that of the *ſcuole*. The *ſcuole* are houſes

of charity, eſtabliſhed for the education of young girls without fortune, to whom the republic afterwards gives a portion either in marriage or for the cloiſter. Amongſt the talents cultivated in theſe young girls, muſic is in the firſt rank. Every Sunday at the church of each of the four *ſcuole*, during veſpers, motettos or anthems with full choruſſes, accompanied by a great orcheſtra, and compoſed and directed by the beſt maſters in Italy, are ſung in the galleries by girls only; not one of whom is more than twenty years of age. I have not an idea of any thing ſo voluptuous and affecting as this muſic: the richneſs of the art, the exquiſite taſte of the vocal part, the excellence of the voices, the juſtneſs of the execution, every thing in theſe delightful concerts concurs to produce an impreſſion which certainly is not the mode, but from which I am of opinion no heart is ſecure. Carrio and I never failed being preſent at theſe veſpers of the *Mendicanti*, and we were not alone. The church was always full of the lovers of the art, and even the actors of the opera came there to form their taſtes after theſe excellent models. What vexed me was the iron grate, which ſuffered nothing to eſcape but ſounds, and concealed from me the angels of which they were worthy. I talked of nothing elſe. One day I ſpoke of it at le Blond's: if you are ſo deſirous, ſaid he, to ſee thoſe little girls, it will be an eaſy matter to ſatisfy your wiſhes. I am one of the adminiſtrators of the houſe, I will give you a collation with them. I did not let him reſt until he had fulfilled his promiſe. In entering the ſaloon, which contained theſe beauties I ſo much ſighed to ſee, I felt a trembling of love

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which I had never before experienced. M. le Blond preſented to me one after the other, theſe celebrated female ſingers, of whom the names and voices were all with which I was acquainted. Come, Sophia,—ſhe was horrid. Come, Cattina,—ſhe had but one eye. Come, Bettina,—the ſmall pox had entirely disfigured her perſon. Scarcely one of them was without ſome ſtriking defect. Le Blond laughed at my ſurpriſe; however, two or three of them appeared tolerable; theſe never ſung but in the choruſſes: I was almoſt in deſpair. During the collation, we endeavoured to excite them and they ſoon became enlivened; uglineſs does not exclude the graces, and I found they poſſeſſed them. I ſaid to myſelf they cannot ſing in this manner without intelligence and ſenſibility, they muſt have both; in fine, my manner of ſeeing them changed to ſuch a degree, that I left the houſe almoſt in love with each of theſe ugly figures. I had ſcarcely courage enough to return to veſpers. But after having ſeen the girls, the danger was leſſened. I ſtill found their ſinging delightful; and their voices ſo much embelliſhed their perſons, that, in ſpite of my eyes, I obſtinately continued to think them beautiful.

Muſic in Italy is accompanied with ſo trifling an expence, that it is not worth while for ſuch as have a taſte for it to deny themſelves the pleaſure it affords. I hired a harpſichord, and, for half a crown, I had at my apartment four or five ſymphoniſts, with whom I practiſed once a week in executing ſuch airs, &c. as had given me moſt pleaſure at the opera. I alſo had ſome ſymphonies performed from my *Muſes Galantes*. Whether theſe pleaſed the perſor-

performers, or the ballet maſter of St. John Chryſoſtom wiſhed to flatter me, he deſired to have two of them; and I had afterwards the pleaſure of hearing theſe executed by that admirable orcheſtra. They were danced to by a little *Bettina*, pretty and amiable, and kept by a Spaniard, M. Fagoaga, a friend of ours with whom we often went to ſpend the evening. But apropos of girls of eaſy virtue: it is not in Venice that a man abſtains from them. Have you nothing to confeſs, ſomebody will aſk me, upon this ſubject? Yes: I have ſomething to ſay upon it, and I will proceed to this confeſſion with the ſame ingenuouſneſs with which I have made all my former ones.

I always had an inclination to girls of pleaſure, and at Venice thoſe were all I had within my reach; moſt of the houſes being ſhut againſt me on account of my place. The daughters of M. le Blond were very amiable, but difficult of acceſs; and I had too much reſpect for the father and mother ever once to have the leaſt deſire for them.

I ſhould have had a much ſtronger inclination to a young lady, named Mademoiſelle de Cataneo, daughter to the agent from the king of Pruſſia, but Carrio was in love with her: there was even between them ſome queſtion of marriage. He was in eaſy circumſtances, and I had no fortune: his ſalary was a hundred louis (guineas) a year, and mine amounted to no more than a thouſand livres: (about forty pounds ſterling): and beſides my being unwilling to oppoſe a friend, I knew that in all places, and eſpecially at Venice, with a purſe ſo ill furniſhed as mine was, gallantry was out of the queſtion. I had not loſt the pernicious cuſtom of deceiving my wants. Too buſily employed forcibly

forcibly to feel thoſe proceeding from the climate, I lived upwards of a year in that city as chaſtly as I had done in Paris; and at the end of eighteen months, I quitted it without having approached the ſex, except twice by means of the ſingular opportunities of which I am going to ſpeak.

The firſt was procured me by that honeſt gentleman, Vitali, ſometime after the formal apology I obliged him to make me. The converſation at table turned on the amuſements of Venice. Theſe gentlemen reproached me with my indifference with regard to the moſt delightful of them all; at the ſame time extolling the gracefulneſs and elegant manners of the women of eaſy virtue of Venice, and adding, that they were ſuperior to all others of the ſame deſcription in any other part of the world. Dominic ſaid I muſt make an acquaintance with the moſt amiable of them all; he offered to take me to her apartments, and aſſured me I ſhould be pleaſed with her. I laughed at this obliging offer; and Count Piati, a man in years and venerable, obſerved to me, with more candour than I ſhould have expected from an Italian, that he thought me too prudent to ſuffer myſelf to be taken to ſuch a place by my enemy. In fact, I had no inclination to do it: but, notwithſtanding this, by an incoherence, I cannot myſelf comprehend, I at length was prevailed upon to go, contrary to my inclination, the ſentiment of my heart, my reaſon, and even my will; ſolely from weakneſs, and being aſhamed to ſhew an appearance of the leaſt miſtruſt; and beſides, as the expreſſion of the country

try is, *per non parer troppo cogliono* *. *The Padoana* whom we went to viſit was pretty, ſhe was even handſome, but her beauty was not of that kind which pleaſed me. Dominic left me with her, I ſent for *Sorbetti*, and aſked her to ſing, in about half an hour I wiſhed to take my leave after having put a ducat on the table; but this by a ſingular ſcruple ſhe refuſed until ſhe had deſerved it, and I from as ſingular a folly conſented to remove her doubts. I returned to the palace, ſo fully perſuaded that I ſhould feel the conſequences of this ſtep that the firſt thing I did was to ſend for the king's ſurgeon to aſk him for Ptiſans. Nothing can equal the uneaſineſs of mind I ſuffered for three weeks, without its being juſtified by any real inconvenience or apparent ſign. I could not believe it was poſſible to withdraw with impunity from the arms of the Padoana. The ſurgeon himſelf had the greateſt difficulty in removing my apprehenſions; nor could he do this by any other means than by perſuading me I was formed in ſuch a manner as not to be eaſily infected: and although in the experiment I expoſed myſelf leſs than any other man would have done, my health in that reſpect never having ſuffered the leaſt inconvenience, is in my opinion a proof the ſurgeon was right. However, this never made me imprudent, and if in fact, I have received ſuch an advantage from nature I can ſafely aſſert I have never abuſed it.

My ſecond adventure, although likewiſe with a common girl was of a nature very different, as well in its origin as in its effects. I

* Not to appear too great a blockhead.

have

have already ſaid that Captain Olivet gave me a dinner on board his veſſel, and that I took with me the ſecretary of the Spaniſh embaſſy. I expected a ſalute of cannon. The ſhip's company was drawn up to receive us, but not ſo much as a priming was burnt, at which I was mortified, on account of Carrio, whom I perceived to be rather piqued at the neglect. A ſalute of cannon was given on board merchant-ſhips, to people of leſs conſequence than we were; I beſides thought I deſerved ſome diſtinguiſhed mark of reſpect from the captain. I could not conceal my thoughts, becauſe this at all times was impoſſible to me, and although the dinner was a very good one, and Olivet did the honours of it perfectly well, I began it in an ill humour, eating but little, and ſpeaking ſtill leſs. At the firſt health, at leaſt, I expected a volley;—nothing. Carrio, who read what paſſed within me, laughed at hearing me grumble like a child. Before dinner was half over I ſaw a gondola approach the veſſel.—Bleſs me, ſir, ſaid the captain, take care of yourſelf, the enemy approaches. I aſked him what he meaned, and he anſwered jocoſely. The gondola made the ſhip's ſide, and I obſerved a gay young damſel come on board very lightly, and coquetiſhly dreſſed, and who at three ſteps was in the cabin, ſeated by my ſide, before I had time to perceive a cover was laid for her. She was equally charming and lively, a *brunette*, not more than twenty years of age. She ſpoke nothing but Italian, and her accent alone was ſufficient to turn my head. As ſhe eat and chattered ſhe caſt her eyes upon me; ſteadfaſtly looked at me for a moment; and then exclaimed, Good Virgin! Ah, my dear Bremond, what an age it is ſince I ſaw

thee!

thee! She then threw herſelf into my arms, ſealed her lips to mine, and preſſed me almoſt to ſtrangling. Her large black eyes, like thoſe of the beauties of the eaſt, darted fiery ſhafts into my heart, and although the ſurpriſe at firſt ſtupified my ſenſes, voluptuouſneſs made a rapid progreſs within, and this to ſuch a degree that the beautiful ſeducer herſelf was, notwithſtanding the ſpectators, obliged to reſtrain my ardour, for I was intoxicated, or rather become furious. When ſhe perceived ſhe had made the impreſſion ſhe deſired, ſhe became more moderate in her careſſes, but not in her vivacity, and when ſhe thought proper to explain to us the real or falſe cauſe of all her petulance, ſhe ſaid I reſembled M. de Bremond, director of the cuſtoms of Tuſcany, to ſuch a degree as to be miſtaken for him; that ſhe had turned this M. de Bremond's head, and would do it again; that ſhe had quitted him becauſe he was a fool; that ſhe took me in his place; that ſhe would love me becauſe it pleaſed her ſo to do, for which reaſon I muſt love her as long as it was agreeable to her, and when ſhe thought proper to ſend me about my buſineſs, I muſt be patient as her dear Bremond had been. What was ſaid was done. She took poſſeſſion of me as of a man who belonged to her, gave me her gloves to keep, her fan, her *cinda*, and her coiff, and ordered me to go here or there, to do this or that, and I inſtantly obeyed her. She told me to go and ſend away her gondola, becauſe ſhe choſe to make uſe of mine, and I immediately ſent it away; ſhe bid me to move from my place, and pray Carrio to ſit down in it, becauſe ſhe had ſomething to ſay to him; and I did as ſhe deſired. They chatted a good while together,

together, but ſpoke low, and I did not interrupt them. She called me, and I approached her. Hark thee, Zanetto, ſaid ſhe to me, I will not be loved in the French manner: this indeed would not be well. In the firſt moment of laſſitude, get thee gone: but ſtay not by the way, I caution thee. After dinner we went to ſee the glaſs manufactory at Murano. She bought a great number of little curioſities, for which ſhe left us to pay without the leaſt ceremony. But ſhe every where gave away little trinkets to a much greater amount than that of the things we had purchaſed. By the indifference with which ſhe threw away her money, I perceived ſhe annexed to it but little value. When ſhe inſiſted upon payment, I am of opinion it was more from a motive of vanity than avarice. She was flattered by the price her admirers ſet upon her favours.

In the evening we conducted her to her apartments. As we converſed together, I perceived a couple of piſtols upon her toilette. Ah! Ah! ſaid I, taking one of them up, this is a patch-box of a new conſtruction: may I aſk what is its uſe? I know you have other arms which give more fire than thoſe upon your table. After a few pleaſantries of the ſame kind, ſhe ſaid to us, with an ingenuouſneſs which rendered her ſtill more charming, when I am complaiſant to perſons whom I do not love, I make them pay for the wearineſs they cauſe me; nothing can be more juſt: but if I ſuffer their careſſes, I will not bear their inſults; nor miſs the firſt who ſhall be wanting to me in reſpect.

At taking leave of her, I made another appointment for the next day. I did not make her wait. I found her *in veſtito di confidenza*, in

in an undreſs, more than wanton, unknown to northern countries, and which I will not amuſe myſelf in deſcribing although I recollect it perfectly well. I ſhall only remark that her ruffles and collar were edged with ſilk net-work, ornamented with roſe coloured pompons. This, in my eyes, much enlivened a beautiful complexion. I afterwards found it to be the mode at Venice, and the effect is ſo charming that I am ſurpriſed it has never been introduced in France. I had no idea of the tranſports which awaited me. I have ſpoken of Madame de L.....e with the tranſport which the remembrance of her ſtill ſometimes gives me: but how old, ugly, and cold ſhe appeared, compared with my Zulietta! Do not attempt to form to yourſelf an idea of the charms and graces of this enchanting girl: you will be too far ſhort of truth. Young virgins in cloiſters are not ſo freſh: the beauties of the ſeraglio are leſs animated: the houris of paradiſe leſs engaging. Never was ſo ſweet an enjoyment offered to the heart and ſenſes of a mortal. Ah! had I at leaſt been capable of fully taſting of it for a ſingle moment!—I taſted of it, but without a charm. I enfeebled all its delights: I deſtroyed them as at will. No: nature has nor made me capable of enjoyment. She has infuſed into my wretched head the poiſon of that ineffable happineſs, the deſire of which ſhe firſt placed in my heart.

If there be a circumſtance in my life, which deſcribes my nature, it is that which I am going to relate. The forcible manner, in which I at this moment recollect the object of my book, will here make me hold in contempt the falſe delicacy which would prevent me from fulfilling it. Whoever you may be who are

deſirous

desirous of knowing a man, have the courage to read the two or three following pages, and you will become fully acquainted with J. J. Rousseau.

I entered the chamber of a woman of easy virtue, as the sanctuary of love and beauty: and, in her person, I thought I saw the divinity. I should have been inclined to think that without respect and esteem it was impossible to feel any thing like that which she made me experience. Scarcely had I, in her first familiarities, discovered the force of her charms and caresses, before I wished, for fear of losing the fruit of them, to gather it beforehand. Suddenly, instead of the flame which consumed me, I felt a mortal cold run through all my veins; my legs failed me; and, ready to faint away, I sat down and wept like a child.

Who would guess the cause of my tears, and what, at this moment, passed within me? I said to myself: the object in my power is the master-piece of love: her wit and person equally approach perfection: she is as good and generous, as she is amiable, and beautiful. Yet she is a miserable prostitute, abandoned to the public. The captain of a merchant ship disposed of her at will: she has thrown herself into my arms, although she knows I have nothing; and my merit, with which she cannot be acquainted, can to her be no inducement. In this there is something inconceivable. Either my heart deceives me, fascinates my senses, and makes me the dupe of an unworthy slut, or some secret defect, of which I am ignorant, destroys the effect of her charms, and renders her odious in the eyes of those by whom her charms would otherwise be disputed. I endeavoured, by an extraordinary effort of mind, to discover

this

this defect; but it did not ſo much as ſtrike me that even the conſequences to be apprehended, might poſſibly have ſome influence. The clearneſs of her ſkin, the brilliancy of her complexion, her white teeth, ſweet breath, and the appearance of neatneſs about her perſon, ſo far removed from me this idea, that, ſtill in doubt relative to my ſituation after the affair of the Padoana, I rather apprehended I was not ſufficiently in health for her; and I am firmly perſuaded I was not deceived in my opinion. Theſe reflections, ſo apropos, agitated me to ſuch a degree as to make me ſhed tears. Zulietta, to whom the ſcene was quite novel, was ſtruck ſpeechleſs for a moment. But having made a turn in her chamber, and paſſing before her glaſs, ſhe comprehended, and my eyes confirmed her opinion, that diſguſt had no part in what had happened. It was not difficult for her to recover me, and diſpel this little ſhamefacedneſs. But, at the moment in which I was ready to faint upon a boſom, which, for the firſt time ſeemed to ſuffer the impreſſion of the hand and lips of a man; I perceived ſhe had a withered *teton*. I ſtruck my fore-head: I examined, and thought I perceived this *teton* was not formed like the other. I immediately began to conſider how it was poſſible to have ſuch a defect, and perſuaded of its proceeding from ſome great natural vice, I was clearly convinced, that, inſtead of the moſt charming perſon of whom I could form to myſelf an idea, I had in my arms a ſpecies of monſter, the refuſe of nature, of men, and of love. I carried my ſtupidity ſo far as to ſpeak to her of the diſcovery I had made. She, at firſt, took what I ſaid jocoſely; and, in her frolicſome humour, did and ſaid things of a nature to make me die

of

of love. But perceiving an inquietude I could not conceal, ſhe at length reddened, adjuſted her dreſs, raiſed herſelf up, and, without ſaying a word, went and placed herſelf at the window. I attempted to place myſelf by her ſide: ſhe withdrew to a ſopha, roſe from it the next moment, and, fanning herſelf as ſhe walked about the chamber, ſaid to me, in a reſerved and diſdainful tone of voice: Zanetto, *laſcia le donne, e ſtudia la matematica**.

Before I took leave I requeſted her to appoint another rendezvous for the next day, which ſhe poſtponed for three days, adding, with a ſatyrical ſmile, that I muſt needs be in want of repoſe. I was very ill at eaſe during this interval; my heart was full of her charms and graces; I felt my extravagance, and reproached myſelf with it, regretting the loſs of the moments I had ſo ill employed, and which, had I choſen, I might have rendered more agreeable than any in my whole life; waiting with the moſt burning impatience for the moment in which I might repair the loſs, and yet, notwithſtanding all my reaſoning upon what I had diſcovered, anxious to reconcile the perfections of this adorable girl with the indignity of her ſituation. I ran, I flew to her apartment at the hour appointed. I know not whether or not her ardour would have been more ſatisfied with this viſit, her pride at leaſt would have been flattered by it, and I already rejoiced at the idea of my convincing her, in every reſpect, that I knew how to repair the wrongs I had done. She ſpared me this juſtification. The gondolier whom I had ſent to her apartment brought me for anſwer that ſhe

* Leave women, and ſtudy the mathematics.

had

had ſet off, the evening before, for Florence. If I had not felt all the love I had for her perſon when this was in my poſſeſſion, I felt it in the moſt cruel manner on loſing her. Amiable and charming as ſhe was in my eyes, I could have conſoled myſelf for the loſs of her; but this I have never been able to do relative to the contemptible idea which at her departure ſhe muſt have had of me.

Theſe are my two narratives. The eighteen months I paſſed at Venice furniſhed me with no other of the ſame kind, except a ſimple proſpect at moſt. Carrio was a gallant. Tired of viſiting girls engaged to others, he took a fancy to have one to himſelf, and, as we were inſeparable, he propoſed to me an arrangement common enough at Venice, which was to keep one girl for us both. To this I conſented. The queſtion was, to find one who was ſafe. He was ſo induſtrious in his reſearches that he found out a little girl of from eleven to twelve years of age, whom her infamous mother was endeavouring to ſell, and I went with Carrio to ſee her. The ſight of the child moved me to the moſt lively compaſſion. She was fair, and as gentle as a lamb. Nobody would have taken her for an Italian. Living is very cheap at Venice; we gave a little money to the mother, and provided for the ſubſiſtence of her daughter. She had a voice, and to procure her ſome reſource we gave her a ſpinnet, and a ſinging maſter. All theſe expences did not coſt each of us more than two ſequins a month, and we contrived to ſave a much greater ſum in other matters; but as we were obliged to wait until ſhe became of a riper age, this was ſowing a long time before we could poſſibly reap. However, ſatisfied with paſſing our evenings, chatting,

ting, and innocently playing with the child, we perhaps enjoyed greater pleaſure than if we had received the laſt favours. So true is it that men are more attached to women by a certain pleaſure they have in living with them, than by any kind of libertiniſm. My heart became inſenſibly attached to the little Anzoletta, but my attachment was paternal, in which the ſenſes had ſo little ſhare, that in proportion as the former increaſed, to have connected it with the latter would have been leſs poſſible; and I felt I ſhould have experienced, at approaching this little creature when become nubile, the ſame horror with which the abominable crime of inceſt would have inſpired me. I perceived the ſentiments of Carrio take, unobſerved by himſelf, exactly the ſame turn. We thus prepared for ourſelves, without intending it, pleaſure not leſs delicious, but very different from that of which we firſt had an idea; and I am fully perſuaded that, however beautiful the poor child might have become, far from being the corruptors of her innocence we ſhould have been the protectors of it. The circumſtance which ſhortly afterwards befel me deprived me of the happineſs of taking a part in this good work, and my only merit in the affair was the inclination of my heart.

I will now return to my journey.

My firſt intention after leaving M. de M....., was, to retire to Geneva, until time and more favourable circumſtances ſhould have removed the obſtacles which prevented my union with my poor mamma; but the quarrel between me and M. de M..... being become public, and he having had the folly to write about it

to the court, I reſolved to go there to give an account of my conduct and complain of that of a madman. I communicated my intention, from Venice, to M. du Theil charged *per interim* with foreign affairs after the death of M. Amelot. I ſet off as ſoon as my letter, and took my route through Bergamo, Como and Domo D'Oſcela, and croſſing Saint Plomb. At Sion, M. de Chaignon *chargé des affaires* from France ſhewed me great civility; at Geneva M. de la Cloſure treated me with the ſame polite attention. I there renewed my acquaintance with M. de Gauffecourt from whom I had ſome money to receive. I had paſſed through Nyon without going to ſee my father: not that this was a matter of indifference to me, but becauſe I was unwilling to appear before my mother-in-law after the diſaſter which had befallen me, certain of being condemned by her without being heard. The bookſeller, Du Villard, an old friend of my father's, reproached me ſeverely with this neglect. I gave him my reaſons for it, and to repair my fault, without expoſing myſelf to meet my mother-in-law, I took a chaiſe and we went together to Nyon and ſtopped at a public houſe. Du Villard went to fetch my father, who came running to embrace me. We ſupped together, and after paſſing an evening very agreeable to the wiſhes of my heart, I returned the next morning to Geneva, with Du Villard, for whom I have ever ſince retained a ſentiment of gratitude in return for the ſervice he did me on this occaſion.

Lyons was a little out of my direct road, but I was determined to paſs through that city in order to convince myſelf of a knaviſh trick played me by M. de M..... I had ſent me

from

from Paris a little box containing a waiſtcoat, embroidered with gold, a few pairs of ruffles, and ſix pair of white ſilk ſtockings; nothing more. Upon a propoſition made me by M. de M....., I ordered this box to be added to his baggage. In the apothecary's bill he offered me in payment of my ſalary, and which he wrote out himſelf, he ſtated the weight of this box, which he called a bale, at eleven hundred pounds, and charged me with the carriage of it at an enormous rate. By the care of M. Boy de la Tour, to whom I was recommended by M. Roguin, his uncle, it was proved from the regiſters of the cuſtoms of Lyons and Marſeilles, that the ſaid bale weighed no more than forty-five pounds, and had paid carriage according to that weight. I joined this authentic extract to the memoir of M. de M....., and provided with theſe papers and others containing ſtronger facts, I returned to Paris, very impatient to make uſe of them. During the whole of this long journey I had little adventures; at Como, in Valais, and elſewhere. I there ſaw many curious things, amongſt others the Boroma iſlands, which are worthy of being deſcribed. But I am preſſed by time, and ſurrounded by ſpies. I am obliged to write in haſte, and very imperfectly, a work which requires the leiſure and tranquillity I do not enjoy. If ever providence in its goodneſs grants me days more calm, I ſhall deſtine them to new modelling this work ſhould I be able to do it, or at leaſt to giving a ſupplement, of which I perceive it ſtands in the greateſt need*.

The news of my quarrel had reached Paris before me, and on my arrival I found the peo-

* I have given up this project.

ple in all the offices, and the public in general, ſcandalized at the follies of the ambaſſador. Notwithſtanding this, the public talk of Venice and the unanſwerable proof I exhibited, I could not obtain even the ſhadow of juſtice. Far from obtaining ſatisfaction or reparation, I was left at the diſcretion of the ambaſſador for my ſalary, and this for no other reaſon than becauſe, not being a Frenchman, I had no right to national protection, and that it was a private affair between him and myſelf. Every body agreed I was inſulted, injured, and unfortunate; that the ambaſſador was mad, cruel, and iniquitous, and that the whole of the affair diſhonoured him for ever. But what of this! He was the ambaſſador, and I was nothing more than the ſecretary.

Order, or that which is ſo called, was in oppoſition to my obtaining juſtice, and of this the leaſt ſhadow was not granted me. I ſuppoſed that, by loudly complaining, and by publicly treating this madman in the manner he deſerved, I ſhould at length be told to hold my tongue; this was what I wiſhed for, and I was fully determined not to obey until I had obtained redreſs. But at that time there was no miniſter for foreign affairs. I was ſuffered to exclaim, nay, even encouraged to do it, and joined with; but the affair ſtill remained in the ſame ſtate, until, tired of being in the right without obtaining juſtice, my courage at length failed me, and I let the whole drop.

The only perſon by whom I was ill received, and from whom I ſhould have leaſt expected ſuch an injuſtice, was Madame de B.....l. Full of the prerogatives of rank and nobility, ſhe could not conceive it was poſſible an ambaſſador could ever be in the wrong

wrong with reſpect to his ſecretary. The reception ſhe gave me was conformable to this prejudice. I was ſo piqued at it that, immediately after leaving her, I wrote her perhaps one of the ſtrongeſt and moſt violent letters that ever came from my pen, and ſince that time I never once returned to her houſe. I was better received by father Caſtel; but, in the midſt of his jeſuitical wheedling I perceived him faithfully to follow one of the great maxims of his ſociety, which is to ſacrifice the weak to the powerful. The ſtrong conviction I felt of the juſtice of my cauſe, and my natural greatneſs of mind did not ſuffer me patiently to endure this partiality. I ceaſed viſiting father Caſtel, and on that account, going to the college of the jeſuits, where I knew nobody but himſelf. Beſides, the intriguing and tyrannical ſpirit of his brethren, ſo different from the cordiality of the good father Hemet, gave me ſuch a diſguſt to their converſation that I have never ſince been acquainted with, nor ſeen any one of them except father Berthier, whom I ſaw twice or thrice at M. D...n's, in conjunction with whom he laboured with all his might at the refutation of Monteſquieu.

That I may not have to return to the ſubject, I will conclude what I have to ſay of M. de M....., I had told him in our quarrels that a ſecretary was not what he wanted, but an attorney's clerk. He took the hint, and the perſon whom he procured to ſucceed me was a real attorney, who in leſs than a year robbed him of twenty or thirty thouſand livres. He diſcharged him, and ſent him to priſon, diſmiſſed his gentleman with diſgrace, and in wretchedneſs, got himſelf every where

into quarrels, received affronts which a footman would not have put up with, and, after numerous follies, was recalled, and ſent from the capital. It is very probable that among the reprimands he received at court, his affair with me was not forgotten. At leaſt, a little time after his return he ſent his Maitre d'Hotel, to ſettle my account, and give me ſome money. I was in want of it at that moment; my debts at Venice, debts of honour, if ever there were any, lay heavy upon my mind. I made uſe of the means which offered to diſcharge them, as well as the note of Z.....o, N..i. I received what was offered me, paid all my debts, and remained as before, without a farthing in my pocket, but relieved from a weight which had become inſupportable. From that time I never heard ſpeak of M. de M....., until his death, with which I became acquainted by means of the Gazette. The peace of God be with that poor man! He was as fit for the functions of an ambaſſador as in my infancy I had been for thoſe of *Grapignan**. However, it was in his power to have honourably ſupported himſelf by my ſervices, and rapidly to have advanced me in a career to which the Comte de Gouvon had deſtined me in my youth, and of the functions of which I had in a more advanced age rendered myſelf capable.

The juſtice and inutility of my complaints left in my mind ſeeds of indignation againſt our fooliſh civil inſtitutions, by which the welfare of the public and real juſtice are always ſacrificed to I know not what appearance of order,

* I have not been able to find this word in any dictionary, nor does any Frenchman of letters of my acquaintance know what it means. T.

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and which does nothing more than add the ſanction of public authority to the oppreſſion of the weak, and the iniquity of the powerful. Two things prevented theſe ſeeds from putting forth at that time as they afterwards did: one was, myſelf being in queſtion in the affair, and private intereſt, whence nothing great or noble ever proceeded, could not draw from my heart the divine ſoarings, which the moſt pure love, only of that which is juſt and ſublime, can produce. The other was the charm of friendſhip which tempered and calmed my wrath by the aſcendency of a more pleaſing ſentiment. I had become acquainted at Venice with a Biſcayner, a friend of my friend Carrio's, and worthy of being that of every honeſt man, This amiable young man, born with every talent and virtue, had juſt made the tour of Italy to gain a taſte for the fine arts, and, imagining he had nothing more to acquire, intended to return by the moſt direct road to his own country. I told him the arts were nothing more than a relaxation to a genius like his, fit to cultivate the ſciences; and to give him a taſte for theſe, I adviſed him to make a journey to Paris and reſide there for ſix months. He took my advice, and went to Paris. He was there and expected me when I arrived. His lodging was too conſiderable for him, and he offered me the half of it, which I inſtantly accepted. I found him abſorbed in the ſtudy of the ſublimeſt ſciences. Nothing was above his reach. He digeſted every thing with a prodigious rapidity. How cordially did he thank me for having procured him this food for his mind, which was tormented by a thirſt after knowledge, without his being aware of it! What a treaſure of light and virtue I found in the vigorous mind

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of this young man! I felt he was the friend I wanted. We ſoon became intimate. Our taſtes were not the ſame, and we conſtantly diſputed. Both opinionated, we never could agree about any thing. Nevertheleſs we could not ſeparate; and, notwithſtanding our reciprocal and inceſſant contradiction, we neither of us wiſhed the other to be different from what he was.

Ignacio Emanuel de Altuna was one of thoſe rare beings which Spain only produces, and of which ſhe produces too few for her glory. He had not the violent national paſſions common in his own country. The idea of vengeance could no more enter his head, than the deſire of it could proceed from his heart. His mind was too great to be vindictive, and I have frequently heard him ſay, with the greateſt coolneſs, that no mortal could offend him. He was gallant, without being tender. He played with women as with ſo many pretty children. He amuſed himſelf with the miſtreſſes of his friends, but I never knew him to have one of his own, nor the leaſt deſire for it. The emanations from the virtue with which his heart was ſtored, never permitted the fire of the paſſions to excite ſenſual deſires.

After his travels he married, died young, and left children; and, I am as convinced as of my exiſtence, that his wife was the firſt and only woman with whom he ever taſted of the pleaſures of love.

Externally he was devout, like a Spaniard, but in his heart he had the piety of an angel. Except myſelf, he is the only man I ever ſaw whoſe principles were not intolerant. He never in his life aſked any perſon his opinion in matters of religion. It was not of the leaſt

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conſequence to him whether his friend was a Jew, a Proteſtant, a Turk, a Bigot, or an Atheiſt, provided he was an honeſt man. Obſtinate and headſtrong in matters of indifference, but the moment religion was in queſtion, even the moral part, he collected himſelf, was ſilent or ſimply ſaid: *I am charged with the care of myſelf only.* It is aſtoniſhing ſo much elevation of mind ſhould be compatible with a ſpirit of detail carried to minuteneſs. He previouſly divided the employment of the day by hours, quarters, and minutes; and ſo ſcrupulouſly adhered to this diſtribution, that had the clock ſtruck whilſt he was reading a phraſe, he would have ſhut his book without finiſhing it. His portions of time thus laid out, were ſome of them ſet apart to ſtudies of one kind, and others to thoſe of another; he had ſome for reflection, converſation, divine ſervice, the reading of Locke, for his roſary, for viſits, muſic, and painting; and neither pleaſure, temptation, nor complaiſance, could interrupt this order: a duty he might have had to diſcharge was the only thing that could have done it. When he gave me the liſt of his diſtributions, that I might conform myſelf thereto, I firſt laughed, and then ſhed tears of admiration. He never conſtrained any body nor ſuffered conſtraint: he was rather rough with people, who, from politeneſs, attempted to put it upon him. He was paſſionate without being ſullen. I have often ſeen him warm, but never ſaw him really angry with any perſon. Nothing could be more chearful than his temper; he knew how to paſs and receive a joke: raillery was one of his diſtinguiſhed talents, and with which he poſſeſſed that of pointed wit and repartee. When he was animated, he was noiſy

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and heard at a great diſtance; but whilſt he loudly inneighed, a ſmile was ſpread over his countenance, and in the midſt of his warmth he uſed ſome diverting expreſſion which made all his hearers break out into a loud laugh. He had no more of the Spaniſh complexion than of the phlegm of that country. His ſkin was white, his cheeks finely coloured, and his hair of a light cheſnut. He was tall and well made: his body was well formed for the reſidence of his mind.

This wiſe-hearted, as well as wiſe-headed man, knew mankind, and was my friend: this is my only anſwer to ſuch as are not ſo. We were ſo intimately united, that our intention was to paſs our days together. In a few years I was to go to Aſcoytia to live with him at his eſtate; every part of the project was arranged, the eve of his departure; nothing was left undetermined, except that which depends not upon men in the beſt concerted plans, poſterior events. My diſaſters, his marriage, and, finally, his death, ſeparated us for ever. Some men would be tempted to ſay, that nothing ſucceeds except the dark conſpiracies of the wicked, and that the innocent intentions of the good are ſeldom or never accompliſhed. I had felt the inconvenience of dependence, and took a reſolution never again to expoſe myſelf to it; having ſeen the projects of ambition, which circumſtances had induced me to form, overturned in their birth. Diſcouraged in the career I had ſo well begun, from which, however, I had juſt been expelled, I reſolved never more to attach myſelf to any perſon, but to remain in an independent ſtate, turning my talents to the beſt advantage; of theſe I at length began to feel the extent, and that I

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had hitherto had too modeſt an opinion of them. I again took up my opera, which I had laid aſide to go to Venice; and, that I might be leſs interrupted after the departure of Altuna, I returned to my old hotel St. Quentin; which, in a ſolitary part of the town, and not far from the Luxembourgh, was more proper for my purpoſe than the noiſy Rue St. Honoré.

There the only real conſolation of which Heaven ſuffered me to taſte in my miſery, and the only one which rendered it ſupportable, awaited me. This was not a tranſient acquaintance; I muſt enter into ſome detail relative to the manner in which it was made.

We had a new land-lady from Orleans; ſhe took for a needlewoman a girl from her own country, of between twenty-two and twenty-three years of age, and who, as well as the hoſteſs, eat at our table. This girl, named Thérèſa le Vaſſeur, was of a good family; her father was an officer in the mint of Orleans, and her mother a ſhop-keeper; they had many children. The functions of the mint of Orleans being ſuppreſſed, the father found himſelf without employment; and the mother having ſuffered loſſes, was reduced to narrow circumſtances. She quitted her buſineſs and came to Paris with her huſband and daughter, who, by her induſtry, maintained all the three.

The firſt time I ſaw this girl at table, I was ſtruck with her modeſty; and ſtill more ſo with her lively, yet charming look; which, with reſpect to the impreſſion it made upon me, was never equalled. Beſides M. de Bonnefond, the compady was compoſed of ſeveral Iriſh prieſts, Gaſcons, and others of much the ſame deſcription. Our hoſteſs herſelf had not

made the beſt poſſible uſe of her time, and I was the only perſon at table who ſpoke and behaved with decency. Allurements were thrown out to the young girl; I took her part, and the joke was then turned againſt me. Had I had no natural inclination to the poor girl, compaſſion and contradiction would have produced it in me: I was always a great friend to decency in manners and converſation, eſpecially in the fair-ſex. I openly declared myſelf her champion, and perceived ſhe was not inſenſible of my attention; her looks, animated by the gratitude ſhe dared not expreſs by words, were for this reaſon ſtill more penetrating.

She was very timid, and I was as much ſo as herſelf. The connection which this diſpoſition common to both ſeemed to remove to a diſtance, was however rapidly formed. Our landlady perceiving its progreſs, became furious, and her brutality forwarded my affair with the young girl, who having no perſon in the houſe except myſelf to give her the leaſt ſupport, was ſorry to ſee me go from home, and ſigned for the return of her protector. The affinity our hearts bore to each other, and the ſimilarity of our diſpoſitions, had ſoon their ordinary effect. She thought ſhe ſaw in me an honeſt man, and in this ſhe was not deceived. I thought I perceived in her a woman of great ſenſibility, ſimple in her manners, and devoid of all coquettry:—I was no more deceived in her than ſhe in me. I began by declaring to her that I would never either abandon or marry her. Love, eſteem, artleſs ſincerity were the miniſters of my triumph, and it was becauſe her heart was tender and virtuous,

ous, that I was happy without being preſuming.

The apprehenſions ſhe was under of my not finding in her that for which I ſought, retarded my happineſs more than every other circumſtance. I perceived her diſconcerted and confuſed before ſhe yielded her conſent, wiſhing to be underſtood and not daring to explain herſelf. Far from ſuſpecting the real cauſe of her embarraſſment, I falſely imagined it to proceed from another motive, a ſuppoſition highly inſulting to her morals, and thinking ſhe gave me to underſtand my health might be expoſed to danger, I fell into ſo perplexed a ſtate that, although it was no reſtraint upon me, it poiſoned my happineſs during ſeveral days. As we did not underſtand each other, our converſations upon the ſubject were ſo many enigmas more than ridiculous. She was upon the point of believing I was abſolutely mad; and I on my part was as near not knowing what elſe to think of her. At leaſt we came to an explanation; ſhe confeſſed to me with tears the only fault of the kind of her whole life; immediately after ſhe became nubile; the fruit of her ignorance and the addreſs of her ſeducer. The moment I comprehended what ſhe meaned, I gave a ſhout of joy. A Hymen! exclaimed I; ſought for at Paris, and at twenty years of age! Ah, my Thérèſa! I am happy in poſſeſſing thee, virtuous and healthy as thou art, and in not finding that for which I never ſought.

At firſt, amuſement was my only object; I perceived I had gone farther, and had given myſelf a companion. A little intimate connection with this excellent girl, and a few reflections upon my ſituation, made me diſcover

that, while thinking of nothing more than my pleaſures, I had done a great deal towards my happineſs. In the place of extinguiſhed ambition, a lively ſentiment, which had entire poſſeſſion of my ſpirit, was neceſſary to me. In a word, I wanted a ſucceſſor to mamma; ſince I was never again to live with her, it was neceſſary ſome perſon ſhould live with her pupil, and a perſon too in whom I might find that ſimplicity, and docility of mind and heart which ſhe found in me. It was moreover neceſſary the happineſs of domeſtic life ſhould indemnify me for the ſplendid career I had juſt renounced. When I was quite alone there was a void in my heart, which wanted nothing more than another heart to fill it up. Fate had deprived me of this, or at leaſt in part alienated me from that for which by nature I was formed. From that moment I was alone, for there never was for me the leaſt thing intermediate between every thing and nothing. I found in Thérèſa the ſupplement of which I ſtood in need; by means of her I lived as happily as I poſſibly could do, according to the courſe of events.

I firſt attempted to improve her mind. In this my pains were uſeleſs. Her mind is as nature formed it: it was not ſuſceptible of cultivation. I do not bluſh in acknowledging ſhe never knew how to read well, although ſhe writes tolerably. When I went to lodge in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, oppoſite to my windows at the Hotel de Pontchartrain, there was a ſun-dial, on which for a whole month I uſed all my efforts to teach her to know the hours; yet, ſhe ſcarely knows them at preſent. She never could enumerate the twelve months of the year in order, and cannot diſtinguiſh one numeral from another, notwithſtanding all the trouble I took

took in endeavouring to teach them to her. She neither knows how to count money, nor to reckon the price of any thing. The word which when ſhe ſpeaks, preſents itſelf to her mind, is frequently oppoſite to that of which ſhe means to make uſe. I formerly made a dictionary of her phraſes, to amuſe M. de Luxembourg, and he *qui pro quos*, often became celebrated among thoſe with whom I was moſt intimate. But this perſon, ſo confined in her intellects, and, if the world pleaſes, ſo ſtupid, can give excellent advice in caſes of difficulty. In Switzerland, in England, and in France, ſhe frequently ſaw what I had not myſelf perceived; ſhe has often given me the beſt advice I could poſſibly follow; ſhe has reſcued me from dangers into which I had blindly precipitated myſelf, and in the preſence of princes and the great, her ſentiments, good ſenſe, anſwers, and conduct have acquired her univerſal eſteem, and myſelf the moſt ſincere congratulations on her merit.

With perſons whom we love, ſentiment fortifies the mind as well as the heart; and they who are thus attached, have little need of ſearching for ideas elſewhere.

I lived with my Thérèſa as agreeably as with the fineſt genius in the world. Her mother, proud of having been brought up under the Marchioneſs of Monpipeau, attempted to be witty, wiſhed to direct the judgment of her daughter, and by her knaviſh cunning, deſtroyed the ſimplicity of our intercourſe.

The fatigue of this importunity made me in ſome degree ſurmount the fooliſh ſhame which prevented me from appearing with Thérèſa in public; and we took ſhort country walks, tête-à-tête, and eat of little collations, which, to me,

me, were delicious. I perceived ſhe loved me ſincerely, and this increaſed my tenderneſs. This charming intimacy left me nothing to wiſh: futurity no longer gave me the leaſt concern, or at moſt appeared only as the preſent moment prolonged: I had no other deſire than that of inſuring its duration.

This attachment rendered all other diſſipation ſuperfluous and inſipid to me. I never went but for the purpoſe of going to the apartment of Thérèſa, her place of reſidence almoſt became my own. My retirement was ſo favourable to the work I had undertaken, that, in leſs than three months, my opera was entirely finiſhed, both words and muſic, except a few accompaniments, and fillings up which ſtill remained to be added. This manœuvering buſineſs was very fatiguing to me. I propoſed it to Philidor, offering him, at the ſame time, a part of the profits. He came twice, and did ſomething to the middle parts in the act of Ovid; but he could not confine himſelf to an aſſiduous application by the allurement of advantages which were diſtant and uncertain. He did not come a third time, and I finiſhed the work myſelf.

My opera completed, the next thing was to make ſomething of it: this was by much the moſt difficult taſk of the two. A man living in ſolitude in Paris will never ſucceed in any thing. I was on the point of making my way by means of M. de la Popliniere, to whom Gauffecourt, at my return to Geneva, had introduced me. M. de la Popliniere was the Mecænas of Rameau. Madame de la Popliniere his very humble ſcholar. Rameau was ſaid to govern in that houſe. Judging he would with pleaſure protect the work of one

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of his diciples, I wiſhed to ſhew him what I had done. He refuſed to examine it; ſaying he could not read in ſcore, it was too fatiguing to him. M. de la Popliniere, to obviate this difficulty, ſaid he might hear it; and offered me to ſend for muſicians to execute certain detached pieces. I wiſhed for nothing better. Rameau conſented with an ill grace, inceſſantly repeating that the compoſition of a man not regularly bred to the ſcience, and who had learned muſic without a maſter, muſt certainly be very fine. I haſtened to copy into parts five or ſix ſelect paſſages. Ten ſymphonies were procured, and Albert Bérard, and Mademoiſelle Bourbonnois undertook the vocal part. Rameau, the moment he heard the overture, was purpoſely extravagant in his eulogium, by which he intended it ſhould be underſtood it could not be my compoſition. He ſhewed ſigns of impatience at every paſſage: but after a counter tenor ſong, the air of which was noble and harmonious, with a brilliant accompaniment, he could no longer contain himſelf: he apoſtrophiſed me with a brutality at which every body was ſhocked, maintaining that a part of what he had heard was by a man experienced in the art, and the reſt by ſome ignorant perſon who did not ſo much as underſtand muſic. It is true my compoſition, unequal and without rule, was ſometimes ſublime, and at others inſipid, as that of a perſon who forms himſelf in the art by the ſoarings of his own genius, unſupported by ſcience, muſt neceſſarily be. Rameau pretended to ſee nothing in me but a contemptible pilferer, without talents or taſte. The reſt of the company, among whom I muſt diſtinguiſh the maſter of the houſe, were of a different opinion. M. de Richelieu,

Richelieu, who at that time frequently viſited M. and Madame de la Popliniere, heard ſpeak of my work, and wiſhed to hear the whole of it, with an intention, if it pleaſed him, to have it performed at court. The opera was executed with full choruſſes, and by a great orcheſtra, at the expence of the king, at M. de Bonneval's, intendant of the Menus, Francœur directed the band. The effect was ſurpriſing: the duke never ceaſed to exclaim and applaud; and, at the end of one of the choruſſes, in the act of Taſſo, he roſe and came to me, and, preſſing my hand, ſaid: "M. Rouſſeau, this is tranſporting harmony. I never heard any thing finer. I will get this performed at Verſailles."

Madame de la Popliniere, who was preſent, ſaid not a word. Rameau, although invited, refuſed to come. The next day, Madame de la Popliniere received me at her toilette very ungraciouſly, affected to undervalue my piece, and told me, that although a little falſe glitter had at firſt dazzled M. de Richelieu, he had recovered from his error, and ſhe adviſed me not to place the leaſt dependence upon my opera. The duke arrived ſoon after, and ſpoke to me in quite a different language. He ſaid very flattering things of my talents, and ſeemed as much diſpoſed as ever to have my compoſition performed before the king. There is nothing, ſaid he, but the act of Taſſo which cannot paſs at court: you muſt write another. Upon this ſingle word, I ſhut myſelf up in my apartment; and, in three weeks, produced, in the place of Taſſo, another act, the ſubject of which was Heſiod inſpired by the muſes. In this I found the ſecret of introducing a part of the hiſtory of my talents, and of the jealouſy

with

with which Rameau had been pleaſed to honour me. There was in the new act an elevation leſs gigantic and better ſupported than that in the act of Taſſo. The muſic was as noble and the compoſition better; and had the other two acts been equal to this, the whole piece would have ſupported a repreſentation to advantage. But whilſt I was endeavouring to give it the laſt finiſhing, another undertaking ſuſpended the completion of that I had in my hand. In the winter which ſucceeded the battle of Fontenoi, there were many galas at Verſailles, and ſeveral operas performed at the theatre of the little ſtables. Among the number of the latter was the dramatic piece of Voltaire, intituled *La Princeſſe de Navarre*, the muſic by Rameau, the name of which had juſt been changed to that of the *Fêtes de Ramire*. This new ſubject required ſeveral changes to be made in the divertiſſements, as well in the poetry as in the muſic.

A perſon capable of both was now ſought after. Voltaire was in Lorraine, and Rameau alſo; both of whom were employed on the opera of the Temple of Glory, and could not give their attention to this. M. de Richelieu thought of me, and ſent to deſire I would undertake the alterations; and, that I might the better examine what there was to do, he gave me ſeparately the poem and the muſic. In the firſt place, I would not touch the words without the conſent of the author, to whom I wrote upon the ſubject a very polite and reſpectful letter, ſuch a one as was proper; and received from him the following anſwer:

SIR,

SIR,

" IN you two talents, which hitherto have always been ſeparate, are united. Theſe are two good reaſons for me to eſteem and to endeavour to love you. I am ſorry, on your account, you ſhould employ theſe talents in a work which is ſo little worthy of them. A few months ago the Duke de Richelieu commanded me to make, abſolutely in the twinkling of an eye, a little and bad ſketch of a few inſipid and imperfect ſcenes to be adapted to *divertiſſements* which are not of a nature to be joined with them. I obeyed with the greateſt exactneſs. I wrote very faſt and very ill. I ſent this wretched production to M. de Richelieu, imagining he would make no uſe of it, or that I ſhould have it again to make the neceſſary corrections. Happily it is in your hands, and you are at full liberty to do with it whatever you pleaſe: I have entirely loſt ſight of the thing. I doubt not but you will have corrected all the faults which cannot but abound in ſo haſty a compoſition of ſuch a very ſimple ſketch, and am perſuaded you will have ſupplied whatever was wanting.

" I remember that, amongſt other ſtupid inattentions, no account is given in the ſcenes which connect the *divertiſſements* of the manner in which the Grenadian prince immediately paſſes from a priſon to a garden or palace. As it is not a magician but a Spaniſh nobleman who gives her the gala, I am of opinion nothing ſhould be effected by enchantment.

" I beg, ſir, you will examine this part, of which I have but a confuſed idea.

" You will likewiſe conſider, whether or not it be neceſſary the priſon ſhould be opened and

the

the princeſs conveyed from it to a fine palace, gilt and varniſhed, and prepared for her. I know all this is wretched, and that it is beneath a thinking being to make a ſerious affair of ſuch trifles; but, ſince we muſt diſpleaſe as little as poſſible, it is neceſſary we ſhould conform to reaſon, even in a bad *divertiſſement* of an opera.

" I depend wholly upon you and M. Ballot, and ſoon expect to have the honour of returning you my thanks, and aſſuring you how much I am, &c.

There is nothing ſurpriſing in the great politeneſs of this letter, compared with the almoſt rude ones which he has ſince written to me. He thought I was in great favour with Madame Richelieu; and the courtly ſuppleneſs, which every one knows to be the character of this author, obliged him to be extremely polite to a new comer, until he became better acquainted with the meaſure of the favour and patronage he enjoyed.

Authoriſed by M. de Voltaire, and not under the neceſſity of giving myſelf the leaſt concern about M. Rameau, who endeavoured to injure me, I ſet to work, and in two months my undertaking was finiſhed. With reſpect to the poetry, it was confined to a mere trifle; I aimed at nothing more than to prevent the difference of ſtyle from being perceived, and had the vanity to think I had ſucceeded. The muſical part was longer and more laborious. Beſides my having to compoſe ſeveral preparatory pieces; and, amongſt others, the overture, all the recitative, with which I was charged, was extremely difficult on account of the neceſſity there was of connecting, in a few years, and

by

by very rapid modulations, ſymphonies and choruſſes, in keys very different from each other; for I was determined neither to change nor tranſpoſe any of the airs, that Rameau might not accuſe me of having disfigured them. I ſucceeded in the recitative; it was well accented, full of energy and excellent modulation. The idea of two men of ſuperior talents, with whom I was aſſociated, had elevated my genius, and I can aſſert, that in this barren and inglorious taſk, of which the public could have no knowledge, I was for the moſt part equal to my models.

The piece, in the ſtate to which I had brought it, was rehearſed in the great theatre of the opera. Of the three authors who had contributed to the production, I was the only one preſent. Voltaire was not in Paris, and Rameau either did not come, or concealed himſelf. The words of the firſt monologue were very mournful; they began with,

*O Mort! viens terminer les malheurs de ma vie**.

To theſe, ſuitable muſic was neceſſary. It was, however, upon this, that Madame de la Popliniere founded her cenſure; accuſing me, with much bitterneſs, of having compoſed a funeral anthem. M. de Richelieu very judiciouſly began by informing himſelf who was the author of the poetry of this monologue; I preſented him the manuſcript he had ſent me, which proved it was by Voltaire. In that caſe, ſaid the duke, Voltaire alone is to blame. During the rehearſal, every thing I

* O Death! haſten to terminate the misfortunes of my life.

had

had done was diſapproved by Madame de la Popliniere, and approved of by M. de Richelieu; but I had afterwards to do with too powerful an adverſary. It was ſignified to me that ſeveral parts of my compoſition wanted reviſing, and that on this it was neceſſary I ſhould conſult M. Rameau; my heart was wounded by ſuch a concluſion, inſtead of the eulogium I expected, and which certainly I merited, and I returned to my apartment overwhelmed with grief, exhauſted with fatigue and conſumed by chagrim. I was immediately taken ill, and confined to my chamber for upwards of ſix weeks.

Rameau, who was charged with the alterations indicated by Madame de la Popliniere, ſent to aſk me for the overture of my great opera, to ſubſtitute it to that I had juſt compoſed. Happily I perceived the trick he intended to play me, and refuſed him the overture. As the performance was to be in five or ſix days, he had not time to make one, and was obliged to leave that I had prepared. It was in the Italian taſte, and in a ſtyle, at that time, quite new in France. It gave ſatisfaction, and I learned from M. de Valmalette, Maitre d'Hotel to the king, and ſon-in-law to M. Muſſard, my relation and friend, that the connoiſſeurs were highly ſatisfied with my work, and that the public had not diſtinguiſhed it from that of Rameau. However, he and Madame de la Popliniere took meaſures to prevent any perſon from knowing I had any concern in the matter. In the books diſtributed to the audience, and in which the author was always named, Voltaire was the only perſon mentioned, and Rameau preferred the ſuppreſſion of his

his own name to ſeeing it aſſociated with mine.

As ſoon as I was in a ſituation to leave my room, I wiſhed to wait upon M. de Richelieu, but it was too late; he had juſt ſet off for Dunkirk, where he was to command the expedition deſtined to Scotland. At his return, ſaid I to myſelf, to authoriſe my idleneſs, it will be too late for my purpoſe, not having ſeen him ſince that time. I loſt the honour of my work and the emoluments it ſhould have produced me, beſides conſidering my time, trouble, grief, and vexation, my illneſs, and the money this coſt me, without ever receiving the leaſt benefit, or, rather, recompenſe. However, I always thought M. de Richelieu was diſpoſed to ſerve me, and that he had a favourable opinion of my talents; but my misfortune, and Madame de la Popliniere, prevented the effect of his good wiſhes.

I could not divine the reaſon of the averſion this lady had to me, I had always endeavoured to make myſelf agreeable to her, and regularly paid her my court. Gauffecourt explained to me the cauſes of her diſlike: the firſt, ſaid he, is her friendſhip for Rameau, of whom ſhe is the declared panegyriſt, and who will not ſuffer a competitor; the next is an original ſin, which loſes you in her eſtimation, and which ſhe will never forgive; you are a Geneveſe. Upon this he told me the Abbé Hubert, who was from the ſame city, and the ſincere friend of M. de la Popliniere, had uſed all his efforts to prevent him from marrying this lady, with whoſe character and temper he was very well acquainted; and that after the marriage, ſhe had vowed him an implacable hatred, as well as all the Geneveſe. Although la Popliniere has a

friendſhip

friendſhip for you, do not, ſaid he, depend upon his protection: he is ſtill in love with his wife: ſhe hates you, and is vindictive and artful: you will never do any thing in that houſe. All this I took for granted.

The ſame Gauffecourt rendered me much about this time a ſervice of which I ſtood in the greateſt need. I had juſt loſt my virtuous father, who was about ſixty years of age. I felt this loſs leſs ſeverely than I ſhould have done at any other time, when the embarraſſments of my ſituation had leſs engaged my attention. During his life time I had never claimed what remained of the property of my mother, and of which he received the little intereſt. His death removed all my ſcruples upon this ſubject. But the want of a legal proof of the death of my brother, created a difficulty which Gauffecourt undertook to remove, and this he effected by means of the good offices of the advocate de Lolme. As I ſtood in need of the little reſource, and the event being doubtful, I waited for a definitive account with the greateſt anxiety.

One evening, on entering my apartment, I found a letter, which I knew to contain the information I wanted, and I took it up with an impatient trembling, of which I was inwardly aſhamed. What! ſaid I, to myſelf, with diſdain, ſhall Jean Jacques thus ſuffer himſelf to be ſubdued by intereſt and curioſity? I immediately laid the letter again upon the chimney-piece. I undreſſed myſelf, went to bed with great compoſure, ſlept better than ordinary, and roſe in the morning at a late hour, without thinking more of my letter. As I dreſſed myſelf, it caught my eye; I broke the ſeal very leiſurely, and found under the en-

velope a bill of exchange. I felt a variety of pleaſing ſenſations at the ſame time; but I can aſſert, upon my honour, that the moſt lively of them all was that proceeding from having known how to be maſter of myſelf.

I could mention twenty ſuch circumſtances in my life, but I am too much preſſed for time to ſay every thing. I ſent a ſmall part of this money to my poor mamma; regretting, with my eyes ſuffuſed with tears, the happy time when I ſhould have laid it all at her feet. All her letters contained evident marks of her diſtreſs. She ſent me piles of receipts, and numerous ſecrets, with which ſhe pretended I might make my fortune and her own. The idea of her wretchedneſs already affected her heart and contracted her mind. The little I ſent her fell a prey to the knaves by whom ſhe was ſurrounded; ſhe received not the leaſt advantage from any thing. The idea of dividing what was neceſſary to my own ſubſiſtence with theſe wretches diſguſted me, eſpecially after the vain attempt I had made to deliver her from them, and of which I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak. Time ſlipped away, and with it the little money I had: we were two, or indeed, four perſons; or, to ſpeak ſtill more correctly, ſeven or eight. Although Thérèſa was diſintereſted, to a degree, of which there are but few examples, her mother was not ſo. She was no ſooner a little relieved from her neceſſities by my cares, than ſhe ſent for her whole family to partake of the fruits of them. Her ſiſters, ſons, daughters, all, except her eldeſt daughter, married to the director of the coaches of Augers, came to Paris. Every thing I did for Thérèſa her mother diverted from its original deſtination in favour of theſe people who

were

were ſtarving. I had not to do with an avaricious perſon; and, not being under the influence of an unruly paſſion, I was not guilty of follies. Satisfied with genteelly ſupporting Thérèſa without luxury, and unexpoſed to preſſing wants, I readily conſented to let all the earnings of her induſtry go to the profit of her mother; and to this even I did not confine myſelf; but, by a fatality, by which I was purſued, whilſt mamma was a prey to the raſcals about her, Thérèſa was the ſame to her family; and I could not do any thing on either ſide for the benefit of her to whom the ſuccour I gave was deſtined. It was odd enough the youngeſt child of M. de le Vaiſſeur, the only one who had not received a marriage portion from her parents, ſhould provide for their ſubſiſtence; and that, after having a long time been beaten by her brothers, ſiſters, and even her nieces, the poor girl ſhould be plundered by them all, without being more able to defend herſelf from their thefts than from their blows. One of her nieces, named Goton le Duc, was of a mild and amiable character; although ſpoiled by the leſſons and examples of the others. As I frequently ſaw them together, I gave them names, which they afterwards gave to each other: I called the niece *my niece*, and the aunt *my aunt*; they both called me uncle. Hence the name of *aunt*, by which I continued to call Thérèſa, and which my friends ſometimes jocoſely repeated. It will be judged that in ſuch a ſituation I had not a moment to loſe, before I attempted to extricate myſelf. Imagining M. de Richelieu had forgotten me, and, having no more hopes from the court, I made ſome attempts to get my opera brought out at Paris; but I met with

difficulties which could not immediately be removed, and my ſituation became daily more painful. I preſented my little comedy of *Narciſſe* to the Italians; it was received, and I had the freedom of the theatre, which gave me much pleaſure. But this was all, I could never get my piece performed, and, tired of paying my court to players, I gave myſelf no more trouble about them. At length, I had recourſe to the laſt expedient which remained to me, and the only one of which I ought to have made uſe. While frequenting the houſe of M. de la Popliniere, I had neglected the family of D...n. The two ladies, although related, were not upon good terms, and never ſaw each other. There was not the leaſt intercourſe between the two families, and Thiériot was the only perſon who viſited both. He was deſired to endeavour to bring me again to M. D...n's. M. de F.....l was then ſtudying natural hiſtory and chymiſtry, and collecting a cabinet. I believe he aſpired to become a member of the academy of ſciences; to this effect he intended to write a book, and judged I might be of uſe to him in the undertaking. Madame de D...n, who on her part had another work in contemplation, had much the ſame views with reſpect to me. They wiſhed to have me in common as a kind of ſecretary, and this was the reaſon of the invitations of Thiériot.

I required that M. de F.....l ſhould previouſly employ his intereſt with that of Jelyote to get my work rehearſed at the opera houſe; to this he conſented. The *Muſes galantes* were ſeveral times rehearſed, firſt at the *Magazin*, and afterwards at the great theatre. The audience was very numerous at the great rehearſal,

hearſal, and ſeveral parts of the compoſition were highly applauded. However during this rehearſal, very ill conducted by Rebel, I felt the piece would not be received; and that, before it could appear, great alterations were neceſſary. I therefore withdrew it without ſaying a word, or expoſing myſelf to a refuſal: but I plainly perceived, by ſeveral indications, that the work, had it been perfect, could not have ſucceeded. M. de F.....l had promiſed me to get it rehearſed, but not that it ſhould be received. He exactly kept his word. I thought I perceived on this occaſion, as well as many others, that neither Madame D...n nor himſelf were willing I ſhould acquire a certain reputation in the world, leſt, after the publication of their books, it ſhould be ſuppoſed they had grafted their talents upon mine. Yet, as Madame D...n always ſuppoſed thoſe I had to be very moderate, and never employed me except it was to write what ſhe dictated, or in reſearches of pure erudition, the reproach, with reſpect to her, would have been unjuſt.

This laſt failure of ſucceſs completed my diſcouragement. I abandoned every proſpect of fame and advancement; and, without farther troubling my head about real or imaginary talents, with which I had ſo little ſucceſs, I dedicated my whole time and cares to procure myſelf and Thérèſa a ſubſiſtence in the manner moſt pleaſing to thoſe to whom it ſhould be agreeable to provide for it. I therefore entirely attached myſelf to Madame D...n and M. de F.....l. This did not place me in a very opulent ſituation; for with eight or nine hundred livres, which I had the two firſt years, I had ſcarcely enough to provide for

my primary wants; being obliged to live in their neighbourhood, a dear part of the town, in a furniſhed lodging, and having to pay for another lodging at the extremity of Paris, at the very top of the Rue Saint Jacques, to which, let the weather be as it would, I went almoſt every evening to ſupper. I ſoon got into the track of my new occupations, and conceived a taſte for them. I attached myſelf to the ſtudy of chymiſtry, and attended ſeveral courſes of it with M. de F.....l, at M. Rouelle's, and we began to ſcribble over paper upon that ſcience, of which we ſcarcely poſſeſſed the elements. In 1747, we went to paſs the autumn in Touraine, at the caſtle of Chenonceaux, a royal manſion upon the Cher, built by Henry II. for Diana of Poitiers, of whom the cyphers are ſtill ſeen, and which is now in the poſſeſſion of M. D...n, a farmer general. We amuſed ourſelves very agreeably in this beautiful place, and lived very well: I became as fat there as a monk. Muſic was a favourite relaxation. I compoſed ſeveral trios full of harmony, and of which I may perhaps ſpeak in my ſupplement if ever I ſhould write one. Theatrical performances were another reſource. I wrote a comedy in fifteen days, entitled *l'Engagement Temerare* *, which will be found amongſt my papers; it has no other merit than that of being lively. I compoſed ſeveral other little things: amongſt oth r a poem entitled, *l'Allée de Sylvie* †, from the name of an alley in the park upon the bank of the Cher; and this without diſcontinuing my chymical ſtudies, or interrupting what I had to do for Madame D...n.

* The Raſh Engagement. † The Alley of Sylvia.

Whilſt I was increaſing my corpulency at Chenonceaux, that of my poor Thérèſa was augmented at Paris in another manner, and at my return I found the work I had put upon the frame in greater forwardneſs than I had expected. This, on account of my ſituation, would have thrown me into the greateſt embarraſſment, had not one of my meſſmates furniſhed me with the only reſource which could relieve me from it. This is one of thoſe eſſential narratives which I cannot give with too much ſimplicity; becauſe, in making an improper uſe of their names, I ſhould either excuſe or inculpate myſelf, both of which in this place are entirely out of the queſtion.

During the reſidence of Altuna at Paris, inſtead of going to eat at a *Traiteur's*, he and I commonly eat in the neighbourhood, almoſt oppoſite the Cul de Sac of the opera, at the houſe of a Madame la Selle, the wife of a taylor, who gave but very ordinary dinners, but whoſe table was much frequented, on account of the ſafe company which generally reſorted to it; no perſon was received without being introduced by one of thoſe who uſed the houſe. The commander, de G.....e, an old debauchee, with much wit and politeneſs, but obſcene in converſation, lodged at the houſe, and brought to it a ſet of riotous and extravagant young men; officers in the guards and mouſquetaires. The commander de N.....t, chevalier to all the girls of the opera, was the daily oracle which conveyed to us the news of this motly crew. M. du Pleſſis, a lieutenant colonel retired from the ſervice, an old man of great goodneſs and wiſdom;

and

and M. Ancelet *, an officer in the mouſquetaires kept the young people in a certain kind of order. The table was alſo frequented by commercial people, financiers and contractors, but extremely polite, and ſuch as were diſtinguiſhed amongſt thoſe of the ſame profeſſion. M. de Beſſe, M. de Forcade and others whoſe names I have forgotten, in ſhort, well dreſſed people of every deſcription were ſeen there; except Abbés and men of the long robe, not one of whom I ever met in the houſe, and it was agreed not to introduce men of either of theſe profeſſions. This table, ſufficiently reſorted to, was very chearful without being noiſy, and many of the gueſts were waggiſh, without deſcending to vulgarity. The old commander with all his ſmutty ſtories, with reſpect to the ſubſtance, never loſt ſight of the politeneſs of the old court; nor did any indecent expreſſion, which even women would not have pardoned him, eſcape his lips. His manner ſerved as a rule to every perſon at table; all the young men related their adventures of gallantry with equal grace and free-

* It was to this M. Ancelet I gave a little comedy, after my own manner, entitled *les Priſonniers de Guerre* §, which I wrote after the diſaſters of the French in Bavaria and Bohemia; I dared not either avow this comedy or ſhew it, and this for the ſingular reaſon that neither the king of France, nor the French were ever better ſpoken of nor praiſed with more ſincerity of heart than in my piece; though written by a profeſſed republican, I dared not declare myſelf the panegyriſt of a nation, whoſe maxims were exactly the reverſe of my own. More grieved at the misfortunes of France than the French themſelves, I was afraid the public would conſtrue it to flattery and mean complaiſance the marks of a ſincere attachment, of which in my firſt part I have mentioned the date and the cauſe, and which I was aſhamed to ſhew.

§ The Priſoners of War.

dom,

dom, and theſe narratives were the more complete, as the ſeraglio was at the door; the entry which led to it was the ſame; for there was a communication between this and the ſhop of la Duchapt, a celebrated milliner, who at that time had ſeveral very pretty girls, with whom our young people went to chat before or after dinner. I ſhould thus have amuſed myſelf as well as the reſt, had I been leſs modeſt: I had only to go on as they did, but this I never had courage enough to do. With reſpect to Madame de Selle, I often went to eat at her houſe after the departure of Altuna. I learned a great number of amuſing anecdotes, and by degrees I adopted, thank God, not the morals, but the maxims I found to be eſtabliſhed there. Honeſt men injured, huſbands deceived, women ſeduced, were the moſt ordinary topics, and he who had beſt filled the foundling hoſpital was always the moſt applauded. I caught the manners I daily had before my eyes: I formed my manner of thinking upon that I obſerved to be the reigning one amongſt amiable, and, upon the whole, very honeſt people. I ſaid to myſelf, ſince it is the cuſtom of the country, they who live here may adopt it; this is the expedient for which I ſought. I chearfully determined upon it without the leaſt ſcruple, and the only one I had to overcome was that of Théréſa, whom, with the greateſt imaginable difficulty, I perſuaded to adopt this only means of ſaving her honour. Her mother, who was moreover apprehenſive of a new embarraſſment by an increaſe of family, came to my aid, and ſhe at length ſuffered herſelf to be prevailed upon. We made choice of a midwife, a ſafe and prudent woman, Mademoiſelle Gouin, who lived

at the *Point Saint Euſtache*, and when the time came, Thérèſa was conducted to her houſe by her mother.

I went thither ſeveral times to ſee her, and gave her a cypher which I had made double upon two cards; one of them was put into the linen of the child, and by the midwife depoſited with the infant in the office of the foundling hoſpital according to the cuſtomary form. The year following, a ſimilar inconvenience was remedied by the ſame expedient, excepting the cypher, which was forgotten: no more reflection on my part, nor approbation on that of the mother; ſhe obeyed with trembling. All the viciſſitudes which this fatal conduct has produced in my manner of thinking, as well as in my deſtiny, will be ſucceſſively ſeen. For the preſent, we will confine ourſelves to this firſt period; its cruel and unforeſeen conſequences will but too frequently oblige me to refer to it.

I here mark that of my firſt acquaintance with Madame D'.....y, whoſe name will frequently appear in theſe memoirs. She was a Mademoiſelle des C.....s, and had lately been married to M. D'....y, ſon to M. de L.... of B.....e, a farmer general. She underſtood muſic, and a paſſion for the art produced between theſe three perſons the greateſt intimacy. Madame F.....l introduced me to Madame D.....y, and we ſometimes ſupped together at her houſe. She was amiable, had wit and talents, and was certainly a deſirable acquaintance; but ſhe had a female friend, a Mademoiſelle d'E..e, who was ſaid to have much malignancy in her diſpoſition; ſhe lived with the Chevalier de V....y, whoſe temper was far from being

one

one of the beſt. I am of opinion, an acquaintance with theſe two perſons was prejudicial Madame D'.....y, to whom, with a diſpoſition which required the greateſt attention from thoſe about her, nature had given very excellent qualities to regulate or counterbalance her extravagant pretenſions. M. de F.....l inſpired her with a part of the friendſhip he had conceived for me, and told me of the connection between them, of which, for that reaſon, I would not now ſpeak, were it not become ſo public as not to be concealed from M. D'.....y himſelf.

M. de F.....l confided to me ſecrets of a very ſingular nature relative to this lady, of which ſhe herſelf never ſpoke to me, nor ſo much as ſuſpected my having a knowledge; for I never opened my lips to her upon the ſubject, nor will I ever do it to any perſon. The confidence all parties had in my prudence rendered my ſituation very embarraſſing, eſpecially with Madame de F.....l, whoſe knowledge of me was ſufficient to remove from her all ſuſpicion on my account, although I was connected with her rival. I did every thing I could to conſole this poor woman, whoſe huſband certainly did not return the affection ſhe had for him. I liſtened to theſe three perſons ſeparately; I kept all their ſecrets ſo faithfully that not one of the three ever drew from me thoſe of the two others, and this, without concealing from either of the women my attachment to each of them. Madame de F.....l, who frequently wiſhed to make me an agent, received refuſals in form, and Madame D.....y, once deſiring me to charge myſelf with a letter to M. de F.....l received the ſame mortification, accompanied by a very expreſs declaration, that if ever ſhe

wiſhed to drive me for ever from the houſe, ſhe had only a ſecond time to make me a like propoſition.

In juſtice to Madame D.....y, I muſt ſay, that far from being offended with me, ſhe ſpoke of my conduct to M. de F.....l, in terms of the higheſt approbation, and continued to receive me as well, and as politely as ever. It was thus, amidſt the heart burnings of three perſons to whom I was obliged to behave with the greateſt circumſpection, on whom I in ſome meaſure depended, and for whom I had conceived an attachment, that by conducting myſelf with mildneſs and complaiſance, although accompanied with the greateſt firmneſs, I preſerved unto the laſt not only their friendſhip but their eſteem and confidence. Notwithſtanding my abſurdities and aukwardneſs, Madame D'.....y would have me make one of the party to the Chevrette, a country houſe, near Saint Denis, belonging to M. de B.....e. There was a theatre, in which performances were not unfrequent. I had a part given me, which I ſtudied for ſix months without intermiſſion, and in which, on the evening of the repreſentation, I was obliged to be prompted from the beginning to the end. After this experiment no ſecond propoſal of the kind was ever made to me.

My acquaintance with M. de D'.....y, procured me that of her ſiſter-in-law, Mademoiſelle de B....., who ſoon afterwards became Counteſs of H.....t. The firſt time I ſaw her ſhe was upon the point of marriage; when ſhe converſed with me a long time, with that charming familiarity which was natural to her. I thought her very amiable, but I was far from perceiving that this young perſon would lead

lead me, although innocently, into the abyſs in which I ſtill remain.

Although I have not ſpoken of Diderot ſince my return from Venice, no more than of my friend M. Roguin, I did not neglect either of them, eſpecially the former, with whom I daily became more intimate. He had a Nannette, as well as I a Thérèſa; this was between us another conformity of circumſtances. But my Thérèſa, as fine a woman as his Nannette, was of a mild and amiable character, which might gain and fix the affections of a worthy man; whereas Nannette was a vixen, a troubleſome prater, and had no qualities in the eyes of others which in any meaſure compenſated for her want of education. However, he married her, which was well done of him, if he had given a promiſe to that effect. I, for my part, not having entered into any ſuch engagement, was not in the leaſt haſte to imitate him.

I was alſo connected with the Abbé de Condillac, who had acquired no more literary fame than myſelf, but in whom there was every appearance of his becoming what he now is. I was perhaps the firſt who diſcovered the extent of his abilities, and eſteemed them as they deſerved. He on his part ſeemed ſatisfied with me, and whilſt, ſhut up in my chamber in the Rue Jean St. Denis, near the opera houſe, I compoſed my act of Heſiod, he ſometimes came to dine with me tête-à tête. We ſent for our dinner, and paid ſhare and ſhare alike. He was at that time employed on his Eſſay on the Origin of Human Knowledge, which was his firſt work. When this was finiſhed the difficulty was to find a bookſeller who would take it. The bookſellers of Paris

are

are ſhy of every author at his beginning, and metaphyſics, not much then in vogue, were no very inviting ſubject. I ſpoke to Diderot of Condillac and his work, and I afterwards brought them acquainted with each other. They were worthy of each other's eſteem, and were preſently on the moſt friendly terms. Diderot perſuaded the bookſeller, Durand, to take the manuſcript from the Abbé, and this great metaphyſician received for his firſt work, and almoſt as a favour, a hundred crowns, which perhaps he would not have obtained without my aſſiſtance. As we lived in a quarter of the town very diſtant from each other, we all aſſembled, once a week, at the Palais Royal, and went to dine at the Hotel du Panier Fleuri. Theſe little weekly dinners muſt have been extremely pleaſing to Diderot; for he who failed in almoſt all his appointments never miſſed one of theſe. At our little meeting I formed the plan of a periodical paper, entitled, *le Perſifleur* *, which Diderot and I were alternately to write. I ſketched out the firſt ſheet, and this brought me acquainted with D'Alembert, to whom Diderot had mentioned it. Unforeſeen events fruſtrated our intention, and the project was carried no farther.

Theſe two authors had juſt undertaken the *Dictionnaire Encyclopédique*, which at firſt was intended to be nothing more than a kind of tranſlation of Chambers, ſomething like that of the Medical Dictionary of James, which Diderot had juſt finiſhed. Diderot was deſirous I ſhould do ſomething in this ſecond undertaking, and propoſed to me the muſical

* The Jeerer.

part,

part, which I accepted. This I executed in great haſte, and conſequently very ill, in the three months he had given me, as well as all the authors who were engaged in the work. But I was the only perſon in readineſs at the time preſcribed. I gave him my manuſcript, which I had copied by a laquais, belonging to M. de F.....l, of the name of Dupont, who wrote very well. I paid him ten crowns out of my own pocket, and theſe have never been reimburſed me. Diderot had promiſed me a retribution on the part of the bookſellers, of which he has never ſince ſpoken to me nor I to him.

This undertaking of the *Encyclopedie* was interrupted by his impriſonment. The *Penſées Philoſophiques* * drew upon him ſome temporary inconvenience which had no diſagreeable conſequences. He did not come off ſo eaſily on account of the *Lettre ſur les Aveugles* †, in which there was nothing reprehenſible, but ſome perſonal attacks with which Madame du Pré St. Maur, and M. de Réaumur were diſpleaſed: for this he was confined in the dungeon of Vincennes. Nothing can deſcribe the anguiſh I felt on account of the misfortune of my friend. My wretched imagination, which always ſees every thing in the worſt light, was terrified. I imagined him to be confined for the remainder of his life: I was almoſt diſtracted with the thought. I wrote to Madame de P.....r, beſeeching her to releaſe him or obtain an order to ſhut me up in the ſame dungeon. I received no anſwer to my letter: this was too reaſonable to be efficacious, and I do

* Philoſophical Thoughts. † Letter concerning blind perſons.

not

not flatter myſelf that it contributed to the alleviation which, ſometime afterwards, was granted to the ſeverities of the confinement of poor Diderot. Had this continued for any length of time with the ſame rigour, I verily believe I ſhould have died in deſpair at the foot of the hated dungeon. However, if my letter produced but little effect, I did not, on account of it, attribute to myſelf much merit, for I mentioned it but to very few people, and never to Diderot himſelf.

END OF BOOK SEVENTH.

THE

THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU.

BOOK VIII.

AT the end of the preceding book a pauſe was neceſſary. With this begins the long chain of my misfortunes deduced from their origin.

Having lived in the two moſt ſplendid houſes in Paris, I had, notwithſtanding my candour and modeſty, made ſome acquaintance. Amongſt others at D...n's, that of the young hereditary prince of Saxe Gotha, and of the Baron de Thun, his governor: at the houſe of M. de la P.....e, that of M. Seguy, friend to the Baron de Thun, and known in the literary world by his beautiful edition of Rouſſeau. The baron invited M. Seguy and myſelf to go and paſs a day or two at Fontenai ſous bois, where the prince had a houſe. As I paſſed Vincennes, at the ſight of the dungeon, my feelings were acute; the effect of which the baron perceived on my countenance. At ſupper the prince mentioned the con-

confinement of Diderot. The baron, to hear what I had to ſay, accuſed the priſoner of imprudence; and I ſhewed not a little of the ſame in the impetuous manner in which I defended him. This exceſs of zeal, inſpired by the misfortune which had befallen my friend, was pardoned; and the converſation immediately changed. There were preſent two Germans in the ſervice of the prince. M. Klupffel, a man of great wit, his chaplain, and who afterwards, having ſupplanted the baron, became his governor. The other was a young man named M. Grimm, who ſerved him as a reader until he could obtain ſome place, and whoſe indifferent appearance ſufficiently proved the preſſing neceſſity he was under of immediately finding one. From this very evening Klupffel and I began an acquaintance which ſoon led to friendſhip. That with the Sieur Grimm did not make quite ſo rapid a progreſs: he made but few advances, and was far from having that haughty preſumption which proſperity afterwards gave him. The next day at dinner, the converſation turned upon muſic: he ſpoke well on the ſubject. I was tranſported with joy when I learned from him he could play an accompaniment on the harpſichord. After dinner was over muſic was introduced, and we amuſed ourſelves the reſt of the afternoon on the harpſichord of the prince.—Thus began that friendſhip which, at firſt, was ſo agreeable to me, afterwards ſo fatal; and of which I ſhall hereafter have ſo much to ſay.

At my return to Paris I learned the agreeable news that Diderot was releaſed from the dungeon, and that he had, on his parole, the caſtle and park of Vincennes for a priſon, with

per-

permiſſion to ſee his friends. How painful was it to me not to be able inſtantly to fly to him! But I was detained two or three days at Madame D . . . n's by indiſpenſable buſineſs. After ages of impatience, I flew to the arms of my friend! He was not alone: D'Alembert and the treaſurer of the *Sainte Chapelle* were with him. As I entered I ſaw nobody but himſelf, I made but one ſtep, one cry: I riveted my face to his: I preſſed him in my arms, without ſpeaking to him, except by tears and ſighs: I ſtifled him with my affection and joy. The firſt thing he did, after quitting my arms, was to turn himſelf towards the eccleſiaſtic, and ſay: you ſee, ſir, how much I am beloved by my friends.

My emotion was ſo great, that it was then impoſſible for me to reflect upon this manner of turning it to advantage; but, I have ſince thought that, had I been in the place of Diderot, the idea he manifeſted would not have been the firſt that would have occurred to me.

I found him much affected by his impriſonment. The dungeon had made a terrible impreſſion upon his mind, and, although he was very agreeably ſituated in the caſtle and at liberty to walk where he pleaſed in the park, which was not encloſed even by a wall, he wanted the ſociety of his friends to prevent him from yielding to melancholy. As I was the perſon moſt concerned for his ſufferings, I imagined I ſhould alſo be the friend, the ſight of whom would give him moſt conſolation; on which account, notwithſtanding very preſſing occupations, I went every two days at fartheſt, either alone, or accompanied by his wife, to paſs the afternoon with him.

The

The heat of the ſummer was this year (1749) exceſſive. Vincennes is two leagues from Paris. The ſtate of my finances not permitting me to pay for hackney coaches, at two o'clock in the afternoon, I went on foot, when alone, and walked as faſt as poſſible, that I might arrive the ſooner. The trees by the ſide of the road, always lopped, according to the cuſtom of the country, afforded but little ſhade, and, exhauſted by fatigue, I frequently threw myſelf on the ground, being unable to proceed any farther. I thought a book in my hand might make me moderate my pace. One day I took the *Mercure de France*, and, as I walked and read, I came to the following queſtion propoſed by the academy of Dijon, for the premium of the enſuing year. *Has the progreſs of ſciences and arts contributed to corrupt or purify morals?*

The moment I had read this, I ſeemed to behold another world, and became a different man. Although I have a lively remembrance of the impreſſion it made upon me, the detail has eſcaped my mind, ſince I communicated it to M. de Maleſherbes in one of my four letters to him. This is one of the ſingularities of my memory which merits to be remarked. It ſerves me in proportion to my dependence upon it, the moment I have committed to paper that with which it was charged, it forſakes me, and I have no ſooner written a thing than I have forgotten it entirely. This ſingularity is the ſame with reſpect to muſic. Before I learned the uſe of notes I knew a great number of ſongs; the moment I had made a ſufficient progreſs to ſing an air ſet to muſic, I could not recollect any one of them; and at preſent, I much doubt whether I ſhould be able entirely to go

through

through one of thoſe of which I was the moſt fond.

All I diſtinctly recollect upon this occaſion is, that on my arrival at Vincennes, I was in an agitation which approached a delirium. Diderot perceived it; I told him the cauſe, and read to him the proſopopoeia of Fabricius, written with a pencil under a tree. He encouraged me to purſue my ideas, and to become a competitor for the premium. I did ſo, and from that moment I was ruined. All the reſt of my misfortunes during my life were the inevitable effect of this moment of error.

My ſentiments became elevated with the moſt inconceivable rapidity to the level of my ideas. All my little paſſions were ſtifled by the enthuſiaſm of truth, liberty, and virtue; and what is moſt aſtoniſhing, this effervescence continued in my mind upwards of five years, to as great a degree perhaps as it has ever done in that of any other man. I compoſed the diſcourſe in a very ſingular manner, and in that which I have always followed in all my other works. I dedicated to it the hours of the night in which ſleep deſerted me, I meditated in my bed with my eyes cloſed, and in my mind turned over and over again my periods with incredible labour and care; the moment they were finiſhed to my ſatisfaction, I depoſited them in my memory, until I had an opportunity of committing them to paper; but the time of riſing and putting on my cloaths made me loſe every thing, and when I took up my pen, I recollected but little of what I had compoſed. I made Madame le Vaſſeur my ſecretary. I had lodged her with her daughter, and huſband nearer to myſelf; and ſhe, to ſave me the expence of a ſervant, came every morning to make my fire,

and

and do ſuch other little things as were neceſſary. As ſoon as ſhe arrived I dictated to her while in bed what I had compoſed in the night, and this method, which for a long time I obſerved, preſerved me many things I ſhould otherwiſe have forgotten.

As ſoon as the diſcourſe was finiſhed, I ſhewed it to Diderot. He was ſatisfied with the production, and pointed out ſome corrections he thought neceſſary to be made. However, this compoſition, full of force and fire, abſolutely wants logic and order; of all the works I ever wrote, this is the weakeſt in reaſoning, and the moſt devoid of number and harmony. With whatever talent a man may be born, the art of writing is not eaſily learned.

I ſent off this piece without mentioning it to any body, except, I think, to Grimm, with whom, after his going to live with the Comte de F...., I began to be upon the moſt intimate footing. His harpſichord ſerved as a rendezvous, and I paſſed with him at it all the moments I had to ſpare, in ſinging Italian airs, and *barcaroles*; ſometimes without intermiſſion, from morning till night, or rather from night until morning; and when I was not to be found at Madame D...n's, every body concluded I was with Grimm at his apartment, the public walk, or the theatre. I left off going to the *Comedie Italienne*, of which I was free, to go with him, and pay, to the *Comedie Françoiſe*, of which he was paſſionately fond. In ſhort, ſo powerful an attraction connected me with this young man, and I became ſo inſeparable from him, that the poor aunt herſelf was rather neglected, that is, I ſaw her leſs frequently; for in no moment of my life has my attachment to her been diminiſhed.

This

This impoſſibility of dividing, in favour of my inclinations, the little time I had to myſelf, renewed more ſtrongly than ever the deſire I had long entertained of having but one home for Thérèſa and myſelf; but the embarraſſment of her numerous family, and eſpecially the want of money to purchaſe furniture, had hitherto withheld me from accompliſhing it. An opportunity to endeavour at it preſented itſelf, and of this I took advantage. M. de F.....l, and Madame D...n, clearly perceiving that eight or nine hundred livres a year were unequal to my wants, increaſed of their own accord, my ſalary to fifty guineas; and Madame D...n, having heard I wiſhed to furniſh myſelf lodgings, aſſiſted me with ſome articles for that purpoſe. With this furniture and that Thérèſa already had, we made one common ſtock, and having taken an apartment in the Hotel de Languedoc, Rue de Grevelle St. Honoré, kept by very honeſt people, we arranged ourſelves in the b ſt manner we could, and lived there peaceably and agreeably during ſeven years, at the end of which I removed to go and live at the Hermitage.

Thérèſa's father was a good old man, very mild in his diſpoſition, and much afraid of his wife; for this reaſon he had given her the ſurname of Lieutenant Criminal, which Grimm, jocoſely, afterwards transferred to the daughter. Madame le Vaſſeur did not want ſenſe, that is, addreſs; and pretended to the politen ſs and airs of the firſt circles; but ſhe had a myſterious wheedling, which to me was inſupportable, gave bad advice to her daughter, endeavoured to make her diſſemble with me, and ſeparately, cajoled my friends at my expence, and that of each other; excepting theſe circumſtances,

cumſtances, ſhe was a tolerable good mother, becauſe ſhe found her account in doing ſo, and concealed the faults of her daughter to turn them to her own advantage. This woman, who had ſo much of my care and attention, to whom I made ſo many little preſents, and by whom I had it extremely at heart to make myſelf beloved, was, from the impoſſibility of my ſucceeding in this wiſh, the only cauſe of the uneaſineſs I ſuffered in my little eſtabliſhment. Except the effects of this cauſe I enjoyed, during theſe ſix or ſeven years, the moſt perfect domeſtic happineſs of which human weakneſs is capable. The heart of my Thérèſa was that of an angel; our attachment increaſed with our intimacy, and we were more and more and daily convinced how much we were made for each other. Could our pleaſures be deſcribed, their ſimplicity would cauſe laughter. Our walks, tete-à-tête, on the outſide of the city, where I magnificently ſpent eight or ten ſols in each *guinguette**. Our little ſuppers at my window, ſeated oppoſite to each other upon two little chairs, placed upon a trunk, which filled up the ſpace of the embraſure. In this ſituation the window ſerved us as a table, we reſpired the freſh air, enjoyed the proſpect of the environs and the people who paſſed; and, although upon the fourth ſtory, looked down into the ſtreet as we eat.

Who can deſcribe, and how few can feel, the charms of theſe repaſts, conſiſting of a quartern loaf, a few cherries, a morſel of cheeſe, and half a pint of wine, which we drank between us? Friendſhip, confidence, intimacy, ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, how delicious are your

* Ale-houſe.

ſeaſonings!

ſeaſonings! We ſometimes remained in this ſituation until midnight, and never thought of the hour, unleſs informed of it by the old lady. But let us quit theſe details which are either inſipid or laughable; I have always ſaid and felt that real enjoyment was not to be deſcribed.

Much about the ſame time I indulged in one not ſo delicate, and the laſt of the kind with which I have to reproach myſelf. I have obſerved that the miniſter Klupffel was an amiable man; my connections with him were almoſt as intimate as thoſe I had with Grimm, and in the end became as familiar; Grimm and he ſometimes eat at my apartment. Theſe repaſts, a little more than ſimple, were enlivened by the witty and extravagant wantonneſs of expreſſion of Klupffel, and the diverting Germaniciſms of Grimm, who was not yet become a puriſt.

Senſuality did not preſide at our little orgies, but joy, which was preferable, reigned in them all, and we found ourſelves ſo well together that we knew not how to ſeparate. Klupffel had furniſhed a lodging for a little girl, who, notwithſtanding this, was at the ſervice of any body, becauſe he could not ſupport her entirely himſelf. One evening, as we were going into the coffee-houſe, we met him coming out to go and ſup with her. We rallied him; he revenged himſelf gallantly, by inviting us to the ſame ſupper, and there rallying us in our turn. The poor young creature appeared to be of a good diſpoſition, mild, and little fitted to the way of life to which an old hag ſhe had with her, prepared her in the beſt manner ſhe could. Wine and converſation enlivened us to ſuch a degree that we forgot

ourſelves.

ourſelves. The amiable Klupffel was unwilling to do the honours of his table by halves, and we all three ſucceſſively took a view of the next chamber, in company with his little friend, who knew not whether ſhe ſhould laugh or cry. Grimm has always maintained that he never touched her; it was therefore to amuſe himſelf with our impatience, that he remained ſo long in the other chamber, and if he abſtained, there is not much probability of his having done ſo from ſcruple, becauſe previous to his going to live with the Comte de F....., he lodged with girls of the town in the ſame quarter of St. Roch.

I left the Rue des Moineaux, where this girl lodged, as much aſhamed as Saint Preux left the houſe in which he had become intoxicated, and when I wrote his ſtory I well remembered my own. Thérèſa perceived by ſome ſign, and eſpecially by my confuſion, I had ſomething with which I reproached myſelf; I relieved my mind by my free and immediate confeſſion. I did well, for the next day Grimm came in triumph to relate to her my crime with aggravation, and ſince that time he has never failed maliciouſly to recal it to her recollection; in this he was the more culpable, ſince I had freely and voluntarily given him my confidence, and had a right to expect he would not make me repent of it. I never had a more convincing proof than on this occaſion, of the goodneſs of my Thérèſa's heart; ſhe was more ſhocked at the behaviour of Grimm than at my infidelity, and I received nothing from her but tender reproaches, in which there was not the leaſt appearance of anger.

The

The ſimplicity of mind of this excellent girl was equal to her goodneſs of heart; and this is ſaying every thing: but one inſtance of it, which is preſent to my recollection, is worthy of being related. I had told her Klupffel was a miniſter, and chaplain to the prince of Saxe-Gotha. A miniſter was to her ſo ſingular a man, that oddly confounding the moſt diſſimilar ideas, ſhe took it into her head to take Klupffel for the pope; I thought her mad the firſt time ſhe told me when I came in, that the pope had called to ſee me. I made her explain herſelf, and loſt not a moment in going to relate the ſtory to Grimm and Klupffel, who amongſt ourſelves never loſt the name of pope. We gave to the girl in the Rue des Moineaux the name of Pope Joan. Our laughter was inceſſant; it almoſt ſtifled us. They who in a letter which it has pleaſed them to attribute to me, have made me ſay I never laughed but twice in my life, did not know me at this period, nor in my younger days; for if they had, the idea could never have entered their heads.

The year following (1750), not thinking more of my diſcourſe, I learned it had gained the premium at Dijon. This news awakened all the ideas which had dictated it to me, gave them new animation, and completed the fermentation in my heart of that firſt leven of heroiſm and virtue which my father, my country, and Plutarch had inſpired in my infancy. Nothing now appeared great in my eyes but to be free and virtuous, ſuperior to fortune and opinion, and independent of all exterior circumſtances, although a falſe ſhame, and the fear of diſapprobation at firſt prevented me from conducting myſelf according to theſe

principles, and from ſuddenly quarrelling with the maxims of the age in which I lived, I from that moment took a decided reſolution to do it *.

While I was philoſophiſing upon the duties of man, an event happened which made me better reflect on my own. Thérèſa became pregnant for the third time. Too ſincere with myſelf, too haughty in my mind to contradict my principles by my actions, I began to examine the deſtination of my children, and my connections with the mother, according to the laws of nature, juſtice, and reaſon, and thoſe of that religion, pure, holy, and eternal, like its author, which men have polluted while they pretended to purify it, and which by their formularies, they have reduced to a religion of words, ſince the difficulty of preſcribing impoſſibilities is but trifling to thoſe by whom they are not practiſed.

If I deceived myſelf in my concluſions, nothing can be more aſtoniſhing than the ſecurity with which I depended upon them. Were I one of thoſe men unfortunately born deaf to the voice of nature, in whom no ſentiment of juſtice or humanity ever took the leaſt root, this obduracy would be natural. But that warmth of heart, ſtrong ſenſibility, and facility of forming attachments; the force with which they ſubdue me; my cruel ſufferings when obliged to break them; the innate benevolence I cheriſh towards my fellow creatures; the ardent love I bear to great virtues, to truth and juſtice; the horror in which I hold evil of every kind; the impoſſibility of

* And of this I purpoſely delayed the execution, that irritated by contradiction, it might be rendered triumphant.

hating,

hating, of injuring, or wiſhing to injure any one; the ſoft and lively emotion I feel at the ſight of whatever is virtuous, generous, and amiable; can theſe meet in the ſame mind with the depravity, which without ſcruple treads under foot the moſt pleaſing of all our duties? No, I feel, and openly declare this to be impoſſible. Never in his whole life could J. J. be a man without ſentiment, or an unnatural father. I may have been deceived, but it is impoſſible I ſhould have loſt the leaſt of my feelings. Were I to give my reaſons I ſhould ſay too much; ſince they have ſeduced me, they would ſeduce many others. I will not therefore expoſe thoſe young perſons by whom I may be read to the ſame danger. I will ſatisfy myſelf by obſerving, that my error was ſuch, that in abandoning my children to public education for want of the means of bringing them up myſelf; in deſtining them to become workmen and peaſants, rather than adventurers and fortune hunters, I thought I acted like an honeſt citizen, and a good father, and conſidered myſelf as a member of the republic of Plato. Since that time the regrets of my heart have more than once told me I was deceived; but my reaſon was ſo far from giving me the ſame intimation, that I have frequently returned thanks to heaven for having, by this means, preſerved them from the fate of their father, and that by which they were threatened the moment I ſhould have been under the neceſſity of leaving them. Had I left them to Madame D'.....y or Madame de L.....g, who, from friendſhip, generoſity, or ſome other motive, offered to take care of them in due time, would they have been more happy, better brought up, or honeſter men? To this I cannot

anſwer, but I am certain they would have been taught to hate and perhaps betray their parents: it is much better that they have never known them.

My third child was therefore carried to the foundling hoſpital as well as the two former, and the next two were diſpoſed of in the ſame manner; for I have had five children in all. This arrangement ſeemed to me to be ſo good, reaſonable, and lawful, that if I did not publicly boaſt of it, the motive by which I was withheld, was merely my regard for their mother; but I mentioned it to all thoſe to whom I had declared our connection, to Diderot, to Grimm, afterwares to M. de D'.....y, and after another interval, to Madame de L.....g; and this freely and voluntarily, without being under the leaſt neceſſity of doing it, having it in my power to conceal the ſtep from all the world: for La Gouin was an honeſt woman, very diſcreet, and a perſon on whom I had the greateſt reliance. The only one of my friends to whom it was in ſome meaſure my intereſt to open myſelf, was Thierry the phyſician, who had the care of my poor aunt in one of her lyings in, in which ſhe was very ill. In a word, there was no myſtery in my conduct, not only on account of my never having concealed any thing from my friends, but becauſe I never found any harm in it. Every thing conſidered, I choſe the beſt deſtination for my children, or that which I thought to be ſuch. I could have wiſhed, and ſtill ſhould be glad, I had been brought up as they have been.

Whilſt I was thus communicating what I had done, Madame le Vaſſeur did the ſame thing amongſt her acquaintance, but with leſs diſin-

diſintereſted views. I introduced her and her daughter to Madame D...n, who from friendſhip to me, ſhewed them the greateſt kindneſs. The mother confided to her the ſecret of the daughter. Madame D...n, who is generous and kind, and to whom ſhe never told how attentive I was to her, notwithſtanding my moderate reſources, in providing for every thing, provided on her part for what was neceſſary, with a liberality which, by order of her mother, the daughter concealed from me during my reſidence at Paris, nor ever mentioned it until we were at the Hermitage, when ſhe informed me of it, after having diſcloſed to me ſeveral other ſecrets of her heart. I did not know Madame D...n, who never took the leaſt notice to me of the matter, was ſo well informed: I know not yet whether or not Madame de C.....x, her daughter-in-law was as much in the ſecret: but Madame de F.....l knew the whole and could not refrain from prattling. She ſpoke of it to me the following year, after I had left her houſe. This induced me to write her a letter upon the ſubject, which will be found in my collections, and wherein I gave ſuch of my reaſons as I could make public, without expoſing Madame le Vaſſeur and her family; the moſt determinative of them came from that quarter, and theſe I kept profoundly ſecret.

I can rely upon the diſcretion of Madame D...n, and the friendſhip of Madame de C.....x; I had the ſame dependence upon that of Madame de F.....l, who, however, was long dead before my ſecret made its way into the world. This it could never have done except by means of the perſons to

whom

whom I had entruſted it, nor did it until after my rupture with them. By this ſingle fact they are judged: without exculpating myſelf from the blame I deſerve, I prefer it to that reſulting from their malignity. My fault is great, but it was an error. I have neglected my duty, but the deſire of doing an injury never entered my heart; and the feelings of a father were never more eloquent in favour of children whom he never ſaw. But betraying the confidence of friendſhip, violating the moſt ſacred of all engagements, publiſhing ſecrets confided to us, and wantonly diſhonouring the friend we have deceived, and who in detaching himſelf from our ſociety ſtill reſpects us, are not faults but baſeneſs of mind and the laſt degree of heinouſneſs.

I have promiſed my confeſſion and not my juſtification; on which account I ſhall ſtop here. It is my duty faithfully to relate the truth, that of the reader to be juſt; more than this I ſhall never require of him,

The marriage of M. de C.....x, rendered his mother's houſe ſtill more agreeable to me, by the wit and merit of the new bride, a very amiable young perſon, who ſeemed to diſtinguiſh me amongſt the ſcribes of M. D...n. She was the only daughter of the Viſcounteſs de R.....t, a great friend of the Comte de F....., and conſequently of Grimm's, who was very attentive to her. However, it was I who introduced him to her daughter; but their characters not ſuiting each other, this connection was not of long duration; and Grimm, who from that time aimed at what was ſolid, preferred the mother, a woman of the world, to the daughter who wiſhed for ſteady friends, ſuch as were agreeable

to

to her without troubling her head about the leaſt intrigue or making any intereſt amongſt the great. Madame D...n no longer finding in Madame C.....x all the docility ſhe expected, made her houſe very diſagreeable to her; and Madame de C.....x, having a great opinion of her own merit, and, perhaps of her birth, choſe rather to give up the pleaſures of ſociety, and remain almoſt alone in her apartment, than to ſubmit to a yoke ſhe was not diſpoſed to bear. This ſpecies of exile increaſed my attachment to her, by that natural inclination which excites me to approach the wretched. I found her mind metaphyſical and reflective, although at times a little ſophiſtical; her converſation, which was by no means that of a young woman coming from a convent, had for me the greateſt attractions; yet ſhe was not twenty years of age. Her complexion was ſeducingly fair; her figure would have been majeſtic had ſhe held herſelf more upright. Her hair which was fair, bordering upon aſh colour, and uncommonly beautiful, called to my recollection that of my poor mamma in the flower of her age, and ſtrongly agitated my heart. But the ſevere principles I had juſt laid down for myſelf, by which at all events I was determined to be guided, ſecured me from the danger of her and her charms. During a whole ſummer I paſſed three or four hours a day in a tête-à-tête converſation with her, teaching her arithmetic, and fatiguing her with my innumerable cyphers, without uttering a ſingle word of gallantry, or even once glancing my eyes upon her. Five or ſix years later I ſhould not have had ſo much wiſdom or folly; but it was decreed I was never to love but once in my life, and that another

perſon

perſon was to have the firſt and laſt ſighs of my heart.

Since I had lived in the houſe of Madame D...n, I had always been ſatisfied with my ſituation, without ſhewing the leaſt ſign of a deſire to improve it. The addition which, in conjunction with M. de F.....l, ſhe had made to my ſalary, was entirely of their own accord. This year M. de F.....l, whoſe friendſhip for me daily increaſed, had it in his thoughts to place me more at eaſe, and in a leſs precarious ſituation. He was receiver-general of finance. M. Dudoyer, his caſh-keeper, was old and rich, and wiſhed to retire. M. de F.....l offered me this place, and to prepare myſelf for it, I went, during a few weeks, to M. Dudoyer, to take the neceſſary inſtructions. But whether my talents were ill ſuited to the employment, or that Dudoyer, who I thought wiſhed to procure his place for another, was not in earneſt in the inſtructions he gave me, I acquired by ſlow degrees, and very imperfectly, the knowledge I was in want of, and could never underſtand the nature of accounts, rendered intricate, perhaps deſignedly. However, without having poſſeſſed myſelf of the whole ſcope of the buſineſs, I learned enough of the method to purſue it without the leaſt difficulty: I even entered on my new office; I kept the caſh-book and the caſh; I paid and received money, took and gave receipts; and although this buſineſs was as ill ſuited to my inclinations as to my abilities, maturity of years beginning to render me ſedate, I was determined to conquer my diſguſt, and entirely devote myſelf to my new employment. Unfortunately for me, I had no ſooner began to proceed without difficulty,

culty, than M. de F.....I took a little journey, during which I remained entruſted with the caſh, which, at that time, did not amount to more than from twenty-five to thirty thouſand livres. The anxiety of mind this ſum of money occaſioned me, made me perceive I was very unfit to be a caſh-keeper, and I have no doubt but my uneaſy ſituation, during his abſence, contributed to the illneſs with which I was ſeized after his return.

I have obſerved in my firſt part that I was born in a dying ſtate. A defect in the bladder cauſed me, during my early years, to ſuffer an almoſt continual retention of urine; and my aunt Suſan, to whoſe care I was entruſted, had inconceivable difficulty in preſerving me. However, ſhe ſucceeded, and my robuſt conſtitution at length got the better of all my weakneſs, and my health became ſo well eſtabliſhed that, except the illneſs from languor, of which I have given an account, and frequent heats in the bladder which the leaſt heating of the blood rendered troubleſome, I arrived at the age of thirty almoſt without feeling my original infirmity. The firſt time this happened was upon my arrival at Venice. The fatigue of the voyage and the extreme heat I had ſuffered, renewed the burnings, and gave me a pain in the loins, which continued until the beginning of winter. After having ſeen the Padoana, I thought myſelf near the end of my career, but I ſuffered not the leaſt inconvenience. After exhauſting my imagination more than my body for my Zulietta, I enjoyed better health than ever. It was not until after the impriſonment of Diderot, that the heat of blood, brought on by my journies to Vincennes during the terrible heat of that ſummer, gave me

a violent nephretic cholic, ſince which I have never recovered my primitive good ſtate of health.

At the time of which I ſpeak, having perhaps fatigued myſelf too much in the filthy work of the curſed receiver-general's office, I fell into a worſe ſtate than ever, and remained five or ſix weeks in my bed in the moſt melancholy ſtate imagi able. Madame D...n ſent me the celebrated Morand, who, notwithſtanding his addreſs and the delicacy of his touch, made me ſuffer the greateſt torments. He adviſed me to have recourſe to Daran, who, in fact, gave me ſome relief; but Morand, when he gave Madame D...n an account of the ſtate I was in, declared to her I ſhould not be alive in ſix months. This afterwards came to my ear, and made me reflect ſeriouſly on my ſituation and the folly of ſacrificing the repoſe of the few days I had to live to the ſlavery of an employment, for which I felt nothing but diſguſt. Beſides, how was it poſſible to reconcile the ſevere principles I had juſt adopted, to a ſituation with which they had ſo little relation? Should not I, the caſh-keeper of a receiver-general of finances, have preached poverty and diſintereſtedneſs with a very ill grace? Theſe ideas fermented ſo powerfully in my mind with the fever, and were ſo ſtrongly impreſſed, that from that time nothing could remove them; and, during my convaleſcence, I confirmed myſelf with the greateſt coolneſs in the reſolutions I had taken during my delirium. I for ever abandoned all projects of fortune and advancement. Reſolved to paſs in independence and poverty the little time I had to exiſt, I made every effort of which my mind

was

was capable, to break the fetters of prejudice, and courageouſly to do every thing that was right without giving myſelf the leaſt concern about the judgment of others. The obſtacles I had to combat, and the efforts I made to triumph over them, are inconceivable. I ſucceeded as much as it was poſſible I ſhould, and to a greater degree than I myſelf had hoped for. Had I at the ſame time ſhaken off the yoke of friendſhip as well as that of prejudice my deſign would have been accompliſhed, perhaps the greateſt, at leaſt the moſt uſeful one to virtue, that mortal ever conceived; but whilſt I deſpiſed the fooliſh judgments of the vulgar tribe of the ſelf-called great and wiſe; I ſuffered myſelf to be influenced and led by perſons who called themſelves my friends. Theſe, hurt at ſeeing me walk alone in a new path, while I ſeemed to take meaſures for my happineſs, uſed all their endeavours to render me ridiculous, and that they might afterwards defame me, firſt ſtrove to make me contemptible. It was leſs my literary fame than my perſonal reformation, of which I here ſtate the period, that drew upon me their jealouſy; they perhaps might have pardoned me for having diſtinguiſhed myſelf in the art of writing; but they could never forgive my ſetting them, by my conduct, an example, which, in their eyes, ſeemed to reflect on themſelves. I was born for friendſhip; my mild and eaſy diſpoſition nouriſhed it without difficulty. As long as I lived unknown to the public I was beloved by all my private acquaintance, and I had not a ſingle enemy. But the moment I acquired literary fame, I had no longer a friend. This was a great misfortune; but a ſtill greater was that of being

being ſurrounded by people who called themſelves my friends, and uſed the rights attached to that ſacred name to lead me on to deſtruction. The ſucceeding part of theſe memoirs will explain this odious conſpiracy. I here ſpeak of its origin, and the manner of the firſt intrigue will ſhortly appear.

In the independence in which I lived, it was, however, neceſſary to ſubſiſt. To this effect I thought of very ſimple means: which were copying muſic at ſo much a page. If any employment more ſolid would have fulfilled the ſame end I would have taken it up; but this occupation being to my taſte, and the only one which, without perſonal attendance, could procure me daily bread, I adopted it. Thinking I had no longer need of foreſight, and, ſtifling the vanity of caſh keeper to a financier, I made myſelf a copyiſt of muſic. I thought I had made an advantageous choice, and of this I ſo little repented, that I never quitted my new profeſſion until I was forced to do it, after taking a fixed reſolution to return to it as ſoon as poſſible.

The ſucceſs of my firſt diſcourſe rendered the execution of this reſolution more eaſy. As ſoon as it had gained the premium, Diderot undertook to get it printed. Whilſt I was in my bed, he wrote me a note, informing me of the publication and effect: *It takes*, ſaid he, *beyond all imagination*; *never was there an inſtance of a like ſucceſs*.

This favour of the public, by no means ſolicited, and to an unknown author, gave me the firſt real aſſurance of my talents, of which, notwithſtanding an internal ſentiment, I had always had my doubts. I conceived the great advantage to be drawn from it in favour of the

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way of life I had determined to purſue; and was of opinion, that a copyiſt of ſome celebrity in the republic of letters, was not likely to want employment.

The moment my reſolution was confirmed, I wrote a note to M. de F.....l, communicating to him my intentions, thanking him and Madame D...n for all their goodneſs, and offering them my ſervices in the way of my new profeſſion. F.....l did not underſtand my note, and, thinking I was ſtill in the delirium of a fever, haſtened to my apartment; but he found me ſo determined, that all he could ſay to me was without the leaſt effect. He went to Madame D...n, and told her, and every body he met, that I was become inſane. I let him ſay what he pleaſed, and purſued the plan I had conceived. I began the change in my dreſs; I quitted laced cloaths and white ſtockings; I put on a round wig, laid aſide my ſword, and ſold my watch; ſaying to myſelf with inexpreſſible pleaſure: Thank heaven! I ſhall no longer want to know the hour! M. de F.....l had the goodneſs to wait a conſiderable time before he diſpoſed of my place. At length, perceiving me inflexibly reſolved, he gave it to M. d'Alibard, formerly tutor to the young C.....x, and known as a botaniſt by his *Flora Pâriſienſis**.

However auſtere my ſumptuary reform might be, I did not at firſt extend it to my linen,

* I doubt not but theſe circumſtances are now differently related by M. F.....l and his conſorts; but I appeal to what he ſaid of them at the time, and long afterwards, to every body he knew, until the forming of the conſpiracy, and of which, men of common ſenſe and honour, muſt have preſerved the remembrance.

which

which was fine and in great quantity, the remainder of my ſtock when at Venice, and to which I was particularly attached. I had made it ſo much an object of cleanlineſs that it became one of luxury, which was rather expenſive. Some perſon, however, did me the favour to deliver me from this ſervitude. On Chriſtmas-eve, whilſt the governeſſes were at veſpers, and I was at the ſpiritual concert, the door of a garret, in which all our linen was hung up after being waſhed, was broke open. Every thing was ſtolen; and, amongſt other things, forty-two of my ſhirts, of very fine linen, and which were the principal part of my ſtock. By the manner in which the neighbours deſcribed a man whom they had ſeen come out of the hotel with ſeveral parcels whilſt we were all abſent, Thérèſa and myſelf ſuſpected her brother, whom we knew to be a worthleſs man. The mother ſtrongly endeavoured to remove this ſuſpicion, but ſo many circumſtances concurred to prove it to be well founded, that, notwithſtanding all ſhe could ſay, our opinions remained ſtill the ſame: I dared not make a ſtrict ſearch for fear of finding more than I wiſhed to do. The brother never returned to the place where I lived, and, at length, was no more heard of by any of us. I was much grieved Thérèſa and myſelf ſhould be connected with ſuch a family, and I exhorted her more than ever to ſhake off ſo dangerous a yoke. This adventure cured me of my inclination for fine linen, and ſince that time all I have had has been very common, and more ſuitable to the reſt of my dreſs.

Having thus completed the change of that which related to my perſon, all my cares tended to render it ſolid and laſting, by ſtriving to

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root out from my heart every thing ſuſceptible of receiving an impreſſion from the judgment of men, or which, from the fear of blame, might turn me aſide from any thing good and reaſonable in itſelf. In conſequence of the ſucceſs of my work, my reſolution made ſome noiſe in the world alſo, and procured me employment; ſo that I began my new profeſſion with great appearance of ſucceſs. However, ſeveral cauſes prevented me from ſucceeding in it to the ſame degree I ſhould under any other circumſtances have done. In the firſt place, my ill ſtate of health. The attack I had juſt had, brought on conſequences which prevented my ever being ſo well as I was before; and I am of opinion, the phyſicians, to whoſe care I entruſted myſelf, did me as much harm as my illneſs. I was ſucceſſively under the hands of Morand, Doran, Helvetius, Malouin, and Thyerri; men able in their profeſſion, and all of them my friends, who treated me each according to his own manner, without giving me the leaſt relief, and weakened me conſiderably. The more I ſubmitted to their direction, the yellower, thinner, and weaker I became. My imagination, which they terrified, judging of my ſituation by the effect of their drugs, preſented to me, on this ſide of the tomb, nothing but continued ſufferings from the gravel, ſtone, and retention of urine. Every thing which gave relief to others, ptiſans, baths, and bleeding, increaſed my tortures. Perceiving the bougees of Daran, the only ones that had any favourable effect, and without which I thought I could no longer exiſt, to give me a momentary relief; I procured a prodigious number of them, that, in caſe of Daran's death, I might never be at a

loſs.

loſs. During the eight or ten years in which I made ſuch frequent uſe of theſe, they muſt, with what I have left, have coſt me fifty louis.

It will eaſily be judged, that ſuch expenſive and painful means did not permit me to work without interruption; and that a dying man is not ardently induſtrious in the buſineſs by which he gains his daily bread.

Literary occupations cauſed another interruption not leſs prejudicial to my daily employment. My diſcourſe had no ſooner appeared, than the defenders of letters fell upon me as if they had agreed with each other to do it. My indignation was ſo raiſed at ſeeing ſo many blockheads, who did not underſtand the queſtion, attempt to decide upon it imperiouſly, that in my anſwer I gave ſome of them the worſt of it. One M. Gautier, of Nancy, the firſt who fell under the laſh of my pen, was very roughly treated in a letter to M. Grimm. The ſecond was King Staniſlaus, himſelf, who did not diſdain to enter the liſts with me. The honour he did me, obliged me to change my manner in combatting his opinion; I made uſe of a graver ſtile, but not leſs nervous; and, without failing in reſpect to the author, I completely refuted his work. I knew a jeſuit, Father de Menou, had been concerned in it. I depended on my judgment to diſtinguiſh what was written by the prince, from the production of the monk, and falling without mercy upon all the jeſuitical phraſes, I remarked, as I went along, an anachroniſm, which I thought could come from nobody but the prieſt. This compoſition, which, for what reaſon I know not, has been leſs ſpoken of than any of my other writings, is the only one of its kind. I

ſeized the oportunity which offered of ſhewing to the public in what manner an individual may defend the cauſe of truth even againſt a ſovereign. It is difficult to adopt a more dignified and reſpectful manner than that in which I anſwered him. I had the happineſs to have to do with an adverſary to whom, without adulation, I could ſhew every mark of the eſteem, of which my heart was full; and this I did with ſucceſs and a proper dignity. My friends, concerned for my ſafety, imagined they already ſaw me in the Baſtille. This apprehenſion never once entered my head, and I was right in not being afraid. The good prince, after reading my anſwer, ſaid: *I have enough of it; I will not return to the charge.* I have, ſince that time received from him different marks of eſteem and benevolence, ſome of which I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak of; and what I had written was read in France, and throughout Europe, without meeting with the leaſt cenſure.

In a little time I had another adverſary whom I had not expected: this was the ſame M. Bordes, of Lyons, who ten years before had ſhewn me much friendſhip, and from whom I had received ſeveral ſervices. I had not forgotten him, but had neglected him from idleneſs, and had not ſent him my writings for want of an opportunity, without ſeeking for it, to get them conveyed to his hands. I was therefore in the wrong, and he attacked me; this, however, he did politely, and I anſwered in the ſame manner. He replied more decidedly. This produced my laſt anſwer: after which I heard no more from him upon the ſubject; but he became my moſt violent enemy, took the advantage of the time of my misfortunes, to publiſh againſt me the moſt indecent libels, and made

made a journey to London on purpoſe to do me an injury.

All this controverſy employed me a good deal, and cauſed me a great loſs of time in my copying, without much contributing to the progreſs of truth, or the good of my purſe. Piſſot, at that time my bookſeller, gave me but little for my pamphlets, frequently nothing at all, and I never received a farthing for my firſt diſcourſe. Diderot gave it him. I was obliged to wait a long time for the little he gave me, and to take it from him in the moſt trifling ſums. Notwithſtanding this, my copying went on but ſlowly. I had two things together upon my hands, which was the moſt likely means of doing them both ill.

They were very oppoſite to each other in their effects by the different manners of living to which they rendered me ſubject. The ſucceſs of my firſt writings had given me celebrity. My new ſituation excited curioſity. Every body wiſhed to know that whimſical man who ſought not the acquaintance of any one, and whoſe only deſire was to live free and happy in the manner he had choſen: this was ſufficient to make the thing impoſſible to me. My apartment was continually full of people, who, under different pretences, came to take up my time. The women employed a thouſand artifices to engage me to dinner. The more unpolite I was with people, the more obſtinate they became. I could not refuſe every body. While I made myſelf a thouſand enemies, by my refuſals, I was inceſſantly a ſlave to my complaiſance, and, in whatever manner I made my engagements, I had not an hour in a day to myſelf.

I then

I then perceived it was not ſo eaſy to be poor and independent, as I had imagined. I wiſhed to live by my profeſſion: the public would not ſuffer me to do it. A thouſand means were thought of to indemnify me for the time I loſt. The next thing would have been ſhewing myſelf like Punch, at ſo much each perſon. I knew no dependence more cruel and degrading than this. I ſaw no other method of putting an end to it, than refuſing all kinds of preſents, great and ſmall, let them come from whom they would. This had no other effect than to increaſe the number of givers, who wiſhed to have the honour of overcoming my reſiſtance, and to force me, in ſpite of myſelf, to be under an obligation to them. Many who would not have given me half a crown, had I aſked it for them, inceſſantly importuned me with their offers, and, in revenge for my refuſal, taxed me with arrogance and oſtentation.

It will naturally be conceived, that the reſolution I had taken, and the ſyſtem I wiſhed to follow, were not agreeable to Madame le Vaſſeur. All the diſintereſtedneſs of the daughter did not prevent her from following the directions of her mother; and the *governeſſes*, as Gauffcourt called them, were not always ſo ſteady in their refuſals as I was. Although many things were concealed from me, I perceived ſo many as were neceſſary to enable me to judge that I did not ſee all, and this tormented me leſs by the accuſation of connivance, which it was eaſy for me to foreſee, than by the cruel idea of never being maſter in my own apartments, nor even of my own perſon. I prayed, conjured, and became angry, all to no purpoſe; the mother made me paſs for an eternal grumbler, and a man who was peeviſh

and

and ungovernable. She held perpetual whiſperings with my friends; every thing in my little family was myſterious and a ſecret to me; and, that I might not inceſſantly expoſe myſelf to noiſy quarrelling, I no longer dared to take notice of what paſſed in it. A firmneſs of which I was not capable, would have been neceſſary to withdraw me from this domeſtic ſtrife. I knew how to complain, but not how to act: they ſuffered me to ſay what I pleaſed, and continued to act as they thought proper.

This conſtant teazing, and the daily importunities to which I was ſubject, rendered the houſe, and my reſidence at Paris, diſagreeable to me. When my indiſpoſition permitted me to go out, and I did not ſuffer myſelf to be led by my acquaintance firſt to one place and then to another, I took a walk, alone, and reflected on my grand ſyſtem, ſomething of which I committed to paper, bound up between two covers, which, with a pencil, I always had in my pocket. In this manner, the unforeſeen diſagreeableneſs of a ſituation I had choſen entirely led me back to literature, to which unſuſpectingly I had recourſe as a means of relieving my mind; and thus, in the firſt works I wrote, I introduced the peeviſhneſs and ill humour which were the cauſe of my undertaking them.

There was another circumſtance which contributed not a little to this: thrown into the world in deſpite of myſelf, without having the manners of it, or being in a ſituation to adopt and conform myſelf to them, I took it into my head to adopt others of my own, to enable me to diſpenſe with thoſe of ſociety. My fooliſh timidity, which I could not conquer, having for principle the fear of being

wanting

wanting in the common forms, I took, by way of encouraging myſelf, a reſolution to tread them under foot. I became ſour and a cynic from ſhame, and affected to deſpiſe the politeneſs which I knew not how to practiſe. This auſterity, conformable to my new principles, I muſt confeſs ſeemed to ennoble itſelf in my mind; it aſſumed in my eyes the form of the intrepidity of virtue, and I dare aſſert it to be upon this noble baſis, that it ſupported itſelf longer and better than could have been expected from any thing ſo contrary to my nature. Yet, notwithſtanding, I had the name of a miſanthrope, which my exterior appearance and ſome happy expreſſions had given me in the world; it is certain I did not ſupport the character well in private, that my friends and acquaintance led this untractable bear about like a lamb, and that confining my ſarcaſms to ſerve but general truths, I was never capable of ſaying an uncivil thing to any perſon whatſoever.

The *Devin du Village* brought me completely into vogue, and preſently after there was not a man in Paris whoſe company was more ſought after than mine. The hiſtory of this piece, which is a kind of æra in my life, is joined with that of the connections I had at that time. I muſt enter a little into particulars to make what is to follow the better underſtood.

I had a numerous acquaintance, yet no more than two friends: Diderot and Grimm. By an effect of the deſire I have ever felt to unite every thing that is dear to me, I was too much a friend to both not to make them ſhortly become ſo to each other. I connected them: they agreed well together, and ſhortly became more

more intimate with each other than with me. Diderot had a numerous acquaintance, but Grimm, a ſtranger and a new comer, had his to procure, and with the greateſt pleaſure I procured him all I could. I had already given him Diderot. I afterwards brought him acquainted with Gauffecourt. I introduced him to Madame de C.....x, Madame D....y, and the Baron d' H.....k; with whom I had become connected almoſt in ſpite of myſelf. All my friends became his: this was natural: but not one of his ever became mine; which was inclining to the contrary. Whilſt he yet lodged at the houſe of the Comte de F....., he frequently gave us dinners in his apartment, but I never received the leaſt mark of friendſhip from the Comte de F....., the Comte de S.....g, his relation, very familiar with Grimm, nor from any other perſon, man or woman, with whom Grimm, by their means, had any connection. I except the Abbé Raynal, who, although his friend, gave proofs of his being mine; and, in caſes of need, offered me his purſe with a generoſity not very common. But I knew the Abbé Raynal long before Grimm had any acquaintance with him, and had entertained a great regard for him on account of his delicate and honourable behaviour to me upon a ſlight occaſion, which I ſhall never forget.

The Abbé Raynal is certainly a warm friend; of this I ſaw a proof, much about the time of which I ſpeak, with reſpect to Grimm himſelf, with whom he was very intimate. Grimm, after having been ſometime on a footing of friendſhip with Mademoiſelle F.., fell violently in love with her, and wiſhed to ſupplant C.....c. The young lady piquing herſelf

ſelf on her conſtancy, refuſed her new admirer. He took this ſo much to heart, that the appearances of his affliction became tragical. He ſuddenly fell into the ſtrangeſt ſtate imaginable. He paſſed days and nights in a continued lethargy. He lay with his eyes open; and, although his pulſe continued to beat regularly, without ſpeaking, eating, or ſtirring, yet ſometimes ſeeming to hear what was ſaid to him, but never anſwering, not even by a ſign, and remaining almoſt as immoveable as if he had been dead, yet without agitation, pain, or fever. The Abbé Raynal and myſelf watched over him; the Abbé, more robuſt, and in better health than I was, by night and I by day, without ever both being abſent at one time. The Comte de F..... was alarmed and brought to him Senac, who, after having examined the ſtate in which he was, ſaid there was nothing to apprehend, and took his leave without giving a preſcription. My fears for my friend made me carefully obſerve the countenance of the phyſician, and I perceived him ſmile as he went away. However, the patient remained ſeveral days almoſt motionleſs, without taking any thing except a few preſerved cherries, which from time to time I put upon his tongue, and which he ſwallowed without difficulty. At length he, one morning, roſe, dreſſed himſelf, and returned to his uſual way of life, without either at that time or afterwards ſpeaking to me, or to the Abbé Raynal, at leaſt that I know of, or to any other perſon of this ſingular lethargy, or the care we had taken of him during the time it laſted.

The affair made a noiſe, and it would really have been a wonderful circumſtance had the cruelty

cruelty of an opera girl made a man die of deſpair. This ſtrong paſſion brought Grimm into vogue; he was ſoon conſidered as a prodigy in love, friendſhip, and attachments of every kind. Such an opinion made his company ſought after, and procured him a good reception in the firſt circles; by which means he ſeparated from me, with whom he was never inclined to aſſociate when he could do it with any body elſe. I perceived him to be on the point of breaking with me entirely; for the lively and ardent ſentiments, of which he made a parade, were thoſe which, with leſs noiſe and pretenſion, I had really conceived for him. I was glad he ſucceeded in the world; but I did not wiſh him to do this by forgetting his friend. I one day ſaid to him: Grimm, you neglect me, and I forgive you for it. When the firſt intoxication of your ſucceſs is over, and you begin to perceive a void in your enjoyments, I hope you will return to your friend, whom you will always find in the ſame ſentiments: at preſent do not conſtrain yourſelf, I leave you at liberty to act as you pleaſe, and wait your leiſure. He ſaid I was right, made his arrangements in conſequence, and ſhook off all reſtraint, ſo that I ſaw no more of him except in company with our common friends.

Our chief rendezvous, before he was ſo connected with Madame D'.....y as he afterwards became, was at the houſe of Baron d'H.....k. This ſaid baron was the ſon of a man who had raiſed himſelf from obſcurity. His fortune was conſiderable, and he uſed it nobly, receiving at his houſe men of letters and merit; and, by the knowledge he himſelf had acquired, was very worthy of holding a place amongſt them. Having been long attached to Diderot, he endeavoured

deavoured to become acquainted with me by his means, even before my name was known to the world. A natural repugnancy prevented me a long time from anſwering his advances. One day, when he aſked me the reaſon of my unwillingneſs, I told him, he was too rich. He was however reſolved to carry his point, and at length ſucceeded. My greateſt misfortune proceeded from my being unable to reſiſt the force of marked attention. I have ever had reaſon to repent of having yielded to it.

Another acquaintance which, as ſoon as I had any pretenſions to it, was converted into friendſhip, was that of M. Duclos. I had ſeveral years before ſeen him, for the firſt time, at the C.....e, at the houſe of Madame D'.....y, with whom he was upon very good terms. On that day we only dined together, and he returned to town in the afternoon. But we had a converſation of a few moments after dinner. Madame D' . . . . . y had mentioned me to him, and my opera of the *Muſes Gallantes*. Duclos, endowed with too great talents not to be a friend to thoſe in whom the like were found, was prepoſſeſſed in my favour, and invited me to go and ſee him. Notwithſtanding my former wiſh, increaſed by an acquaintance, I was withheld by my timidity and indolence, as long as I had no other paſſport to him than his complaiſance. But encouraged by my firſt ſucceſs, and by his eulogiums, which reached my ears, I went to ſee him; he returned my viſit, and thus began the connection between us, which will ever render him dear to me. By him, as well as from the teſtimony of my own heart, I learned that uprightneſs and probity may ſometimes be connected with the cultivation of letters.

Many other connections leſs ſolid, and which I ſhall not here particularize, were the effects of my firſt ſucceſs, and laſted until curioſity was ſatisfied. I was a man ſo eaſily known, that on the next day nothing new was to be diſcovered in me. However, a woman, who at that time was deſirous of my acquaintance, became much more ſolidly attached to me than any of thoſe whoſe curioſity I had excited: this was the Marchioneſs of Crequi, niece to M. le Bailli de Froulay, ambaſſador from Malta, whoſe brother had preceded M. M..... in the embaſſy to Venice, and whom I had gone to ſee at my return from that city. Madame de Crequi wrote to me; I viſited her: ſhe received me into her friendſhip. I ſometimes dined with her. I met at her table ſeveral men of letters, amongſt others M. S....., the author of Spartacus, Barnevelt, &c. ſince become my implacable enemy; for no other reaſon, at leaſt that I can imagine, than my bearing the name of a man whom his father has cruelly perſecuted.

It will appear that for a copyiſt, who ought to be employed in his buſineſs from morning to night, I had many interruptions, which rendered my days not very lucrative, and prevented me from being ſufficiently attentive to what I did to do it well; for which reaſon, half the time I had to myſelf was loſt in eraſing errors or beginning my ſheet anew. This daily importunity rendered Paris more unſupportable, and made me ardently wiſh to be in the country. I ſeveral times went to paſs a few days at Marcouſſis, the vicar of which was known to Madame le Vaſſeur, and with whom we all arranged ourſelves in ſuch a manner as not to make things diſagreeable to him.

Grimm

Grimm once went thither with us *. The vicar had a tolerable voice, ſung well, and, although he did not read muſic, learned his part with great facility and preciſion. We paſſed our time in ſinging the trios I had compoſed at C.....x. To theſe I added two or three new ones, to the words Grimm and the vicar wrote, well or ill. I cannot refrain from regretting thoſe trios compoſed and ſung in moments of pure joy, and which I left at Wootton with all my muſic. Mademoiſelle Davenport has perhaps curled her hair with them; but they were worthy of being preſerved, and are, for the moſt part, of a very good counterpoint. It was after one of theſe little excurſions in which I had the pleaſure of ſeeing the aunt at her eaſe and very cheerful, and in which my ſpirits were much enlivened, that I wrote to the vicar, very rapidly and very ill, an epiſtle in verſe, which will be found amongſt my papers.

I had nearer to Paris another ſtation much to my liking with M. Muſſard, my countryman, relation, and friend, who at Paſſy had made himſelf a charming retreat, where I have paſſed ſome very peaceful moments. M. Muſſard was a jeweller, a man of good ſenſe, who, after having acquired a genteel fortune, and given his only daughter in marriage to M. de Valmalette, the ſon of an exchange broker, and maître d'hotel to the king, took the wiſe reſolution to quit buſineſs in his declining years,

* Since I have neglected to relate here a trifling, but memorable adventure, I had, with the ſaid Grimm, one day, on which we were to dine at the fountain of St. Vandrille, I will let it paſs: but when I thought of it afterwards, I concluded that he was brooding in his heart the conſpiracy he has with ſo much ſucceſs ſince carried into execution.

and to place an interval of repoſe and enjoyment between the hurry and the end of life. The good man Muſſard, a real philoſopher in practice, lived without care, in a very pleaſant houſe which he himſelf had built in a very pretty garden, laid out with his own hands. In digging the terraces of this garden he found foſſil ſhells, and in ſuch great quantities, that his lively imagination ſaw nothing but ſhells in nature. He really thought the univerſe was compoſed of ſhells and the remains of ſhells, and that the whole earth was only the ſand of theſe in different ſtratæ. His attention thus conſtantly engaged with his ſingular diſcoveries, his imagination became ſo heated with the ideas they gave him, that, in his head, they would ſoon have been converted into a ſyſtem, that is, into folly, if, happily for his reaſon, but unfortunately for his friends, to whom he was dear, and to whom his houſe was an agreeable aſylum, a moſt cruel and extraordinary diſeaſe had not put an end to his exiſtence. A conſtantly increaſing tumour in his ſtomach prevented him from eating, long before the cauſe of it was diſcovered, and, after ſeveral years of ſuffering, abſolutely occaſioned him to die of hunger. I can never, without the greateſt affliction of mind, call to my recollection the laſt moments of this worthy man, who ſtill received with ſo much pleaſure, Leneips and myſelf, the only friends whom the ſight of his ſufferings did not ſeparate from him until his laſt hour, when he was reduced to devouring with his eyes the repaſts he had placed before us, ſcarcely having the power of ſwallowing a few drops of weak tea, which came up again a moment afterwards. But before theſe days of ſorrow,

how

how many have I paſſed at his houſe, with the choſen friends he had made himſelf! At the head of the liſt I place the Abbé Prévot, a very amiable man, and very ſincere, whoſe heart vivified his writings worthy of immortality, and who, neither in his diſpoſition nor in ſociety, had the leaſt of the melancholy colouring he gave to his works: Procope the phyſician, a little Eſop, a favourite with the ladies: Boulanger, the celebrated poſthumous author of *Deſpotiſme Oriental*, and who, I am of opinion, extended the ſyſtems of Muſſard on the duration of the world. The female part of his friends conſiſted of Madame D...., niece to V....., who, at time, was nothing more than a good kind of woman, and pretended not to wit: Madame Vanloo, certainly not handſome, but charming, and who ſung like an angel: Madame de Valmalette, herſelf, who ſung alſo, and who, although very thin, would have been very amiable had ſhe had fewer pretenſions. Such, or very nearly ſuch, was the ſociety of M. Muſſard, with which I ſhould have been much pleaſed, had not his *conchyliomania* more engaged my attention; and I can ſay, with great truth, that, for upwards of ſix months, I worked with him in his cabinet with as much pleaſure as he felt himſelf.

He had long inſiſted upon the virtue of the waters of Paſſy, that they were proper in my caſe, and recommended me to come to his houſe to drink them. To withdraw myſelf from the tumult of the city, I at length conſented, and went to paſs eight or ten days at Paſſy, which, on account of my being in the country, were of more ſervice to me than the waters I drank during my ſtay there. Muſſard

played the violoncello, and was paſſionately fond of Italian muſic. This was the ſubject of a long converſation we had one evening after ſupper, particularly the *opere-buffe* we had both ſeen in Italy, and with which we were highly delighted. My ſleep having forſaken me in the night, I conſidered in what manner it would be poſſible to give in France an idea of this kind of drama. The *Amours de Ragonde* did not in the leaſt reſemble it. In the morning, whilſt I took my walk and drank the waters, I haſtily threw together a few couplets to which I adapted ſuch airs as occurred to me at the moment. I ſcribbled over what I had compoſed, in a kind of a vaulted ſaloon at the end of the garden, and at tea. I could not refrain from ſhewing the airs to Muſſard, and to Mademoiſelle du Vernois, his *gouvernante*, who was a very good and amiable girl. The three pieces of compoſition, I had ſketched out, were the firſt monologue: *J'ai perdu mon ſerviteur*; the air of the *Devin*: *L'amour croit s'il s'inquiète*; and the laſt duo: *A jamais, Colin, je t'engage, &c.* I was ſo far from thinking it worth while to continue what I had begun, that, had it not been for the applauſe and encouragement I received from both Muſſard and Mademoiſelle, I ſhould have thrown my papers into the fire and thought no more of their contents, as I had frequently done by things of much the ſame merit; but I was ſo animated by the encomiums I received, that, in ſix days, my drama, excepting a few couplets, was written. The muſic alſo was ſo far ſketched out, that all I had farther to do to it, after my return from Paris, was to compoſe a little of the recitative, and to add the middle parts, the whole of which I finiſhed with ſo much rapidity, that in three weeks my

work

work was ready for repreſentation. The only thing, now wanting, was the *divertiſſement*, which was not compoſed until a long time afterwards.

My imagination was ſo warmed by the compoſition of this work, that I had the ſtrongeſt deſire to hear it performed, and would have given any thing to have ſeen and heard the whole in the manner I ſhould have choſen; which would have been that of Lully, who is ſaid to have had *Armide*, performed for himſelf only. As it was not poſſible I ſhould hear the performance unaccompanied by the public, I could not ſee the effect of my piece without getting it received at the opera. Unfortunately it was quite a new ſpecies of compoſition, to which the ears of the public were not accuſtomed; and beſides, the ill ſucceſs of the *Muſes Gallantes*, gave too much reaſon to fear for the *Devin*, if I preſented it in my own name. Duclos relieved me from this difficulty, and engaged to get the piece rehearſed without mentioning the author. That I might not diſcover myſelf, I did not go to the rehearſal, and the *Petits violons**, by whom it was directed, knew not who the author was until after a general plaudit had borne the teſtimony of the work. Every body preſent was ſo delighted with it, that, on the next day, nothing elſe was ſpoken of in the different companies. M. de Cury, *Intendant des Menus*, who was preſent at the rehearſal, demanded the piece to have it performed at court. Duclos, who knew my intentions, and thought

* *Rebel* and *Francœur*, who when they were very young, went together from houſe to houſe playing on the violin, were ſo called.

I ſhould

I ſhould be leſs maſter of my work at the court than at Paris, refuſed to give it. Cury claimed it authoritatively. Duclos perſiſted in his refuſal, and the diſpute between them was carried to ſuch a length, that one day they would have gone out from the opera-houſe together, had they not been ſeparated. M. de Cury applied to me and I referred him to Duclos. This made it neceſſary to return to the latter. The Duke d'Aumont interfered; and at length Duclos thought proper to yield to authority, and the piece was given to be played at Fontainbleau.

The part to which I had been moſt attentive, and in which I had kept at the greateſt diſtance from the common track was the recitative. Mine was accented in a manner entirely new and accompanied the utterance of the word. The directors dared not ſuffer this horrid innovation to paſs, leſt it ſhould ſhock the ears of perſons who never judge for themſelves. Another recitative was propoſed by Franceuil and Jelyotte, to which I conſented, but refuſed at the ſame time to have any thing to do with it myſelf.

When every thing was ready and the day of performance fixed, a propoſition was made me to go to Fontainbleau, that I might at leaſt be at the laſt rehearſal. I went with Mademoiſelle F.., G....., and I think the Abbé Raynal, in one of the ſtages to the court. The rehearſal was tolerable: I was more ſatisfied with it than I expected to have been. The orcheſtra was numerous, compoſed of the orcheſtras of the opera and the king's band. Jelyotte played *Colin*, Mademoiſelle Fel. *Colette*, Cuvillier the *Devin:* the choruſſes were thoſe of the opera. I ſaid but little: Jelyotte had prepared every thing.

thing: I was unwilling either to approve of, or cenſure what he had done; and, notwithſtanding I had aſſumed the air of an old Roman, I was, in the midſt of ſo many people, as baſhful as a ſchool-boy.

The next morning, the day of performance, I went to breakfaſt at the coffee-houſe *du grand commun*, where I found a great number of people. The rehearſal of the preceding evening, and the difficulty of getting into the theatre, were the ſubjects of converſation. An officer preſent ſaid he entered with the greateſt eaſe, gave a long account of what had paſſed, deſcribed the author, and related what he had ſaid and done: but what aſtoniſhed me moſt in this long narrative, given with as much aſſurance as ſimplicity, was that it did not contain a ſyllable of truth. It was clear to me, that he who ſpoke ſo poſitively of the rehearſal, had not been at it, becauſe, without knowing him, he had before his eyes that author whom he ſaid he had ſeen and examined ſo minutely. However, what was ſtill more ſingular in this ſcene, was its effect upon me. The officer was a man rather in years; he had nothing of the appearance of a coxcomb; his features appeared to announce a man of merit; and his croſs of Saint Louis an officer of long ſtanding. He intereſted me, notwithſtanding his impudence. Whilſt he uttered his lies, I bluſhed, looked down, and was upon thorns; I, for ſome time, endeavoured within myſelf to find the means of believing him to be in an involuntary error. At length, trembling leſt ſome perſon ſhould know me, and by this means confound him, I haſtily drank my chocolate without ſaying a word, and, holding down my head as I paſſed before him, got out of the

coffee-houſe as ſoon as poſſible, whilſt the company were making their remarks upon the relation that had been given. I was no ſooner in the ſtreet, than I felt I was in a perſpiration, and had any body known and named me before I left the room, I am certain all the ſhame and embarraſſment of a guilty perſon would have appeared in my countenance, proceeding from what I felt the poor man would have had to have ſuffered had his lye been diſcovered.

I am come to one of the critical moments of my life, in which it is difficult to do any thing more than to relate, becauſe it is almoſt impoſſible that even narrative ſhould not carry with it the marks of cenſure or apology. I will however endeavour to relate how and upon what motives I acted, without adding either approbation or cenſure.

I was on that day in the ſame careleſs undreſs as uſual; with a long beard, and a wig badly combed. Conſidering this want of decency as an act of courage, I entered the theatre wherein the king, queen, the royal family, and the whole court were to enter immediately after. I was conducted to a box by M. de Cury, and which belonged to him. It was very ſpacious, upon the ſtage, and oppoſite to a leſſer, but more elevated one in which the king ſat with Madame de Pompadour. As I was ſurrounded by women, and the only man in front of the box, I had no doubt of my having been placed there purpoſely to be expoſed to view. As ſoon as the theatre was lighted up, finding I was in the midſt of people all extremely well dreſſed, I began to be leſs at my eaſe, and aſked myſelf if I was in my place? whether or not I was properly dreſſed? After a few minutes of inquietude: yes, replied I, with

with an intrepidity which perhaps proceeded more from the impoſſibility of retracting, than the force of all my reaſoning, I am in my place, becauſe I am going to ſee my own piece performed, to which I have been invited, for which reaſon only I am come here; and after all, no perſon has a greater right than I have to reap the fruit of my labour and talents. I am dreſſed as uſual, neither better or worſe; and if I once begin to ſubject myſelf to public opinion, I ſhall ſhortly become a ſlave to it in every thing. To be always conſiſtent with myſelf, I ought not to bluſh, in any place whatever, at being dreſſed in a manner ſuitable to the ſtate I have choſen. My exterior appearance is ſimple, but neither dirty nor ſlovenly; nor is a beard either of theſe in itſelf, becauſe it is given us by nature, and, according to time, place, and cuſtom, is ſometimes an ornament. People think I am ridiculous, nay even abſurd; but what ſignifies this to me? I ought to know how to bear cenſure and ridicule, provided I do not deſerve them. After this little ſoliloquy, I became ſo firm that, had it been neceſſary, I could have been intrepid. But whether it was the effect of the preſence of his majeſty, or the natural diſpoſition of thoſe about me, I perceived nothing but what was civil and obliging in the curioſity of which I was the object. This ſo much affected me, that I began to be uneaſy for myſelf, and the fate of my piece; fearing I ſhould efface the favourable prejudices which ſeemed to lead to nothing but applauſe. I was armed againſt raillery; but, ſo far overcome by the flattering and obliging treatment I had not expected, that I trembled like a child when the performance was begun.

I had ſoon ſufficient reaſon to be encouraged. The piece was very ill played with reſpect to the actors, but the muſical part was well ſung and executed. During the firſt ſcene, which was really of a delightful ſimplicity, I heard in the boxes a murmur of ſurprize and applauſe, which, relative to pieces of the ſame kind, had never yet happened. The fermentation was ſoon increaſed to ſuch a degree as to be perceptible through the whole audience, and of which, to ſpeak after the manner of Monteſquieu, the effect was augmented by itſelf. In the ſcene between the two good little folks, this effect was complete. There is no clapping of hands before the king; therefore every thing was heard, which was advantageous to the author and the piece. I heard about me a whiſpering of women, who appeared as beautiful as angels. They ſaid to each other in a low voice: This is charming: That is raviſhing: There is not a ſound which does not go to the heart. The pleaſure of giving this emotion to ſo many amiable perſons, moved me to tears; and theſe I could not contain in the firſt duo, when I remarked that I was not the only perſon who wept. I collected myſelf for a moment, on recollecting the concert of M. de Treitorens. This reminiſcence had the effect of the ſlave who held the crown over the head of the general who triumphed, but my reflection was ſhort, and I ſoon abandoned myſelf without interruption to the pleaſure of enjoying my ſucceſs. However, I am certain the voluptuouſneſs of the ſex was more predominant than the vanity of the author, and had none but men been preſent, I certainly ſhould not have had the inceſſant deſire I felt of catching on my lips the delicious tears I had cauſed to flow.

ſlow. I have known pieces excite more lively admiration, but I never ſaw ſo complete, delightful, and affecting an intoxication of the ſenſes reign, during a whole repreſentation, eſpecially at court, and at a firſt performance. They who ſaw this muſt recollect it, for it has never yet been equalled.

The ſame evening the Duke d'Aumont ſent to deſire me to be at the palace the next day at eleven o'clock, when he would preſent me to the king. M. de Cury, who delivered me the meſſage, added that he thought a penſion was intended, and that his majeſty wiſhed to announce it to me himſelf. Will it be believed that the night of ſo brilliant a day was for me, a night of anguiſh and perplexity? My firſt idea after that of being preſented, was that of my frequently wanting to retire; this had made me ſuffer very conſiderably at the theatre, and might torment me the next day when I ſhould be in the gallery, or at the king's apartment, amongſt all the great, waiting for the paſſing by of his majeſty. My infirmity was the principal cauſe which prevented me from mixing in polite companies, and enjoying the converſation of the fair. The idea alone of the ſituation in which this want might place me, was ſufficient to produce it to ſuch a degree as to make me faint away, or to recur to means to which, in my opinion, death was much preferable. None, but perſons who are acquainted with this ſituation can judge of the horror, which being expoſed to the riſk of it inſpires.

I then ſuppoſed myſelf before the king, preſented to his majeſty, who deigned to ſtop and ſpeak to me. In this ſituation, juſtneſs of expreſſion and preſence of mind were peculiarly

neceſſary in anſwering. Would my timidity, which diſconcerts me in preſence of any ſtranger whatever, have been ſhaken off in preſence of the king of France; or would it have ſuffered me inſtantly to make choice of proper expreſſions? I wiſhed, without laying aſide the auſtere manner I had adopted, to ſhew myſelf ſenſible of the honour done me by ſo great a monarch, and in a handſome and merited eulogium to convey ſome great and uſeful truth. I could not prepare a ſuitable anſwer without exactly knowing what his majeſty was to ſay to me; and had this been the caſe, I was certain that, in his preſence, I ſhould not recollect a word of what I had previouſly meditated. What, ſaid I, will become of me in this moment, and before the whole court, if in my confuſion any of my ſtupid expreſſions ſhould eſcape me? This danger alarmed and terrified me. I trembled to ſuch a degree that at all events I was determined not to expoſe myſelf to it.

I loſt, it is true, the penſion, which in ſome meaſure was offered me; but I at the ſame time exempted myſelf from the yoke it would have impoſed. Adieu, truth, liberty and courage! How ſhould I afterwards have dared to ſpeak of diſintereſtedneſs and independence? Had I received the penſion I muſt either have become a flatterer or remained ſilent; and moreover, who would have inſured to me the payment of it? What ſteps, ſhould I have been under the neceſſity of taking! How many people muſt I have ſolicited! I ſhould have had more trouble and anxious cares in preſerving than in doing without it. Therefore, I thought I acted according to my principles by refuſing, and ſacrificing appearances to reality.

I com-

I communicated my reſolution to G...., who ſaid nothing againſt it. To others I alledged my ill ſtate of health, and left the court in the morning.

My departure made ſome noiſe, and was generally condemned. My reaſons could not be known to every body, it was therefore eaſy to accuſe me of fooliſh pride, and thus not irritate the jealouſy of ſuch as felt they would not have acted as I had done. The next day Jelyotte wrote me a note, in which he ſtated the ſucceſs of my piece, and the pleaſure it had afforded the king. All day long, ſaid he, his majeſty ſings with, the worſt voice in his kingdom: *J'ai perdu mon ſerviteur: J'ai perdu tout mon bonheur.* He likewiſe added, that in a fortnight the *Devin* was to be performed a ſecond time; which confirmed in the eyes of the public the complete ſucceſs of the firſt.

Two days afterwards, about nine o'clock in the evening, as I was going to ſup with Madame D'.....y, I perceived a hackney-coach paſs by the door. Somebody within made a ſign to me to approach. I did ſo, and got into it, and found the perſon to be Diderot. He ſpoke of the penſion with more warmth than, upon ſuch a ſubject, I ſhould have expected from a philoſopher. He did not blame me for having been unwilling to be preſented to the king, but ſeverely reproached me with my indifference about the penſion. He obſerved that although on my own account I might be diſintereſted, I ought not to be ſo on that of Madame Vaſſeur, and her daughter; that it was my duty to ſeize every means of providing for their ſubſiſtence; and that as, after all, it could not be ſaid I had refuſed the penſion, he maintained I ought, ſince the king ſeemed diſ-

poſed

poſed to grant it me, to ſolicit and obtain it by one means or other. Although I was obliged to him for his good wiſhes, I could not reliſh his maxims, which produced a warm diſpute, the firſt I ever had with him. All our diſputes were of this kind, he preſcribing to me what he pretended I ought to do, and I defending myſelf becauſe I was of a different opinion.

It was late when we parted. I would have taken him to ſupper at Madame D.....y's, but he refuſed to go; and, notwithſtanding all the efforts which at different times the deſire of uniting thoſe I love induced me to make, to prevail upon him to ſee her, even that of conducting her to his door which he kept ſhut againſt us, he conſtantly refuſed to do it, and never ſpoke of her but with the utmoſt contempt. It was not until after I had quarrelled with them both that they became acquainted, and that he began to ſpeak honourably of her.

From this time Diderot and Grimm ſeemed to have undertaken to alienate from me the governeſſes, by giving them to underſtand that if they were not in eaſy circumſtances the fault was my own, and that they would never be ſo with me. They endeavoured to prevail on them to leave me, promiſing them the privilege for retailing ſalt, a ſnuff ſhop, and I know not what other advantages by means of the influence of Madame D'.....y. They likewiſe wiſhed to gain over Duclos and d'H.....k, but the former conſtantly refuſed their propoſals. I had at the time ſome intimation of what was going forward, but I was not fully acquainted with the whole until long afterwards; and I had frequently reaſon to

lament

lament the effects of the blind and indiſcreet zeal of my friends, who, in my ill ſtate of health ſtriving to reduce me to the moſt melancholy ſolitude, endeavoured, as they imagined, to render me happy by the means which, of all others, were the moſt proper to make me miſerable.

In the carnival following the concluſion of the year 1753, the *Devin* was performed at Paris, and in this interval I had ſufficient time to compoſe the overture and divertiſſement. This divertiſſement, ſuch as it ſtands engraved, was to be in action from the beginning to the end, and in a continual ſubject, which in my opinion afforded very agreeable repreſentations. But when I propoſed this idea at the opera-houſe, nobody would ſo much as hearken to me, and I was obliged to tack together muſic and dances in the uſual manner: on this account the *divertiſſement*, although full of charming ideas, which do not diminiſh the beauty of ſcenes, ſucceeded but very middlingly. I ſuppreſſed the recitative of Jelyotte, and ſubſtituted my own, ſuch as I had firſt compoſed it, and as it is now engraved; and this recitative, a little after the French manner, I confeſs, drawled out, inſtead of being pronounced by the actors, far from ſhocking the ears of any perſon, equally ſucceeded with the airs, and ſeemed in the judgment of the public to poſſeſs as much muſical merit. I dedicated my piece to Duclos, who had given it his protection, and declared it ſhould be my only dedication. I have however, with his conſent, written a ſecond; but he muſt have thought himſelf more honoured by the exception, than if I had not written a dedication to any perſon.

I could

I could relate many anecdotes concerning this piece, but things of greater importance prevent me from entering into a detail of them at preſent. I ſhall perhaps reſume the ſubject in a ſupplement. There is however one which I cannot omit, as it relates to the greater part of what is to follow. I one day examined the muſic of d'H.....k, in his cloſet. After having looked over many different kinds, he ſaid, ſhewing me a collection of pieces for the harpſichord: "Theſe were compoſed for me; they are full of taſte and harmony, and unknown to every body but myſelf. You ought to make a ſelection from them for your *divertiſſement.*" Having in my head more ſubjects of airs and ſymphonies than I could make uſe of, I was not the leaſt anxious to have any of his. However, he preſſed me ſo much, that, from a motive of complaiſance, I choſe a paſtoral which I abridged and converted into a trio, for the entry of the companions of *Colette.* Some months afterwards, and whilſt the *Devin* ſtill continued to be performed, going into Grimm's, I found ſeveral people about his harpſichord, whence he haſtily roſe on my arrival. As I accidentally looked towards his muſic ſtand, I there ſaw the ſame collection of the Baron d'H.....k, opened preciſely at the piece he had prevailed upon me to take, aſſuring me at the ſame time that it ſhould never go out of his hands. Some time afterwards, I again ſaw the collection open on the harpſichord of M. D'.....y, one day when he gave a little concert. Neither Grimm nor any body elſe ever ſpoke to me of the air, and my reaſon for mentioning it here is becauſe ſometime afterwards a rumour was ſpread that I was not the author of the *Devin.* As I never made a great

progreſs

progreſs in the practical part, I am perſuaded that had it not been for my dictionary of muſic, it would in the end have been ſaid I did not underſtand compoſition *.

Sometime before the *Devin du Village* was performed, a company of Italian *Bouffons* had arrived at Paris, and were ordered to perform at the opera-houſe, without the effect they would produce there being foreſeen. Although they were deteſtable, and the orcheſtra, at that time very ignorant, mutilated at will the pieces they gave; they did the French opera an injury that will never be repaired. The compariſon of theſe two kinds of muſic, heard the ſame evening in the ſame theatre, opened the ears of the French; nobody could endure their languid muſic after the marked and lively accents of Italian compoſition; and the moment the *Bouffons* had done, every body went away. The managers were obliged to change the order of repreſentation, and let the performance of the *Bouffons* be the laſt. *Eglé*, *Pygmalion* and *le Sylphe* were ſucceſſively given: nothing could bear the compariſon. The *Devin du Village* was the only piece that did it, and this was ſtill reliſhed after *la Serva Padrona* When I compoſed my interlude, my head was filled with theſe pieces, and they gave me the firſt idea of it: I was, however, far from imagining they would one day be paſſed in review by the ſide of my compoſition. Had I been a plagiariſt, how many pilferings would then have been manifeſt, and what care would have been taken to point them out to the public! But I had done nothing of the kind. All attempts to diſcover any ſuch

* I little ſuſpected this would be ſaid of me, notwithſtanding my dictionary.

thing

thing were fruitleſs: nothing was found in my muſic which led to the recollection of that of any other perſon; and my whole compoſition, compared with the pretended original, was found to be as new as the muſical characters I had invented. Had Mondonville or Rameau undergone the ſame ordeal, they would have loſt much of their ſubſtance.

The *Bouffons* acquired Italian muſic very warm partiſans. All Paris was divided into two parties, the violence of which was greater than if an affair of ſtate or religion had been in queſtion. One of them, the moſt powerful and numerous, compoſed of the great, of men of fortune, and the ladies, ſupported French muſic; the other, more lively and haughty, and fuller of enthuſiaſm, was compoſed of real connoiſſeurs, and men of talents and genius. This little group aſſembled at the opera-houſe, under the box belonging to the queen. The other party filled up the reſt of the pit and the theatre; but the heads were moſtly aſſembled under the box of his majeſty. Hence the party names of *Coin du Roi*, *Coin de la Reine**, then in great celebrity. The diſpute, as it became more animated, produced ſeveral pamphlets. The king's corner aimed at pleaſantry; it was laughed at by the *Petit Prophêt*. It attempted to reaſon; the *Lettre ſur la Muſique Françoiſe* refuted its reaſoning. Theſe two little productions, the former of which was by Grimm, the other by myſelf, are the only ones which have outlived the quarrel; all the reſt are long ſince forgotten.

But the *Petit Prophêt*, which, notwithſtanding all I could ſay, was for a long time attri-

* King's corner,——Queen's corner.

buted

buted to me, was conſidered as a pleaſantry, and did not produce the leaſt inconvenience to the author: whereas the letter on muſic was taken ſeriouſly, and incenſed againſt me the whole nation, which thought itſelf offended by this attack on its muſic. The deſcription of the incredible effect of this pamphlet would be worthy of the pen of Tacitus. The great quarrel between the parliament and the clergy was then at its height. The parliament had juſt been exiled; the fermentation was general; every thing announced an approaching inſurrection. The pamphlet appeared: from that moment every other quarrel was forgotten; the perilous ſtate of French muſic was the only thing by which the attention of the public was engaged, and the only inſurrection was againſt myſelf. This was ſo general that it has never ſince been totally calmed. At court, the baſtile or baniſhment was abſolutely determined on, and a *lettre de cachet* would have been iſſued had not M. de Voyer ſet forth in the moſt forcible manner that ſuch a ſtep would be ridiculous. Were I to ſay this pamphlet probably prevented a revolution, the reader would imagine I was in a dream. It is, however, a fact, the truth of which all Paris can atteſt, it being no more than fifteen years ſince the date of this ſingular fact. Although no attempts were made on my liberty, I ſuffered numerous inſults; and even my life was in danger. The muſicians of the opera orcheſtra humanely reſolved to murder me as I went out of the theatre. Of this I received information; but the only effect it produced on me was to make me more aſſiduouſly attend the opera; and I did not learn, until a conſiderable time afterwards, that M. Ancelet, officer

ficer in the mouſquetaires, and who had a friendſhip for me, had prevented the effect of this conſpiracy by giving me an eſcort, which, unknown to myſelf, accompanied me until I was out of danger. The direction of the opera-houſe had juſt been given to the hotel de ville. The firſt exploit performed by the Prévot des Marchands, was to take from me my freedom of the theatre, and this in the moſt uncivil manner poſſible. Admiſſion was publicly refuſed me on my preſenting myſelf, ſo that I was obliged to take a ticket that I might not that evening have the mortification to return as I had come. This injuſtice was the more ſhameful, as the only price I had ſet on my piece when I gave it to the managers was a perpetual freedom of the houſe; for although this was a right common to every author, and which I enjoyed under a double title, I expreſsly ſtipulated for it in preſence of M. Duclos. It is true, the treaſurer brought me fifty louis, for which I had not aſked; but, beſides the ſmallneſs of the ſum, compared with that which, according to the rules eſtabliſhed in ſuch caſes, was due to me, this payment had nothing in common with the right of entry formally granted, and which was entirely independent of it. There was in this behaviour ſuch a complication of iniquity and brutality, that the public, notwithſtanding its animoſity againſt me, which was then at its higheſt, was univerſally ſhocked at it, and many perſons who inſulted me the preceding evening, the next day exclaimed in the open theatre, that it was ſhameful thus to deprive an author of his right of entry; and particularly one who had ſo well deſerved it, and was entitled to claim it for himſelf and another

another perſon. So true is the Italian proverb : *Ogn' un ama la giuſtizia in coſa d'altrui**.

In this ſituation the only thing I had to d was to demand my work, ſince the price I had agreed to receive for it was refuſed me. For this purpoſe I wrote to M. d'A....., who had the department of the opera. I likewiſe encloſed to him a memoir which was unanſwerable ; but this, as well as my letter, was ineffectual, and I received no anſwer to either. The ſilence of that unjuſt man hurt me extremely, and did not contribute to increaſe the very moderate good opinion I always had of his character and abilities. It was in this manner the managers kept my piece while they deprived me of that for which I had given it them. From the weak to the ſtrong, ſuch an act would be a theft : from the ſtrong to the weak, it is nothing more than an appropriation of property, without a right.

With reſpect to the pecuniary advantages of the work, although it did not produce me a fourth part of the ſum it would have done to any other perſon, they were conſiderable enough to enable me to ſubſiſt ſeveral years, and to make amends for the ill ſucceſs of copying, which went on but very ſlowly. I received a hundred louis from the king ; fifty from Madame de Pompadour, for the performance at Bellevue, where ſhe herſelf played the part of Colin ; fifty from the opera ; and five hundred livres from Piſſot, for the engraving : ſo that this interlude, which coſt me no more than five or ſix weeks application, produced, notwithſtanding the ill treatment I received from the managers and my ſtupidity

* Every one loves juſtice in the affairs of another.

at

at court, almoſt as much money as my Emilius, which had coſt me twenty years meditation, and three years labour. But I paid dearly for the pecuniary eaſe I received from the piece, by the infinite vexations it brought upon me. It was the germ of the ſecret jealouſies which did not appear until a long time afterwards. After its ſucceſs I did not remark, either in Grimm, Diderot, or any of the men of letters, with whom I was acquainted, the ſame cordiality and frankneſs, nor that pleaſure in ſeeing me, I had previouſly experienced. The moment I appeared at the baron's the converſation was no longer general; the company divided into ſmall parties; whiſpered into each other's ears; and I remained alone, without knowing to whom to addreſs myſelf. I endured for a long time this mortifying neglect; and, perceiving that Madame d'H.....k, who was mild and amiable, ſtill received me well, I bore with the vulgarity of her huſband as long as it was poſſible. But he one day attacked me without reaſon or pretence, and with ſuch brutality, in preſence of Diderot, who ſaid not a word, and Margency, who ſince that time has often told me how much he admired the moderation and mildneſs of my anſwers, that, at length, driven from his houſe, by this unworthy treatment, I took leave with a reſolution never to enter again. This did not however prevent me from ſpeaking honourably of him and his houſe, whilſt he continually expreſſed himſelf relative to me in the moſt inſulting terms, calling me that *petit cuiſtre*: the little college pedant, or ſervitor in a college; without, however, being able to charge me with having done either to himſelf or any perſon to whom he was attached the moſt

trifling

trifling injury. In this manner he verified my fears and predictions. I am of opinion my pretended friends would have pardoned me for having written books, and even excellent ones, becauſe this merit was not foreign to themſelves; but that they could not forgive my writing an opera, nor the brilliant ſucceſs it had; becauſe there was not one amongſt them capable of the ſame, nor in a ſituation to aſpire to like honours. Duclos, the only perſon ſuperior to jealouſy, ſeemed to become more attached to me: he introduced me to Mademoiſelle Quinault, in whoſe houſe I received a polite attention, and civility to as great an extreme, as I had found a want of it in that of M. d'H.....k.

Whilſt the performance of the *Devin du Village* was continued at the opera-houſe, the author of it had an advantageous negociation with the managers of the French comedy. Not having, during ſeven or eight years, been able to get my Narciſſus performed at the Italian theatre, I had, by the bad performance in French of the actors, become diſguſted with it, and ſhould rather have had my piece received at the French theatre than by them. I mentioned this to La Noue, the comedian, with whom I had become acquainted, and who, as every body knows, was a man of merit, and an author. He was pleaſed with the piece, and promiſed to get it performed without ſuffering the name of the author to be known; and, in the mean time, procured me the freedom of the theatre, which was extremely agreeable to me, for I always preferred it to the two others. The piece was favourably received, and without the author's name being mentioned; but I have reaſon to believe it

was known to the actors, actreſſes, and many other perſons. Mademoiſelles Gauſſin and Grandval played the amorous parts; and although the whole performance was, in my opinion, injudicious, the piece could not be ſaid to be abſolutely ill played. The indulgence of the public, for which I felt much gratitude, ſurpriſed me; the audience had the patience to liſten to it from the beginning to the end, and to permit a ſecond repreſentation without ſhewing the leaſt ſign of diſapprobation. For my part, I was ſo wearied with the firſt, that I could not hold out to the end; and the moment I left the theatre, I went into the *Café de Procope*, where I found Boiſſi, and others of my acquaintance, who had probably been as much fatigued as myſelf. I there humbly or haughtily avowed myſelf the author of a piece, judging it as every body elſe had done. This public avowal of an author of a piece which had not ſucceeded, was much admired, and was by no means painful to myſelf. My ſelf-love was flattered by the courage with which I made it: and I am of opinion, that, on this occaſion, there was more pride in ſpeaking, than there would have been fooliſh ſhame in being ſilent. However, as it was certain the piece, although inſipid in the performance, would bear to be read, I had it printed; and in the preface, which is one of the beſt things I ever wrote, I began to make my principles more public than I had before done.

I ſoon had an opportunity to explain them entirely in a work of the greateſt importance: for it was, I think, this year, 1753, that the Programma of the Academy of Dijon upon the Origin of the Inequality of Mankind made

made its appearance. Struck with this great queſtion, I was ſurpriſed the academy had dared to propoſe it: but ſince it had ſhewn ſufficient courage to do it, I thought I might venture to treat it, and immediately undertook the diſcuſſion.

That I might conſider this grand ſubject more at my eaſe, I went to St. Germain for ſeven or eight days with Thérèſa, our hoſteſs, who was a good kind of woman, and one of her friends. I conſider this walk as one of the moſt agreeable ones I ever took. The weather was very fine. Theſe good women took upon themſelves all the cares and expence. Thérèſa amuſed herſelf with them; and I, free from all domeſtic concerns, diverted myſelf, without reſtraint, at the hours of dinner and ſupper. All the reſt of the day wandering in the foreſt, I ſought for and found there the image of the primitive ages of which I boldly traced the hiſtory. I confounded the pitiful lies of men; I dared to unveil their nature; to follow the progreſs of time, and the things by which it has been disfigured; and comparing the man of art with the natural man, to ſhew them, in their pretended improvement, the real ſource of all their miſery. My mind, elevated by theſe contemplations, aſcended to the Divinity, and thence, ſeeing my fellow creatures follow in the blind track of their prejudices, that of their errors and misfortunes, I cried out to them, in a feeble voice, which they could not hear: Madmen! know that all your evils proceed from yourſelves!

From theſe meditations reſulted the diſcourſe on inequality, a work more to the taſte of Diderot than any of my other writings, and

in which his advice was of the greateſt ſervice to me*. It was, however, underſtood but by few readers, and not one of theſe would ever ſpeak of it. I had written it to become a competitor for the premium, and ſent it away fully perſuaded it would not obtain it; well convinced it was not for productions of this nature that academies were founded.

This excurſion and this occupation enlivened my ſpirits and was of ſervice to my health. Several years before, tormented by my diſorder, I had entirely given myſelf up to the care of phyſicians, who, without alleviating my ſufferings, exhauſted my ſtrength and deſtroyed my conſtitution. At my return from St. Germain, I found myſelf ſtronger and perceived my health to be improved. I followed this indication, and determined to cure myſelf, or die without the aid of phyſicians and medicine. I bid them for ever adieu, and lived from day to day, keeping cloſe, when I found myſelf indiſpoſed, and going abroad the moment I had ſufficient ſtrength to do it. The manner of living in Paris amidſt people of pretenſions was ſo little to my liking; the cabals of men of letters, their little candour in their writings,

* At the time I wrote this I had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of the grand conſpiracy of Diderot and Grimm, otherwiſe I ſhould eaſily have diſcovered how much the former abuſed my confidence, by giving to my writings that ſeverity and melancholy which were not to be found in them, the moment he ceaſed to direct me. The paſſage of the philoſopher, who argues with himſelf, and ſtops his ears againſt the complaints of a man in diſtreſs, is after his manner; and he gave me others ſtill more extraordinary, which I could never reſolve to make uſe of. But, attributing this melancholy to that he had acquired in the dungeon of Vincennes, and of which there is a very ſufficient doſe in his Clairval, I never once ſuſpected the leaſt unfriendly dealing.

and the air of importance they gave themſelves in the world were ſo odious to me; I found ſo little mildneſs, openneſs of heart, and frankneſs in the intercourſe even of my friends; that, diſguſted with this life of tumult, I began ardently to wiſh to reſide in the country, and not perceiving that my occupations permitted me to do it, I went to paſs there all the time I had to ſpare. For ſeveral months I went after dinner to walk alone in the Bois de Boulogne, meditating on ſubjects for future works, and not returning until evening.

G.....t, with whom I was at that time extremely intimate, being on account of his employment obliged to go to Geneva, propoſed to me the journey, to which I conſented. The ſtate of my health was ſuch as to require the cares of the governeſs; it was therefore decided ſhe ſhould accompany us, and that her mother ſhould remain in the houſe. After thus having made our arrangements, we ſet off on the firſt of June, 1754.

This was the period when, at the age of forty-two, I for the firſt time in my life felt a diminution of my natural confidence, to which I had abandoned myſelf without reſerve or inconvenience. We had a private carriage in which with the ſame horſes we travelled very ſlowly. I frequently got out and walked. We had ſcarcely performed half our journey when Thérèſa ſhewed the greateſt uneaſineſs at being left in the carriage with G.....t; and when, notwithſtanding her remonſtrances, I would get out as uſual, ſhe inſiſted upon doing the ſame, and walking with me. I chid her for this caprice, and ſo ſtrongly oppoſed it, that at length ſhe found herſelf obliged to declare to me the cauſe whence it proceeded. I thought I

was

was in a dream; my aſtoniſhment was beyond expreſſion, when I learned that my friend M. de G.....t, upwards of ſixty years of age, crippled by the gout, impotent and exhauſted by pleaſures, had, ſince our departure, inceſſantly endeavoured to corrupt a perſon who belonged to his friend, and was no longer young nor handſome, by the moſt baſe and ſhameful means, ſuch as preſenting to her a purſe, attempting to inflame her imagination by the reading of an abominable book, and by the ſight of infamous figures, with which it was filled. Thérèſa, full of indignation, once threw his ſcandalous book out of the carriage; and I learned that on the firſt evening of our journey, a violent head-ach having obliged me to retire to bed before ſupper, he had employed the whole time of this tête-à-tête in actions more worthy of a ſatyr than a man of worth and honour, to whom I thought I had entruſted my companion and myſelf. What aſtoniſhment and grief of heart for me! I, who until then had believed friendſhip to be inſeparable from every amiable and noble ſentiment which conſtitutes all its charm, for the firſt time in my life found myſelf under the neceſſity of connecting it with diſdain, and of withdrawing my confidence from a man for whom I had an affection, and by whom I imagined myſelf beloved! The wretch concealed from me his turpitude; and that I might not expoſe Thérèſa, I was obliged to conceal from him my contempt, and ſecretly to harbour in my heart ſuch ſentiments as were foreign to its nature. Sweet and ſacred illuſion of friendſhip! G.....t firſt took the veil from before my eyes. What cruel hands have ſince that time

prevented it from again being drawn over them!

At Lyons I quitted G.....t to take the road to Savoy, being unable to be ſo near mamma without ſeeing her. I ſaw her—Good God, in what a ſituation! How contemptible! What remained to her of primitive virtue? Was it the ſame Madame de Warrens, formerly ſo gay and lively, to whom the vicar of Pointverre had given me recommendations? How my heart was wounded! The only reſource I ſaw for her was to quit the country. I earneſtly, but vainly repeated the invitation I had ſeveral times given her in my letters to come and live peacefully with me, aſſuring her I would dedicate the reſt of my life, and that of Thérèſa, to render her's happy. Attached to her penſion, from which, although it was regularly paid, ſhe had not for a long time received the leaſt advantage, my offers were loſt upon her. I again gave her a trifling part of the contents of my purſe, much leſs than I ought to have done, and conſiderably leſs than I ſhould have offered her had not I been certain of its not being of the leaſt ſervice to herſelf. During my reſidence at Geneva, ſhe made a journey into Chablais, and came to ſee me at Grange-canal. She was in want of money to continue her journey: what I had in my pocket was inſufficient to this purpoſe, but an hour afterwards I ſent it her by Thérèſa, Poor mamma! I muſt relate this proof of the goodneſs of her heart. A little diamond ring was the laſt jewel ſhe had left. She took it from her finger to put it upon that of Thérèſa, who inſtantly replaced it upon that whence it had been taken, kiſſing the generous hand which ſhe bathed with her tears. Ah! this

was

was the proper moment to diſcharge my debt! I ſhould have abandoned every thing to follow her, and ſhare her fate, let it be what it would. I did nothing of the kind. My attention was engaged by another attachment, and I perceived the attachment I had to her was abated by the ſlender hopes there were of rendering it uſeful to either of us. I ſighed after her, my heart was grieved at her ſituation, but I did not follow her. Of all the remorſe I ever felt this was the ſtrongeſt and moſt laſting. I merited the terrible chaſtiſement with which I have ſince that time inceſſantly been overwhelmed: may this have expiated my ingratitude! Of this I appear guilty in my conduct, but my heart has been too much diſtreſſed by what I did, ever to have been that of an ungrateful man.

Before my departure from Paris I had ſketched out the dedication of my diſcourſe on the inequality of mankind. I finiſhed it at Chamberry, and dated it from that place, thinking that, to avoid all chicane, it was better not to date it either from France or Geneva. The moment I arrived in that city I abandoned myſelf to the republican enthuſiaſm which had brought me to it. This was augmented by the reception I there met with. Kindly treated by perſons of every deſcription, I entirely gave myſelf up to a patriotic zeal, and mortified at being excluded from the rights of a citizen by the profeſſion of a religion different from that of my forefathers, I reſolved openly to return to the latter. I thought the goſpel being the ſame for every Chriſtian, and the only difference in religious opinions the reſult of the explanations given by men to that which they did not underſtand, it was the excluſive right

of

of the ſovereign power in every country to fix the mode of worſhip, and theſe unintelligible opinions; and that conſequently it was the duty of a citizen to admit the one, and conform to the other in the manner preſcribed by the law. The converſation of the Encyclopediſts, far from ſtaggering my faith, gave it new ſtrength by my natural averſion to diſputes and party. The ſtudy of man and the univerſe had every where ſhewn me the final cauſes and the wiſdom by which they were directed. The reading of the Bible, and eſpecially that of the New Teſtament, to which I had for ſeveral years paſt applied myſelf, had given me a ſovereign contempt for the baſe and ſtupid interpretations given to the words of Jeſus Chriſt by perſons the leaſt worthy of underſtanding his divine doctrine. In a word, philoſophy, while it attached me to the eſſential part of religion, had detached me from the traſh of the little formularies with which men had rendered it obſcure. Judging that for a reaſonable man there were not two ways of being a Chriſtian, I was alſo of opinion that in each country every thing relative to form and diſcipline was within the juriſdiction of the laws. From this principle, ſo ſocial and pacific, and which has brought upon me ſuch cruel perſecutions, it followed that, if I wiſhed to be a citizen of Geneva, I muſt become a Proteſtant, and conform to the mode of worſhip eſtabliſhed in my country. This I reſolved upon; I moreover put myſelf under the inſtructions of the paſtor of the pariſh in which I lived, and which was without the city. All I deſired was not to appear at the conſiſtory. However, the eccleſiaſtical edict was expreſsly to that effect; but it was agreed upon

to diſpenſe with it in my favour, and a commiſſion of five or ſix members was named to receive my profeſſion of faith. Unfortunately the miniſter Perdriau, a mild and an amiable man, took it into his head to tell me the members were rejoiced at the thoughts of hearing me ſpeak in the little aſſembly. This expectation alarmed me to ſuch a degree that having night and day during three weeks ſtudied a little diſcourſe I had prepared, I was ſo confuſed when I ought to have pronounced it that I could not utter a ſingle word, and during the conference I had the appearance of the moſt ſtupid ſchool-boy. The perſons deputed ſpoke for me, and I anſwered *yes* and *no*, like a blockhead; I was afterwards admitted to the communion, and re-inſtated in my rights as a citizen. I was enrolled as ſuch in the liſt of guards, paid by none but citizens and burgeſſes, and I attended at a council-general *extraordinary* to receive the oath from the ſyndic Muſſard. I was ſo impreſſed with the kindneſs ſhewn me on this occaſion by the council and the conſiſtory, and by the great civility and obliging behaviour of the magiſtrates, miniſters and citizens, that, preſſed by the worthy De Luc, who was inceſſant in his perſuaſions, and ſtill more ſo by my own inclination, I did not think of going back to Paris for any other purpoſe than to break up houſe-keeping, find a ſituation for M. and Madame le Vaſſeur, or provide for their ſubſiſtence, and then return with Thérèſa to Geneva, there to ſettle for the reſt of my days.

After taking this reſolution, I ſuſpended all ſerious affairs the better to enjoy the company of my friends until the time of my departure. Of all the amuſements of which I partook, that

that with which I was moſt pleaſed, was ſailing round the lake in a boat, with De Luc the father, his daughter-in-law, his two ſons, and my Thérèſa. We gave ſeven days to this excurſion in the fineſt weather poſſible. I preſerved a lively remembrance of the ſituation which ſtruck me at the other extremity of the lake, and of which I, ſome years afterwards, gave a deſcription in my New Eloiſe.

The principal connections I made at Geneva, beſides the De Lucs, of which I have ſpoken, were the young V....., with whom I had already been acquainted at Paris, and of whom I then formed a better opinion than I afterwards had of him; M. Perdriau, then a country paſtor, now profeſſor of *Belles Lettres*, whoſe mild and agreeable ſociety will ever make me regret the loſs of it, although he has ſince thought proper to detach himſelf from me; M. Jalabert, at that time profeſſor of natural philoſophy, ſince become counſellor and ſyndic, to whom I read my diſcourſe upon inequality (but not the dedication), with which he ſeemed to be delighted; the profeſſor Lullin, with whom I maintained a correſpondence until his death, and who gave me a commiſſion to purchaſe books for the library; the profeſſor V...., who, like moſt other people, turned his back upon me after I had given him proofs of attachment and confidence of which he ought to have been ſenſible, if a theologiſt can be affected by any thing; C....., clerk and ſucceſſor to Gauffecourt whom he wiſhed to ſupplant, and who, ſoon afterwards, was himſelf ſupplanted; M..... de M....., an old friend of my father's, and who had alſo ſhewn himſelf to be mine: after having well deſerved of his country, he became a dramatic author;

and

and pretending to be of the council of two hundred, changed his principles, and, before he died, became ridiculous. But he from whom I expected moſt was M....., a very promiſing young man by his talents and his brilliant imagination, whom I have always loved, although his conduct with reſpect to me was frequently equivocal, and notwithſtanding his being connected with my moſt cruel enemies; whom I cannot but look upon as deſtined to become the defender of my memory and the avenger of his friend.

In the midſt of theſe diſſipations, I neither loſt the taſte for my ſolitary excurſions, nor the habit of them; I frequently made long ones upon the banks of the lake, during which my mind, accuſtomed to reflection, did not remain idle. I digeſted the plan already formed of my political inſtitutions, of which I ſhall ſhortly have to ſpeak; I meditated a hiſtory of the Valais; the plan of a tragedy in proſe, the ſubject of which, nothing leſs than Lucretia, did not deprive me of the hope of ſucceeding, although I had dared again to exhibit that unfortunate heroine, when ſhe could no longer be ſuffered upon any French ſtage. I at that time tried my abilities with Tacitus, and tranſlated the firſt books of his hiſtory which will be found amongſt my papers.

After a reſidence of four months at Geneva, I returned in the month of October to Paris; and avoided paſſing through Lyons that I might not again have to travel with G.....t. As the arrangement I had made did not require my being at Geneva until the ſpring following, I returned, during the winter, to my habits and occupations; the principal of the latter was examining the proof ſheets of my diſcourſe

diſcourſe on the inequality of Mankind, which I had procured to be printed in Holland, by the bookſeller Rey, with whom I had juſt become acquainted at Geneva. This work was dedicated to the republic; but as the publication might be unpleaſing to the council, I wiſhed to wait until it had taken its effect at Geneva before I returned thither. This effect was not favourable to me; and the dedication, which the moſt pure patriotiſm had dictated, created me enemies in the council, and inſpired even many of the burgeſſes with jealouſy. M. Chouet, at that time firſt ſyndic, wrote me a polite but very cold letter, which will be found amongſt my papers. I received from private perſons, amongſt others from De Luc and De Jalabert, a few compliments, and theſe were all. I did not perceive that a ſingle Geneveſe was pleaſed with the hearty zeal found in the work. This indifference ſhocked all thoſe by whom it was remarked. I remember that dining one day at Clichy, at Madame D...n's with C.....n, reſident from the republic, and M. de Marian, the latter openly declared the council owed me a preſent and public honours for the work, and that it would diſhonour itſelf if it failed in either. C.....n, who was a black and miſchievous little man, dared not reply in my preſence, but he made a frightful grimace, which, however, forced a ſmile from Madame D...n. The only advantage this work procured me, beſides that reſulting from the ſatisfaction of my own heart, was the title of citizen given me by my friends, afterwards by the public after their example, and which I afterwards loſt by having too well merited.

This ill ſucceſs would not however have prevented my retiring to Geneva, had not more

powerful

powerful motives tended to the ſame effect. M. D'.....y, wiſhing to add a wing which was wanting to the chateau of the C.....e, was at an immenſe expence in completing it. Going one day with Madame D'.....y to ſee the building, we continued our walk a quarter of a league further to the reſervoir of the waters of the park which joined the foreſt of Montmorency, and where there was a handſome kitchen garden, with a little lodge, much out of repair, called the Hermitage. This ſolitary and very agreeable place had ſtruck me when I ſaw it for the firſt time before my journey to Geneva. I had exclaimed in my tranſport: Ah, madam, what a delightful habitation! This aſylum was purpoſely prepared for me. Madame D'.....y did not pay much attention to what I ſaid; but at this ſecond journey I was quite ſurpriſed to find, inſtead of the old decayed building, a little houſe almoſt entirely new, well laid out, and very habitable for a little family of three perſons. Madame D.....y had cauſed this to be done in ſilence, and at a very ſmall expence, by detaching a few materials and ſome of the workmen from the caſtle. She now ſaid to me, on remarking my ſurpriſe: My dear, here behold your aſylum: it is you who have choſen it; friendſhip offers it to you. I hope this will remove from you the cruel idea of ſeparating from me. I do not think I was ever in my life more ſtrongly or more delicioufly affected. I bathed with tears the beneficent hand of my friend; and if I were not conquered from that very inſtant even, I was extremely ſtaggered. Madame D'.. ..y, who would not be denied, became ſo preſſing, employed ſo many means, ſo many people to circumvent me, proceeding

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even ſo far as to gain over Madame le Vaſſeur and her daughter, that at length ſhe triumphed over all my reſolutions. Renouncing the idea of reſiding in my own country, I reſolved, I promiſed, to inhabit the Hermitage; and, whilſt the building was drying, Madame D'....y took care to prepare furniture, ſo that every thing was ready the following ſpring.

One thing which greatly aided me in determining, was the reſidence Voltaire had choſen near Geneva; I eaſily comprehended this man would cauſe a revolution there, and that I ſhould find in my country the manners which drove me from Paris; that I ſhould be under the neceſſity of inceſſantly ſtruggling hard, and have no other alternative than that of being an unſupportable pedant, a poltroon, or a bad citizen. The letter Voltaire wrote me on my laſt work, induced me to inſinuate my fears in my anſwer; and the effect this produced confirmed them. From that moment I conſidered Geneva as loſt, and I was not deceived. I perhaps ought to have met the ſtorm, had I thought myſelf capable of reſiſting it. But what could I have done alone, timid, and ſpeaking badly, againſt a man, arrogant, opulent, ſupported by the credit of the great, eloquent, and already the idol of the women and young men? I was afraid of uſeleſsly expoſing myſelf to danger to no purpoſe. I liſtened to nothing but my peaceful diſpoſition, to my love of repoſe, which, if it then deceived me, ſtill continues to deceive me on the ſame ſubject. By retiring to Geneva I ſhould have avoided great misfortunes; but I have my doubts whether, with all my ardent and patriotic zeal, I ſhould have been able

to

to effect any thing great and uſeful for my country.

T....., who about the ſame time went to reſide at Geneva, came afterwards to Paris, and brought with him treaſures. At his arrival he came to ſee me, with the Chevalier Jaucourt. Madame D'.....y had a ſtrong deſire to conſult him in private, but this it was not eaſy to do. She addreſſed herſelf to me, and I engaged T..... to go and ſee her. Thus under my auſpices they began a connection, which was afterwards increaſed at my expence. Such has ever been my deſtiny: the moment I had united two friends who were ſeparately mine, they never failed to combine againſt me. Although, in the conſpiracy then formed by the T.....s ....., they muſt all have borne me a mortal hatred. Le D....r ſtill continued friendly to me: he even wrote me a letter after his return to Geneva, to propoſe to me the place of honorary librarian. But I had taken my reſolution, and the offer did not tempt me to depart from it.

About this time I again viſited M. d'H.....k. My viſit was occaſioned by the death of his wife, which, as well as that of Madame F.....l, happened whilſt I was at Geneva. Diderot, when he communicated to me theſe melancholy events, ſpoke of the deep affliction of the huſband. His grief affected my heart. I myſelf was grieved for the loſs of that excellent woman, and wrote to M. d'H.....k a letter of condolence. I forgot all the wrongs he had done me, and at my return from Geneva, and after he had made the tour of France with Grimm and other friends to alleviate his affliction, I went to ſee him, and continued my viſits until my departure for the Hermitage.

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As ſoon as it was known in his ſociety that Madame D'.....y was preparing me an habitation there, innumerable ſarcaſms, founded upon the want I muſt feel of the flattery and amuſements of the city, and the ſuppoſition of my not being able to ſupport the ſolitude for a fortnight, were uttered againſt me. Feeling within myſelf how I ſtood affected, I left him and his friends to ſay what they pleaſed, and purſued my intention. M. d'H.....k rendered me ſome ſervices* in finding a place for the old le Vaſſeur, who was eighty years of age, and a burden to his wife from which ſhe begged me to relieve her. He was put into a houſe of charity, where almoſt as ſoon as he arrived there, age and the grief of finding himſelf removed from his family ſent him to the grave. His wife and all his children, except Thérèſa, did not much regret his loſs. But ſhe, who loved him tenderly, has ever ſince been inconſolable, and never forgiven herſelf for having ſuffered him, at ſo advanced an age, to end his days in any other houſe than her own.

Much about the ſame time I received a viſit I little expected, although it was from a very old acquaintance. My friend Venture, accompanied by another man, came upon me one morning by ſurpriſe. What a change did I diſcover in his perſon! Inſtead of his former

* This is an inſtance of the treachery of my memory. A long time after I had written what I have ſtated above, I learned, in converſing with my wife, that it was not M. d'H.....k but M. de Chenonceaux, then one of the adminiſtrators of the Hotel Dieu who procured this place for her father. I had ſo totally forgotten the circumſtance, and the idea of M. de H.....k's having done it was ſo ſtrong in my mind, that I would have ſworn it had been him.

gracefulneſs, he appeared ſottiſh and vulgar, which made me extremely reſerved with him. My eyes deceived me, or either debauchery had ſtupified his mind, or all his firſt ſplendour was the effect of his youth which was paſt. I ſaw him almoſt with indifference, and we parted rather coolly. But when he was gone, the remembrance of our former connection ſo ſtrongly called to my recollection that of my younger days, ſo charmingly, ſo prudently dedicated to that angelic woman (Madame de Warens) who was not much leſs changed than himſelf; the little anecdotes of that happy time, the romantic day of *Toune* paſſed with ſo much innocence and enjoyment between thoſe two charming girls, from whom a kiſs of the hand was the only favour, and which, notwithſtanding its being ſo trifling, had left me ſuch lively, affecting, and laſting regrets; and the raviſhing delirium of a young heart, which I had then felt in all its force, and of which I thought the ſeaſon for ever paſt for me: The tender remembrance of theſe delightful circumſtances made me ſhed tears over my faded youth and its tranſports for ever loſt to me. Ah! how many tears ſhould I have ſhed over their tardy and fatal return, had I foreſeen the evils I had yet to ſuffer from them.

Before I left Paris, I enjoyed, during the winter which preceded my retreat, a pleaſure after my own heart, and of which I taſted in all its purity. Paliſſot, academician of Nancy, known by a few dramatic compoſitions, had juſt had one of them performed at Luneville before the king of Poland. He perhaps thought to make his court by repreſenting in his piece a man who had dared to enter

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into a literary diſpute with the king. Staniſlaus, who was generous, and did not like ſatire, was filled with indignation at the author's daring to be perſonal in his preſence. The Comte de Treſſan, by order of the prince, wrote to M. d'Alembert, as well as to myſelf, to inform me that it was the intention of his majeſty to have Paliſſot expelled his academy. My anſwer was a ſtrong ſolicitation in favour of Paliſſot, begging M. de Treſſan to intercede with the king in his behalf. His pardon was granted, and M. de Treſſan, when he communicated to me the information in the name of the monarch, added that the whole of what had paſſed ſhould be inſerted in the regiſter of the academy. I replied that this was leſs granting a pardon than perpetuating a puniſhment. At length, after repeated ſolicitations, I obtained a promiſe, that nothing relative to the affair ſhould be inſerted in the regiſter, and that no public trace ſhould remain of it. The promiſe was accompanied, as well on the part of the king as on that of M. de Treſſan, with aſſurances of eſteem and reſpect with which I was extremely flattered; and I felt on this occaſion that the eſteem of men who are themſelves worthy of it, produces in the mind a ſentiment infinitely more noble and pleaſing than that of vanity. I have tranſcribed into my collection the letters of M. de Treſſan, with my anſwers to them; and the original of the former will be found amongſt my other papers.

I am perfectly aware that if ever theſe memoirs become public, I here perpetuate the remembrance of a fact of which I would wiſh to efface every trace; but I tranſmit many others as much againſt my inclination. The grand

grand object of my undertaking, conſtantly before my eyes, and the indiſpenſable duty of fulfilling it to its utmoſt extent, will not permit me to be turned aſide by trifling conſiderations, which would lead me from my purpoſe. In my ſtrange and unparalleled ſituation I owe too much to truth to be farther than this indebted to any perſon whatever. They who wiſh to know me well muſt be acquainted with me in every point of view, in every relative ſituation, both good and bad. My confeſſions are neceſſarily connected with thoſe of many other people: I write both with the ſame frankneſs in every thing that relates to that which has befallen me; and am not obliged to ſpare any perſon more than myſelf, although it is my wiſh to do it. I am determined always to be juſt and true, ſay to of others all the good I can, never ſpeaking of evil except when it relates to my own conduct, and there is a neceſſity for my ſo doing. Who, in the ſituation in which the world has placed me, has a right to require more at my hands? My confeſſions are not intended to appear during my life-time, nor that of thoſe whom they may diſagreeably effect. Were I maſter of my own deſtiny, and that of the book I am now writing, it ſhould never be made public until after my death and theirs. But the efforts which the dread of truth obliges my powerful enemies to make to deſtroy every trace of it, render it neceſſary for me to do every thing which the ſtricteſt right, and the moſt ſevere juſtice, will permit, to preſerve what I have written. Were the remembrance of me to be loſt at my diſſolution, rather than expoſe any perſon alive, I would, without a murmur, ſuffer an unjuſt and momentary reproach. But ſince my name is to live,

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it is my duty to endeavour to tranſmit with it to poſterity the remembrance of the unfortunate man by whom it was borne, ſuch as he really was, and not ſuch as his unjuſt enemies inceſſantly endeavour to deſcribe him.

END OF BOOK EIGHTH.

THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU.

BOOK IX.

MY impatience to inhabit the Hermitage not permitting me to wait until the return of fine weather, the moment my lodging was prepared I haſtened to take poſſeſſion of it to the great amuſement of the *Coterie H....chique*, which publicly predicted I ſhould not be able to ſupport ſolitude for three months, and that I ſhould unſucceſsfully return to Paris, and live there as they did. For my part, having, for fifteen years, been out of my element, and finding myſelf upon the eve of returning to it, I paid no attention to their pleaſantries. Since, contrary to my inclinations, I have again entered the world, I have inceſſantly regretted my dear Charmettes, and the agreeable life I led there. I felt a natural inclination to retirement and the country; it was impoſſible for me to live happily elſewhere. At Venice, in the train of public affairs, in the dignity of a kind of repreſentation, in the pride of

of projects of advancement; at Paris, in the vortex of the great world, in the luxury of ſuppers, in the brilliancy of ſpectacles, in the rays of ſplendor; my groves, rivulets, and ſolitary walks, conſtantly preſented themſelves to my recollection, interrupted my thoughts, rendered me melancholy, and made me ſigh with deſire. All the labour to which I had ſubjected myſelf, every project of ambition which by fits had animated my ardour, all had for object this happy country retirement, which I now thought near at hand. Without having acquired a genteel independence, which I had judged to be the only means of accompliſhing my views, I imagined myſelf, in my particular ſituation, to be able to do without it, and that I could obtain the ſame end by a means quite oppoſite. I had no regular income; but I poſſeſſed ſome talents, and had acquired a name. My wants were few, and I had freed myſelf from all thoſe which were moſt expenſive, and which merely depended on prejudice and opinion. Beſides this, although naturally indolent, I was laborious when I choſe to be ſo; and my idleneſs was leſs that of an indolent man, than that of an independent one who applies to buſineſs when it pleaſes him. My profeſſion of a copyiſt of muſic was neither ſplendid nor lucrative, but it was certain. The world gave me credit for the courage I had ſhewn in making choice of it. I might depend upon having ſufficient employment to enable me to live. Two thouſand livres, which remained of the produce of the *Devin du Village*, and my other writings, were a ſum which kept me from being ſtreightened, and ſeveral works I had upon the ſtocks promiſed me, without extorting money from the bookſellers, ſupplies ſufficient to enable

able me to work at my eaſe without exhauſting myſelf, even by turning to advantage the leiſures of my walks. My little family, conſiſting of three perſons, all of whom were uſefully employed, was not expenſive to ſupport. Finally, from my reſources, proportioned to my wants and deſires, I might reaſonably expect a happy and permanent exiſtence, in that manner of life which my inclination had induced me to adopt.

I might have taken the intereſted ſide of the queſtion, and, inſtead of ſubjecting my pen to copying, entirely devoted it to works which, from the elevation to which I had ſoared, and at which I found myſelf capable of continuing, might have enabled me to live in the midſt of abundance, nay even of opulence, had I been the leaſt diſpoſed to join the manœuvres of an author to the care of publiſhing a good book. But I felt that writing for bread would ſoon have extinguiſhed my genius, and deſtroyed my talents, which were leſs in my pen than in my heart, and ſolely proceeded from an elevated and noble manner of thinking, by which alone they could be cheriſhed and preſerved. Nothing vigorous or great can come from a pen totally venal. Neceſſity, nay even avarice, perhaps, would have made me write rather rapidly than well. If the deſire of ſucceſs had not led me into cabals, it might have made me endeavour to publiſh fewer true and uſeful works than thoſe which might be pleaſing to the multitude; and inſtead of a diſtinguiſhed author, which I might poſſibly become, I ſhould have been nothing more than a ſcribbler. No: I have always felt that the profeſſion of letters was illuſtrious in proportion as it was leſs a trade. It is too difficult to think nobly

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when we think for a livelihood. To be able, to dare even to ſpeak great truths, an author muſt be independent of ſucceſs. I gave my books to the public with a certainty of having written for the general good of mankind, without giving myſelf the leaſt concern about what was to follow. If the work was thrown aſide, ſo much the worſe, for ſuch as did not chuſe to profit by it. Their approbation was not neceſſary to enable me to live, my profeſſion was ſufficient to maintain me had not my works had a ſale, for which reaſon alone they all ſold.

It was on the ninth of Auguſt, 1756, that I left cities, never to reſide in them again: for I do not call a reſidence the few days I afterwards remained in Paris, London, or other cities, always on the wing, or contrary to my inclinations. Madame D'.....y came and took us all three in her coach; her farmer carted away my little baggage, and I was put into poſſeſſion the ſame day. I found my little retreat ſimply furniſhed, but neatly and with ſome taſte. The hand which had lent its aid in this furniſhing, rendered it ineſtimable in my eyes, and I thought it charming to be the gueſt of my female friend in a houſe I had made choice of, and which ſhe had cauſed to be built purpoſely for me.

Although the weather was cold, and the ground lightly covered with ſnow, the earth began to vegitate: violets and primroſes already made their appearance, the trees began to bud, and the evening of my arrival was diſtinguiſhed by the ſong of the nightingale, which was heard, almoſt under my window, in a wood adjoining to the houſe. After a light ſleep, forgetting when I awoke my change of

abode, I ſtill thought myſelf in the Rue Grenelle, when, ſuddenly, this warbling made me give a ſtart, and I exclaimed in my tranſport: At length, all my wiſhes are accompliſhed! The firſt thing I did was to abandon myſelf to the impreſſion of the rural objects with which I was ſurrounded. Inſtead of beginning to ſet things in order in my new habitation, I began by doing it for my walks, and there was not a path, a copſe, a grove, nor a corner in the environs of my place of reſidence that I did not viſit the next day. The more I examined this charming retreat, the more I found it to my wiſhes. This ſolitary, rather than ſavage, ſpot tranſported me in idea to the end of the world. It had ſtriking beauties which are but ſeldom found near cities, and never, if ſuddenly tranſported thither, could any perſon have imagined himſelf within four leagues of Paris.

After abandoning myſelf for a few days to this rural delirium, I began to arrange my papers, and regulate my occupations. I ſet apart, as I had always done, my mornings to copying, and my afternoons to walking, provided with my little paper book and a pencil, for never having been able to write and think at my eaſe except *ſub dio*, I had no inclination to depart from this method, and I was perſuaded the foreſt of Montmorency, which was almoſt at my door, would in future be my cloſet and ſtudy. I had ſeveral works begun: theſe I caſt my eye over. My mind was indeed fertile in great projects, but in the noiſe of the city the execution of them had gone on but ſlowly. I propoſed to myſelf to uſe more diligence when I ſhould be leſs interrupted. I am of opinion, I have ſufficiently fulfilled this intention;

intention; and for a man frequently ill, often at la C.....e, at E....y, at Eaubonne, at the caſtle of Montmorency, at other times interrupted by the indolent and curious, and always employed half the day in copying, if what I produced, during the ſix years I paſſed at the Hermitage, and at Montmorency, be conſidered, I am perſuaded it will appear, that if, in this interval, I loſt my time, it was not in idleneſs.

Of the different works I had upon the ſtocks, that I had longeſt reſolved in my mind, which was moſt to my taſte, to which I deſtined a certain portion of my life, and which, in my opinion, was to confirm the reputation I had acquired, was my *Inſtitutions Politiques**. I had, fourteen years before, when at Venice, where I had an opportunity of remarking the defects of that government ſo much boaſted of, conceived the firſt idea of them. Since that time my views had become much more extended by the hiſtorical ſtudy of morality. I had perceived every thing to be radically connected with politics, and that, upon whatever principles theſe were founded, a people would never be more than that which the nature of the government made them; therefore the great queſtion of the beſt government poſſible appeared to me to be reduced to this: What is the nature of a government the propereſt to form the moſt virtuous and enlightened, the wiſeſt and beſt people, taking the laſt epithet in its moſt extenſive meaning? I thought this queſtion was much if not quite of the ſame nature with that which follows: What government is that which by its nature always

* Political Inſtitutions.

maintains itſelf neareſt to the laws, (or leaſt deviates from the laws)*. Hence, what is the law? and a ſeries of queſtions of ſimilar importance. I perceived theſe led to great truths, uſeful to the happineſs of mankind, but more eſpecially to that of my country, wherein, in the journey I had juſt made to it, I had not found notions of laws and liberty either ſufficiently juſt or clear. I had thought this indirect manner of communicating theſe to my fellow citizens would be leaſt mortifying to their pride, and might obtain me forgiveneſs for having ſeen a little farther than themſelves.

Although I had already laboured five or ſix years at the work, the progreſs I had made in it was not conſiderable. Writings of this kind require meditation, leiſure, and tranquillity. I had beſides written the *Inſtitutions Politiques*, as the expreſſion is, *en bonne fortune*, and had not communicated my project to any perſon, not even to Diderot. I was afraid it would be thought too daring for the age and country in which I wrote, and that the fears of my friends would reſtrain me in from carrying it into execution †. I did not yet know that it would be finiſhed in time and in ſuch a

* *Quel eſt le gouvernment qui par ſa nature ſe tient toujours le plus près de la loi?*

† It was more eſpecially the wiſe ſeverity of Duclos which inſpired me with this fear; as for Diderot, I know not by what means all my conferences with him tended to make me more ſatirical than my natural diſpoſition inclined me to be. This prevented me from conſulting him upon an undertaking, in which I wiſhed to introduce nothing but the force of reaſoning without the leaſt appearance of ill humour or partiality. The manner of this work may be judged of by that of the *Contrat Social** which is taken from it.

* Social Contract.

manner

manner as to appear before my deceaſe. I wiſhed fearleſsly to give to my ſubject every thing it required; fully perſuaded that not being of a ſatirical turn, and never wiſhing to be perſonal, I ſhould in equity always be judged irreprehenſible. I undoubtedly wiſhed fully to enjoy the right of thinking which I had by birth; but ſtill reſpecting the government under which I lived, without ever diſobeying its laws, and, very attentive not to violate the rights of perſons, I would not from fear renounce its advantages.

I confeſs even that, as a ſtranger, and living in France, I found my ſituation very favourable in daring to ſpeak the truth; well knowing that continuing, as I was determined to do, not to print any thing in the kingdom without permiſſion, I was not obliged to give to any perſon in it an account of my maxims nor of their publication elſewhere. I ſhould have been leſs independent even at Geneva, where, in whatever place my books might have been printed, the magiſtrate had a right to criticiſe their contents. This conſideration had greatly contributed to make me yield to the ſolicitations of Madame D'.....y, and abandon the project of fixing my reſidence at Geneva. I felt, as I have remarked in my Emilius, that unleſs an author be a man of intrigue, when he wiſhes to render his works really uſeful to any country whatſoever, he muſt compoſe them in ſome other.

What made me find my ſituation ſtill more happy, was my being perſuaded that the government of France would, perhaps, without looking upon me with a very favourable eye, make it a point to protect me, or at leaſt not to diſturb my tranquillity. It appeared to me

a ſtroke

a ſtroke of ſimple, yet dexterous policy, to make a merit of tolerating that which there was no means of preventing; ſince had I been driven from France, which was all government had the right to do, my work would ſtill have been written, and, perhaps, with leſs reſerve; whereas if I were left undiſturbed, the author remained to anſwer for what he wrote, and a prejudice, general throughout all Europe, would be deſtroyed by acquiring the reputation of obſerving a proper reſpect for the rights of perſons.

They who, by the event, ſhall judge I was deceived, may perhaps be deceived in their turn. In the ſtorm which has ſince broken over my head, my books ſerved as a pretence, but it was againſt my perſon that every ſhaft was directed. My perſecutors gave themſelves but little concern about the author, but they wiſhed to ruin *Jean Jacques*; and the greateſt evil they found in my writings was the honour they might poſſibly do me. Let us not encroach upon the future. I do not know that this myſtery, which is ſtill one to me, will hereafter be cleared up to my readers; but had my avowed principles been of a nature to bring upon me the treatment I received, I ſhould ſooner have become their victim, ſince the work in which theſe principles are manifeſted with moſt courage, not to call it audacity, ſeemed to have had its effect previous to my retreat to the Hermitage, without I will not only ſay my having received the leaſt cenſure, but without any ſteps having been taken to prevent the publication of it in France, where it was ſold as publicly as in Holland. The new Eloiſa afterwards appeared with the

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ſame facility, I dare add, with the ſame applauſe; and, what ſeems incredible, the profeſſion of faith of this Eloiſa at the point of death, is exactly ſimilar to that of the Savoyard vicar. Every ſtrong idea in the Social Contract had been before publiſhed in the diſcourſe on Inequality; and every bold opinion in Emilius previouſly found in Eloiſa. This unreſtrained freedom did not excite the leaſt murmur againſt the two firſt works; therefore it was not that which gave cauſe to it againſt the latter.

Another undertaking much of the ſame kind, but of which the project was more recent then engaged my attention: this was the extract of the works of the Abbé de Saint Pierre, of which, having been led away by the thread of my narrative, I have not hitherto been able to ſpeak. The idea was ſuggeſted to me after my return from Geneva, by the Abbé Mably, not immediately from himſelf, but by the interpoſition of Madame D...n, who had ſome intereſt in engaging me to adopt it. She was one of the three or four pretty women of Paris, of whom the Abbé de Saint Pierre had b en the ſpoiled child, and although ſhe had not decidedly had the preference, ſhe had at leaſt partaken of it with Madame d'A.....n. She preſerved for the memory of the good man a reſpect and an affection which did honour to them both; and her ſelf-love would have been flattered by ſeeing the ſtill-born works of her friend brought to life by her ſecretary. Theſe works contained excellent things, but ſo badly told that the reading of them was almoſt inſupportable; and it is aſtoniſhing the Abbé de Saint Pierre, who looked upon his readers as ſchool boys, ſhould

ſhould nevertheleſs have ſpoken to them as men, by the little care he took to induce them to give him a hearing. It was for this purpoſe that the work was propoſed to me as uſeful in itſelf and very proper for a man laborious in manœuvre, but idle as an author, who finding the trouble of thinking very fatiguing, preferred, in things which pleaſed him, throwing a light upon and extending the ideas of others, to producing any himſelf. Beſides, not being confined to the function of a tranſlator, I was at liberty ſometimes to think for myſelf; and I had it in my power to give ſuch a form to my work, that many important truths would paſs in it under the name of the Abbé de Saint Pierre, much more ſafely than under mine. The undertaking alſo was not trifling: the buſineſs was nothing leſs than to read and meditate twenty-three volumes, diffuſe, confuſed, full of long narrations and periods, repetitions, and falſe or little views, from amongſt which it was neceſſary to ſelect ſome few that were great and uſeful and ſufficiently encouraging to enable me to ſupport the painful labour. I frequently wiſhed to have given it up, and ſhould have done ſo could I have got it off my hands with a good grace; but when I received the manuſcripts of the Abbé, which were given me by his nephew, the Comte de Saint Pierre, I had by the ſolicitation of Saint Lambert, in ſome meaſure engaged to make uſe of them, which I muſt either have done or have given them back. It was with the former intention I had taken the manuſcripts to the Hermitage, and this was the firſt work to which I propoſed to dedicate my leiſure hours.

I had

I had likewiſe in my own mind projected a third, the idea of which I owed to the obſervations I had made upon myſelf, and I felt the more diſpoſed to undertake this work, as I had reaſon to hope I could make it a truly uſeful one, and, perhaps, the moſt ſo of any that could be offered to the world, were the execution equal to the plan I had laid down. It has been remarked that moſt men are in the courſe of their lives frequently unlike themſelves, and ſeem to be transformed into others very different from what they were. It was not to eſtabliſh a thing ſo generally known that I wiſhed to write a book; I had a newer and more important object. This was to ſearch for the cauſes of theſe variations, and, by confining my obſervations to thoſe which depend on ourſelves, to demonſtrate in what manner it might be poſſible to direct them, in order to render us better and more certain of our diſpoſitions. For it is undoubtedly more painful to an honeſt man to reſiſt deſires already formed, and which it is his duty to ſubdue, than to prevent, change, or modify the ſame deſires in their ſource, were he capable of tracing them to it. A man under temptation reſiſts once becauſe he has ſtrength of mind, he yields another time becauſe this is overcome; had it been the ſame as before he would again have triumphed.

By examining within myſelf, and ſearching in others what could be the cauſe of theſe different manners of being, I diſcovered that, in a great meaſure, they depended on the anterior impreſſion of external objects; and that, continually modified by our ſenſes and organs, we, without knowing it, bore in our ideas, ſentiments, and even actions, the effect of theſe

modifications. The ſtriking and numerous obſervations I had collected were beyond all manner of diſpute, and by their natural principles ſeemed proper to furniſh an exterior regimen, which, varied according to circumſtances, might place and ſupport the mind in the ſtate moſt favourable to virtue. From how many miſtakes would reaſon be preſerved, how many vices would be ſtified in their birth, were it poſſible to force animal œconomy to favour moral order, which it ſo frequently diſturbs! Climates, ſeaſons, ſounds, colours, light, darkneſs, the elements, aliments, noiſe, ſilence, motion, reſt, all act on the animal machine, and conſequently on the mind; all offer us a thouſand means, almoſt certain of directing in their origin the ſentiments by which we ſuffer ourſelves to be governed. Such was the fundamental idea of which I had already made a ſketch upon paper, and whence I hoped for an effect the more certain, in favour of perſons well diſpoſed, who, ſincerely loving virtue, were afraid of their own weakneſs, as it appeared to me eaſy to make of it a book as agreeable to read as it was to compoſe. I have, however, applied myſelf but very little to this work, the title of which was to have been *Morale Senſitive, ou le Materialiſme du Sage**. Interruptions, the cauſe of which will ſoon appear, prevented me from continuing it, and the fate of the ſketch, which is more connected with my own than it may appear to be, will hereafter be ſeen.

Beſides this, I had for ſome time meditated a ſyſtem of education, of which Madame de C.....x, alarmed for her ſon by that of her

* Senſitive Morality, or the Materialiſm of the Sage.

huſband,

huſband, had deſired me to conſider. The authority of friendſhip placed this object, although leſs in itſelf to my taſte, nearer to my heart than any other. On which account this ſubject, of all thoſe of which I have juſt ſpoken, is the only one I carried to its utmoſt extent. The end I propoſed to myſelf in treating of it ſhould, I think, have procured the author a better fate. But I will not here anticipate this melancholy ſubject. I ſhall have too much reaſon to ſpeak of it in the courſe of my work.

Theſe different objects offered me ſubjects of meditation for my walks: for, as I believe I have already obſerved, I am unable to reflect when I am not walking: the moment I ſtop, I think no more, and as ſoon as I am again in motion, my head reſumes its workings. I had, however, provided myſelf with a work for the cloſet upon rainy days. This was my dictionary of muſic, which my ſcattered, mutilated, and unſhapen materials made it neceſſary to rewrite almoſt entirely. I had with me ſome books neceſſary to this purpoſe; I had ſpent two months in making extracts from others, which I had borrowed from the king's library, whence I was permitted to take ſeveral to the Hermitage. I was thus provided with materials for compoſing in my apartment when the weather did not permit me to go out, and my copying fatigued me. This arrangement was ſo convenient that I made it turn to advantage as well at the Hermitage as at Montmorency, and afterwards even at Motiers, where I completed the work whilſt I was engaged in others, and conſtantly found a change of occupation to be a real relaxation.

During

During a conſiderable time I exactly followed the diſtribution I had preſcribed myſelf, and found it very agreeable; but as ſoon as the fine weather brought Madame D'.....y more frequently to E....y, or to the C.....e, I found that attentions, in the firſt inſtance, natural to me, but which I had not conſidered in my ſcheme, conſiderably deranged my projects. I have already obſerved that Madame D'.....y had many amiable qualities: ſhe ſincerely loved her friends; ſerved them with zeal; and, not ſparing for them either time or pains, certainly deſerved on their part every attention in return. I had hitherto diſcharged this duty, without conſidering it as one; but at length I found I had given myſelf a chain of which nothing but friendſhip prevented me from feeling the weight, and this was ſtill aggravated by my diſlike to numerous ſocieties. Madame D'.....y took advantage of theſe circumſtances to make me a propoſition ſeemingly agreeable to me, but which was more ſo to herſelf: this was to let me know when ſhe was alone, or had but little company. I conſented without perceiving to what a degree I engaged myſelf. The conſequence was that I no longer viſited her at my own hour but at her's, and that I never was certain of being maſter of myſelf for a day together. This conſtraint conſiderably diminiſhed the pleaſure I had in going to ſee her. I found the liberty ſhe had ſo frequently promiſed was given me upon no other condition than that of my never enjoying it; and once or twice when I wiſhed to do this there were ſo many meſſages, notes, and alarms relative to my health, that I perceived I could have no excuſe but being confined to my bed for not immediately running to her upon the firſt intimation.

timation. It was neceſſary I ſhould ſubmit to this yoke, and I did it, even more voluntarily than could be expected from ſo great an enemy to dependence: the ſincere attachment I had to Madame D'.....y preventing me in a great meaſure from feeling the inconvenience with which it was accompanied. She, on her part, filled up, well or ill, the void which the abſence of her uſual circle left in her amuſements. This for her was but a very ſlender ſupplement, although preferable to abſolute ſolitude, which ſhe could not ſupport. She had the means of doing it much more at her eaſe after ſhe began with literature, and at all events to write novels, letters, comedies, tales, and other traſh of the ſame kind. But ſhe was not ſo much amuſed in writing theſe as in reading them; and ſhe never ſcribbled over two or three pages at one ſitting, without being previouſly aſſured of having, at leaſt, two or three benevolent auditors at the end of ſo much labour. I ſeldom had the honour of being one of the choſen few except by means of another. When alone, I was, for the moſt part, conſidered as a cypher in every thing; and this not only in the company of Madame D'.....y, but in that of M. d'H.....k, and in every place where Grimm gave the *ton*. This nullity was very convenient to me, except in a *tête-à-tête*, when I knew not what countenance to put on, not daring to ſpeak of literature, of which it was not for me to ſay a word; nor of gallantry, being too timid, and fearing, more than death, the ridiculouſneſs of an old gallant; beſides that, I never had ſuch an idea when in the company of Madame D'.....y, and that it perhaps would never have occurred to me, had I paſſed my whole life with her: not that her

perſon

perſon was in the leaſt diſagreeable to me; on the contrary, I loved her perhaps too much as a friend to do it as a lover. I felt a pleaſure in ſeeing and ſpeaking to her. Her converſation, although agreeable enough in a mixed company, was unintereſting in private; mine, not more elegant or entertaining than her own, was no great amuſement to her. Aſhamed of being long ſilent, I endeavoured to enliven our *tête-à-tête*, and, although this frequently fatigued me, I never was diſguſted with it. I was happy to ſhew her little attentions, and give her little fraternal kiſſes, which ſeemed not to be more ſenſual to herſelf; theſe were all. She was very thin, very pale, and had a boſom which reſembled the back of her hand. This defect alone would have been ſufficient to moderate my moſt ardent deſires; my heart never could diſtinguiſh a woman in a perſon who had it; and beſides other cauſes, uſeleſs to mention, always made me forget the ſex of this lady.

Having reſolved to conform to an aſſiduity which was neceſſary, I immediately and voluntarily entered upon it, and, for the firſt year at leaſt, found it leſs burthenſome than I could have expected. Madame D'.....y, who commonly paſſed the ſummer in the country, continued there but a part of this; whether ſhe was more detained by her affairs at Paris, or that the abſence of Grimm rendered the reſidence of the C.....e leſs agreeable to her, I know not. I took the advantage of the intervals of her abſence, or when the company with her was numerous, to enjoy my ſolitude with my good Théreſa and her mother, in ſuch a manner as to taſte all its charms. Although I had for ſeveral years paſt been frequently in the

the country, I ſeldom had enjoyed much of its pleaſures; and theſe excurſions, always made in company with people who conſidered themſelves as perſons of conſequence, and rendered inſipid by conſtraint, ſerved to increaſe in me the natural deſire I had for ruſtic pleaſures. The want of theſe was the more ſenſible to me, as I had the image of them immediately before my eyes. I was ſo tired of ſalloons, jets-d'eau, groves, parterres, and of the more fatiguing perſons by whom they were ſhewn; ſo exhauſted with pamphlets, harpſichords, trios, unravellings of plots, ſtupid *bon mots*, inſipid affectation, pitiful ſtory-tellers, and great ſuppers; that when I gave a ſide glance at a poor ſimple hawthorn buſh, a hedge, a barn, or a meadow; when, in paſſing through a hamlet, I ſcented a good cheivil omelette, and heard, at a diſtance, the burden of the ruſtic ſong of the *Biſquieres*; I wiſhed all rouge, furbelows, and amber at the d—l, and envying the dinner of the good houſe-wife, and the wine of her own vine-yard, I heartily wiſhed to give a ſlap on the chops to Monſieur le Chef, and Monſieur le Maître, who made me dine at the hour of ſupper, and ſup when I ſhould have been aſleep, but eſpecially to Meſſieurs the lackeys who devoured with their eyes the morſels I put into my mouth, and upon pain of dying with thirſt, ſold me the adulterated wine of their maſter, ten times dearer than that of a better quality would have coſt me at a public houſe.

At length I was ſettled in an agreeable and ſolitary aſylum, at liberty to paſs there the reſt of my days, in that peaceful, equal, and independent life for which I felt myſelf born. Before I relate the effect this ſituation, ſo new to me,

me, had upon my heart, it is proper I ſhould recapitulate its ſecret affections, that the reader may better follow in their cauſes the progreſs of theſe new modifications.

I have always conſidered the day on which I was united to Thérèſa as that which fixed my moral exiſtence. An attachment was neceſſary for me, ſince that which ſhould have been ſufficient to my heart had been ſo cruelly broken. The thirſt after happineſs is never extinguiſhed in the heart of man. Mamma was advancing into years and diſhonoured herſelf! I had proofs that ſhe could never more be happy here below; it, therefore, remained to me to ſeek my own happineſs, having loſt all hopes of partaking of her's. I was ſometime irreſolute, and fluctuated from one idea to another, and from project to project. My journey to Venice would have thrown me into public life, had the man with whom, almoſt againſt my inclination, I was connected there had common ſenſe. I was eaſily diſcouraged, eſpecially in undertakings of length and difficulty. The ill ſucceſs of this diſguſted me with every other; and, according to my old maxim, conſidering diſtant objects as deceitful allurements, I reſolved in future to provide for immediate wants, ſeeing nothing in life which could tempt me to make extraordinary efforts.

It was preciſely at this time that we became acquainted. The mild character of the good Thérèſa ſeemed ſo fitted to my own, that I united myſelf to her with an attachment which neither time nor injuries have been able to impair, and which has conſtantly been increaſed by every thing by which it might have been expected to be diminiſhed. The force of this ſentiment will hereafter appear when I come

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to ſpeak of the wounds ſhe has given my heart in the height of my miſery, without my ever having, until this moment, once uttered a word of complaint to any perſon whatever.

When it ſhall be known, that after having done every thing, braved every thing, not to ſeparate from her; that after paſſing with her twenty years in deſpight of fate and men; I have, in my old age, made her my wife, without the leaſt expectation or ſolicitation on her part, or promiſe or engagement on mine, the world will think that love bordering upon madneſs, having from the firſt moment turned my head, led me by degrees to the laſt act of extravagance; and this will no longer appear doubtful when the ſtrong and particular reaſons which ſhould for ever have prevented me from taking ſuch a ſtep are made known. What, therefore, will the reader think when I ſhall have told him, with all the truth he has ever found in me, that, from the firſt moment in which I ſaw her, until that wherein I write, I have never felt the leaſt love for her, that I never deſired to poſſeſs her more than I did to poſſeſs Madame de Warens, and that the phyſical wants which were ſatisfied with her perſon were, for me, ſolely thoſe of the ſex, and by no means proceeding from the individual? He will think, that being of a conſtitution different from that of other men, I was incapable of love, ſince this was not one of the ſentiments which attached me to women the moſt dear to my heart. Patience, Oh my dear reader! the fatal moment approaches in which you will be but too much undeceived.

I fall into repetitions; I know it; and theſe are neceſſary. The firſt of my wants, the greateſt,

greateſt, ſtrongeſt, and moſt inſatiable, was wholly in my heart; the want of an intimate connection, and as intimate as it could poſſibly be: for this reaſon eſpecially, a woman was more neceſſary to me than a man, a female rather than a male friend. This ſingular want was ſuch, that the cloſeſt corporal union was not ſufficient: two ſouls would have been neceſſary to me in the ſame body, without which I always felt a void. I thought I was upon the point of filling it up for ever. This young perſon, amiable by a thouſand excellent qualities, and at that time, by her form, without the ſhadow of art or coquetry, would have confined within herſelf my whole exiſtence, could her's, as I had hoped it would, have totally been confined to me. I had nothing to fear from men; I am certain of being the only man ſhe ever really loved, and her moderate paſſions ſeldom wanted another, not even after I ceaſed in this reſpect to be one to her. I had no family; ſhe had one; and this family was compoſed of individuals, whoſe diſpoſitions were ſo different from mine, that I could never make it my own. This was the firſt cauſe of my unhappineſs. What would I not have given to have been the child of her mother! I did every thing in my power to become ſo, but could never ſucceed. I in vain attempted to unite all our intereſts: this was impoſſible. She always created herſelf one different from mine, contrary to it, and to that even of her daughter, which already was no longer ſeparated from it. She, her other children, and grand-children, became ſo many leeches, and the leaſt evil theſe did to Thérèſa was robbing her. The poor girl, accuſtomed to ſubmit, even to her nieces, ſuffered herſelf to be pil-

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fered and governed without ſaying a word; and I perceived with grief that by exhauſting my purſe, and giving her advice I did nothing that could be of any real advantage to her. I endeavoured to detach her from her mother; but ſhe conſtantly reſiſted ſuch a propoſal. I could not but reſpect her reſiſtance, and eſteemed her the more for it; but her refuſal was not on this account leſs to the prejudice of us both. Abandoned to her mother and the reſt of her family, ſhe was more their companion than mine, and rather at their command, than miſtreſs of herſelf. Their avarice was leſs ruinous than their advice was pernicious to her; in fact, if, on account of the love ſhe had for me, added to her good natural diſpoſition, ſhe was not quite their ſlave, ſhe was enough ſo to prevent in a great meaſure the effect of the good maxims I endeavoured to inſtil into her; and, notwithſtanding all my efforts, to prevent our being united.

Thus was it, that notwithſtanding a ſincere and reciprocal attachment, in which I had laviſhed all the tenderneſs of my heart, the void in that heart was never completely filled. Children, by whom this effect ſhould have been produced, were brought into the world, but theſe only made things worſe. I trembled at the thought of entruſting them to a family ill brought up, to be ſtill worſe educated. The riſk of the education of the Foundling Hoſpital was much leſs. This reaſon for the reſolution I took, much ſtronger than all thoſe I ſtated in my letter to Madame de F.....l, was, however, the only one with which I dared not make her acquainted, I choſe rather to appear leſs excuſable than expoſe to reproach the family of the perſon I loved. But by the conduct of her wretched brother,

brother, notwithſtanding all that can be ſaid in his defence, it will be judged whether or not I ought to have expoſed my children to an education ſimilar to his.

Not having it in my power to taſte in all its plenitude the charms of that intimate connection of which I felt the want, I ſought for ſubſtitutes which did not fill up the void, yet they made it leſs ſenſible. Not having a friend entirely devoted to me, I wanted others, whoſe impulſe ſhould overcome my indolence; for this reaſon I cultivated and ſtrengthened my connections with Diderot, and the Abbé de Condillac, formed with Grimm a new one ſtill more intimate, till at length, by the unfortunate diſcourſe, of which I have related ſome particulars, I unexpectedly found myſelf thrown back into a literary circle which I thought I had quitted for ever.

My firſt ſteps conducted me by a new path to another intellectual world, the ſimple and noble œconomy of which I cannot contemplate without enthuſiaſm. I reflected ſo much upon the ſubject that I ſoon ſaw nothing but error and folly in the doctrine of our ſages, and oppreſſion and miſery in our ſocial order. In the illuſion of my fooliſh pride, I thought myſelf capable of deſtroying all impoſture; and thinking that, to make myſelf liſtened to, it was neceſſary my conduct ſhould agree with my principles, I adopted the ſingular manner of life which I have not been permitted to continue, the example of which my pretended friends have never forgiven me, which at firſt made me ridiculous, and would at length have rendered me reſpectable, had it been poſſible for me to perſevere.

Until

Until then I had been good; from that moment I became virtuous, or at leaſt infatuated with virtue. This infatuation had begun in my head, but afterwards paſſed into my heart. The moſt noble pride there took root amongſt the ruins of extirpated vanity. I affected nothing: I became what I appeared to be, and during four years at leaſt, whilſt this effervescence continued at its greateſt height, there is nothing great and good that can enter the heart of man, of which I was not capable between heaven and myſelf. Hence flowed my ſudden eloquence, hence, in my firſt writings, that fire really celeſtial, which conſumed me, and whence during forty years not a ſingle ſpark had eſcaped, becauſe it was not yet lighted up.

I was really transformed; my friends and acquaintance ſcarcely knew me. I was no longer that timid, and rather baſhful than modeſt man, who neither dared to preſent himſelf, nor utter a word; whom a ſingle pleaſantry diſconcerted, and whoſe face was covered with a bluſh the moment his eyes met thoſe of a woman. I became bold, haughty, intrepid, with a confidence the more firm, as it was ſimple, and reſided in my ſoul rather than in my manner. The contempt with which my profound meditations had inſpired me for the manners, maxims, and prejudices of the age in which I lived, rendered me proof againſt the raillery of thoſe by whom they were poſſeſſed, and I cruſhed their little pleaſantries with a ſentence as I would have cruſhed an inſect with my fingers. What a change! All Paris repeated the ſevere and acute ſarcaſms of the ſame man, who, two years before, and ten years afterwards, knew not how to find what he had to ſay, nor the word he ought to employ. Let the

the ſituation in the world the moſt contrary to my natural diſpoſition be ſought after, and this will be found. Let one of the ſhort moments of my life in which I became another man, and ceaſed to be myſelf be recollected; this alſo will be found in the time of which I ſpeak; but, inſtead of continuing only ſix days, or ſix weeks, it laſted almoſt ſix years, and would perhaps ſtill continue, but for the particular circumſtances which cauſed it to ceaſe, and reſtored me to nature, above which I had wiſhed to ſoar.

The beginning of this change took place as ſoon as I had quitted Paris, and the ſight of the vices of that city no longer kept up the indignation with which it had inſpired me. I no ſooner had loſt ſight of men than I ceaſed to deſpiſe them, and once removed from thoſe who deſigned me evil, my hatred againſt them no longer exiſted. My heart, little fitted for hatred, pitied their miſery, and even their wickedneſs. This ſituation, more pleaſing but leſs ſublime, ſoon allayed the ardent enthuſiaſm by which I had ſo long been tranſported; and I inſenſibly, almoſt to myſelf even, again became fearful, complaiſant, and timid; in a word, the ſame Jean Jacques I before had been.

Had this reſolution gone no farther than reſtoring me to myſelf, all would have been well; but unfortunately it rapidly carried me away to the other extreme. From that moment my mind in agitation paſſed the line of repoſe, and its oſcillations, continually renewed, have never permitted it to remain here. I muſt enter into ſome detail of this ſecond revolution; terrible and fatal æra, of a fate unparalleled amongſt mortals.

We were but three perſons in our retirement, it was therefore natural our intimacy ſhould be increaſed by leiſure and ſolitude. This was the caſe between Thérèſa and myſelf. We paſſed in converſations in the ſhade, the moſt charming and delightful hours, more ſo than any I had hitherto enjoyed. She ſeemed to taſte of this ſweet intercourſe more than I had until then obſerved her to do; ſhe opened her heart, and communicated to me, relative to her mother and family, things ſhe had had reſolution enough to conceal for a great length of time. Both had received from Madame D.....n numerous preſents, made them on my account, and moſtly for me, but which the cunning old woman, to prevent my being angry, had appropriated to her own uſe, and that of her other children, without ſuffering Thérèſa to have the leaſt ſhare, ſtrongly forbidding her to ſay a word to me of the matter: an order the poor girl had obeyed with an incredible exactneſs.

But another thing which ſurpriſed me more than this had done, was the diſcovery that beſides the private converſations Diderot and Grimm had frequently had with both to endeavour to detach them from me, in which by means of the reſiſtance of Thérèſa, they had not been able to ſucceed, they had afterwards had frequent conferences with the mother, the ſubject of which was a ſecret to the daughter. However, ſhe knew little preſents had been made, and that there were myſterious goings backward and forward, the motive of which was entirely unknown to her. When we left Paris, Madame le Vaſſeur had long been in the habit of going to ſee Grimm twice or thrice a month, and continuing with him for hours together

together in converſation ſo ſecret that the ſervant was always ſent out of the room.

I judged this motive to be of the ſame nature with the project into which they had attempted to make the daughter enter, by promiſing to procure her and her mother, by means of Madame D'.....y, a ſalt huckſterer's licence, or a ſnuff-ſhop; and, in a word, by tempting her with the allurements of gain. They had been told that, as I was not in a ſituation to do any thing for them, I could not, on their account, do any thing for myſelf. As in all this I ſaw nothing but good intentions, I was not abſolutely diſpleaſed with them for it. The myſtery was the only thing which gave me pain, eſpecially on the part of the old woman, who moreover daily became more paraſitical and flattering towards me. This, however, did not prevent her from reproaching her daughter in private with telling me every thing and loving me too much, obſerving to her, ſhe was a fool and would at length be made a dupe.

This woman poſſeſſed, to a ſupreme degree, the art of multiplying the preſents made her, by concealing from one what ſhe received from another, and from me what ſhe received from all. I could have pardoned her avarice, but it was impoſſible I ſhould forgive her diſſimulation. What could ſhe have to conceal from me whoſe happineſs ſhe knew principally conſiſted in that of herſelf and her daughter? What I had done for the daughter I had done for myſelf, but the ſervices I had rendered the mother, merited on her part ſome acknowledgment. She ought, at leaſt, to have thought herſelf obliged for them to her daughter, and to have loved me for the ſake of her by whom I was already beloved. I had raiſed her from

the loweſt ſtate of wretchedneſs; ſhe received from my hands the means of ſubſiſtence, and was indebted to me for her acquaintance with the perſons from whom ſhe found means to reap conſiderable benefit. Thérèſa had long ſupported her by her induſtry, and now maintained her with my bread. She owed every thing to this daughter, for whom ſhe had done nothing, and her other children, to whom ſhe had given marriage portions, and on whoſe account ſhe had ruined herſelf, far from giving her the leaſt aid, devoured her ſubſiſtence and mine. I thought that in ſuch a ſituation ſhe ought to conſider me as her only friend and moſt ſure protector, and that, far from making of my own affairs a ſecret to me, and conſpiring againſt me in my houſe, it was her duty faithfully to acquaint me with every thing in which I was intereſted, when this came to her knowledge before it did to mine. In what light, therefore, could I conſider her falſe and myſterious conduct? What could I think of the ſentiments with which ſhe endeavoured to inſpire her daughter? What monſtrous ingratitude was her's, to endeavour to inſtil it into her from whom I expected my greateſt conſolation?

Theſe reflections at length alienated my affections from this woman, and to ſuch a degree, that I could no longer look upon her but with contempt. I nevertheleſs continued to treat with reſpect the mother of the friend of my boſom, and in every thing to ſhew her almoſt the reverence of a ſon: but I muſt confeſs I could not remain long with her without pain, and that I never knew how to bear conſtraint.

This is another ſhort moment of my life, in which I approached near to happineſs without being able to attain it, and this by no fault of my own. Had the mother been of a good diſpoſition we all three ſhould have been happy to the end of our days; the longeſt liver only, would have been to be pitied. Inſtead of which, the reader will ſee the courſe things took, and judge whether or not it was in my power to change it.

Madame le Vaſſeur, who perceived I had got more full poſſeſſion of the heart of Thérèſa, and that ſhe had loſt ground with her, endeavoured to regain it; and inſtead of ſtriving to reſtore herſelf to my good opinion by the mediation of her daughter, attempted to alienate her affections from me. One of the means ſhe employed was to call her family to her aid. I had begged Thérèſa not to invite any of her relations to the Hermitage, and ſhe had promiſed me ſhe would not. Theſe were ſent for in my abſence, without conſulting her, and ſhe was afterwards prevailed upon to promiſe not to ſay any thing of the matter. After the firſt ſtep was taken all the reſt were eaſy. When once we make a ſecret of any thing to the perſon we love, we ſoon make but little ſcruple of doing it in every thing. The moment I was at the C.....e the Hermitage was full of people who ſufficiently amuſed themſelves. A mother has always great power over a daughter of a mild diſpoſition; yet notwithſtanding all the old woman could do, ſhe was never able to prevail upon Thérèſa to enter into her views, nor to perſuade her to join in the league againſt me. For her part, ſhe reſolved upon doing it for ever; and ſeeing on one ſide her daughter and myſelf, who were in a ſituation to live, and that was all;

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on the other, Diderot, Grimm, d'H....k and Madame D'....,y, who promiſed great things, and gave ſome little ones, ſhe could not conceive it was poſſible to be in the wrong with the wife of a farmer-general and a baron. Had I been more clear ſighted, I ſhould from this moment have perceived I nouriſhed a ſerpent in my boſom. But my blind confidence, which nothing had yet diminiſhed, was ſuch that I could not imagine ſhe wiſhed to injure the perſon ſhe ought to love. Though I ſaw numerous conſpiracies formed on every ſide, all I complained of was the tyranny of perſons who called themſelves my friends, and who, as it ſeemed, would force me to be happy in the manner they ſhould point out, and not in that I had choſen for myſelf.

Although Thérèſa refuſed to join in the confederacy with her mother, ſhe afterwards kept her ſecret. For this her motive was commendable, although I will not determine whether ſhe did well or ill. Two women, who have ſecrets between them, love to prattle together; this attracted them towards each other, and Thérèſa, by dividing herſelf, ſometimes let me feel I was alone; for I could no longer conſider as a ſociety that which we all three formed.

I now felt the neglect I had been guilty of, during the firſt years of our connection, in not taking advantage of the docility with which her love inſpired her, to improve her talents and give her knowledge, which, by more cloſely connecting us in our retirement would agreeably have filled up her time and my own, without once ſuffering us to perceive the length of a private converſation. Not that this was ever exhauſted between us, or that ſhe ſeemed diſguſted with our walks; but we had not a ſufficient number

of ideas, common to both, to make ourſelves a great ſtore, and we could not inceſſantly talk of our future projects which were confined to thoſe of enjoying the pleaſures of life. The objects around us inſpired me with reflections beyond the reach of her comprehenſion. An attachment of twelve years ſtanding had no longer need of words: we were too well acquainted with each other to have any new knowledge to acquire in that reſpect. The reſource of puns, jeſts, goſſiping and ſcandal was all that remained. In ſolitude eſpecially is it, that the advantage of living with a perſon who knows how to think is particularly felt. I wanted not this reſource to amuſe myſelf with her; but ſhe would have ſtood in need of it to have always found amuſement with me. The worſt of all was our being obliged to hold our converſations when we could: her mother, who was become importunate, obliged me to watch for opportunities to do it. I was under conſtraint in my own houſe: this is ſaying every thing; the air of love was prejudicial to good friendſhip. We had an intimate intercourſe without living in intimacy.

The moment I thought I perceived that Thérèſa ſometimes ſought for a pretext to elude the walks I propoſed to her, I ceaſed to invite her to accompany me, without being diſpleaſed with her for not finding in them ſo much amuſement as I did. Pleaſure is not a thing which depends upon the will. I was ſure of her heart, and the poſſeſſion of this was all I deſired. As long as my pleaſures were her's, I taſted of them with her; when this ceaſed to be the caſe I preferred her contentment to my own.

In this manner it was that, half deceived in my expectation, leading a life after my own heart,

heart, in a reſidence I had choſen with a perſon who was dear to me, I at length found myſelf almoſt alone. What I ſtill wanted prevented me from enjoying what I had. With reſpect to happineſs and enjoyment, every thing or nothing, was what was neceſſary to me. The reaſon of theſe obſervations will hereafter appear. At preſent I return to the thread of my narrative.

I imagined that I poſſeſſed treaſures in the manuſcripts given me by the Comte de Saint Pierre, On examination I found they were little more than the collection of the printed works of his uncle, with notes and corrections by his own hand, and a few other trifling fragments which had not yet been publiſhed. I confirmed myſelf by theſe moral writings in the idea I had conceived from ſome of his letters, ſhewn me by Madame de Crequi, that he had more ſenſe and ingenuity than at firſt I had imagined; but after a careful examination of his political works, I diſcerned nothing but ſuperficial notions, and projects that were uſeful but impracticable, in conſequence of the idea from which the author never could depart, that men conducted themſelves by their ſagacity rather than by their paſſions. The high opinion he had of the knowledge of the moderns had made him adopt this falſe principle of improved reaſon, the baſis of all the inſtitutions he propoſed, and the ſource of his political ſophiſms. This extraordinary man, an honour to the age in which he lived, and to the human ſpecies, and perhaps the only perſon, ſince the creation of mankind, whoſe ſole paſſion was that of reaſon, wandered in all his ſyſtems from error to error, by attempting to make men like himſelf, inſtead of taking them as they were, are, and will continue to be. He laboured for imaginary beings,

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while he thought himſelf employed for the benefit of his contemporaries.

All theſe things conſidered, I was rather embarraſſed as to the form I ſhould give to my work. To ſuffer the author's viſions to paſs was doing nothing uſeful; fully to refute them would have been unpolite, as the care of reviſing and publiſhing his manuſcripts, which I had accepted, and even requeſted, had been entruſted to me; this truſt had impoſed on me the obligation of treating the author honourably. I at length concluded upon that which to me appeared the moſt decent, judicious, and uſeful. This was to give ſeparately my own ideas and thoſe of the author, and, for this purpoſe, to enter into his views, to ſet them in a new light, to amplify, extend them, and ſpare nothing which might contribute to preſent them in all their excellence.

My work therefore was to be compoſed of two parts abſolutely diſtinct: one, to explain, in the manner I have juſt mentioned, the different projects of the author, in the other, which was not to appear until the firſt had had its effect, I ſhould have given my opinion upon theſe projects, which I confeſs might ſometimes have expoſed them to the fate of the ſonnet of the miſanthrope. At the head of the whole was to have been the life of the author. For this I had collected ſome good materials, and which I flattered myſelf I ſhould not ſpoil in making uſe of them. I had been a little acquainted with the Abbé de Saint Pierre, in his old age, and the veneration I had for his memory warranted to me, upon the whole, the Comte would not be diſſatisfied with the manner in which I ſhould have treated his relation.

I made my firſt eſſay on the Perpetual Peace, the greateſt and moſt elaborate of all the works which

which compoſed the collection; and before I abandoned myſelf to my reflections I had the courage to read every thing the Abbé had written upon this fine ſubject, without once ſuffering myſelf to be diſguſted either by his ſlowneſs or repetitions. The public has ſeen the extract, on which account I have nothing to ſay upon the ſubject. My opinion of it has not been printed, nor do I know that it ever will; however, it was written at the ſame time the extract was made. From this I paſſed to the *Polyſynodic*, or Plurality of Councils; a work written under the regent to favour the adminiſtration he had choſen, and which cauſed the Abbé de Saint Pierre to be expelled the academy, on account of ſome remarks unfavourable to the preceding adminiſtration, and with which the ducheſs of Maine and the Cardinal de Polignac were diſpleaſed. I completed this work as I did the former, with an extract and remarks; but I ſtopped here without intending to continue the undertaking which I ought never to have begun.

The reflection which induced me to give it up naturally preſents itſelf, and it was aſtoniſhing I had not made it ſooner. Moſt of the writings of the Abbé de Saint Pierre were either obſervations, or contained obſervations, on ſome parts of the government of France, and ſeveral of theſe were of ſo free a nature that it was happy for him he had made them with impunity. But in the offices of all the miniſters of ſtate the Abbé de Saint Pierre had ever been conſidered as a kind of preacher than a real politician, and he was ſuffered to ſay what he pleaſed, becauſe it appeared that nobody liſtened to him. Had I procured him readers the caſe would have been different. He was a Frenchman, and I was not one; and by repeating his cenſures, although in

his

his own name, I expoſed myſelf to be aſked, rather rudely, but without injuſtice, what it was with which I meddled. Happily before I proceeded any farther, I perceived the hold I was about to give government againſt me, and I immediately withdrew. I knew that living alone in the midſt of men more powerful than myſelf, I never could by any means whatever be ſheltered from the injury they choſe to do me. There was but one thing which depended upon my own efforts: this was, to obſerve ſuch a line of conduct that whenever they choſe to make me feel the weight of authority they could not do it without being unjuſt. The maxim which induced me to decline proceeding with the works of the Abbé de Saint Pierre, has frequently made me give up projects I had much more at heart. People who are always ready to conſtrue adverſity into a crime, would be much ſurpriſed were they to know the pains I have taken, that, during my misfortunes, it might never with truth be ſaid of me, *Thou haſt deſerved them.*

After having given up the manuſcript, I remained ſome time without determining upon the work which ſhould ſucceed it, and this interval of inactivity was deſtructive, by permitting me to turn my reflections on myſelf, for want of another object to engage my attention. I had no project for the future which could amuſe my imagination. It was not even poſſible to form any, as my ſituation was preciſely that in which all my deſires were united. I had not another to conceive, and yet there was a void in my heart. This ſtate was the more cruel, as I ſaw no other that was to be preferred to it. I had fixed my moſt tender affections upon a perſon who made me a return of her own. I lived with her without

out conſtraint, and, ſo to ſpeak, at diſcretion. Notwithſtanding this, a ſecret grief of mind never quitted me for a moment, either when ſhe was preſent or abſent. In poſſeſſing Thérèſa, I ſtill perceived ſhe wanted ſomething to her happineſs; and the ſole idea of my not being every thing to her had ſuch an effect upon my mind that ſhe was next to nothing to me.

I had friends of both ſexes, to whom I was attached by the pureſt friendſhip and moſt perfect eſteem; I depended upon a real return on their part, and a doubt of their ſincerity never entered my mind; yet this friendſhip was more tormenting than agreeable to me, by their obſtinate perſeverance, and even by their affectation, in oppoſing my taſte, inclinations, and manner of living; and this to ſuch a degree, that the moment I ſeemed to deſire a thing which intereſted myſelf only, and depended not upon them, they immediately joined their efforts to oblige me to renounce it. This continued deſire to controul me in all my wiſhes, the more unjuſt, as I did not ſo much as make myſelf acquainted with theirs, became ſo cruelly oppreſſive, that I never received one of their letters without feeling a certain terror as I opened it, and which was but too well juſtified by the contents. I thought being treated like a child by perſons younger than myſelf, and who, of themſelves, ſtood in great need of the advice they ſo prodigally beſtowed upon me, was too much: love me, ſaid I to them, as I love you, but, in every other reſpect, let my affairs be as indifferent to you, as yours are to me: this is all I aſk. If they granted me one of theſe two requeſts it was not the latter.

I had a retired reſidence in a charming ſolitude, was maſter of my own houſe, and could live in it in the manner I thought proper, without being controlled by any perſon. This habitation impoſed on me duties agreeable to diſcharge, but which were indiſpenſable. My liberty was precarious. In a greater ſtate of ſubjection than a perſon at the command of another, it was my duty to be ſo by inclination. When I aroſe in the morning, I never could ſay to myſelf: I will employ this day as I think proper. And moreover, beſides my being ſubject to obey the call of Madame D'.....y, I was expoſed to the ſtill more diſagreeable importunities of the public and chance comers. The diſtance I was at from Paris did not prevent crowds of idlers, not knowing how to ſpend their time, from daily breaking in upon me, and, without the leaſt ſcruple, freely diſpoſing of mine. When I leaſt expected viſitors I was unmercifully aſſailed by them, and I ſeldom made a plan for the agreeable employment of the day that was not counteracted by the arrival of ſome ſtranger.

In ſhort, finding no real enjoyment in the midſt of the pleaſures I had been moſt deſirous to obtain, I, by ſudden mental tranſitions, returned in imagination to the ſerene days of my youth, and ſometimes exclaimed with a ſigh: Ah! this is not *Les Charmettes!*

The recollection of the different periods of my life led me to reflect upon that at which I was arrived, and I found I was already on the decline, a prey to painful diſorders, and imagined I was approaching the end of my days without having taſted, in all its plenitude, ſcarcely any one of the pleaſures after which my heart had ſo much thirſted, or having given ſcope

to

to the lively ſentiments I felt it had in reſerve. I had not ſavoured even that intoxicating voluptuouſneſs with which my mind was richly ſtored, and which, for want of an object, was always compreſſed, and never exhaled but by ſigns.

How was it poſſible that, with a mind naturally expanſive, I, with whom to live was to love, ſhould not hitherto have found a friend entirely devoted to me; a real friend: I who felt myſelf ſo capable of being ſuch a friend to another? How can it be accounted for that, with ſuch warm affections, ſuch combuſtible ſenſes, and a heart wholly made up of love, I had not once at leaſt felt its flame for a determinate object? Tormented by the want of loving, without ever having been able to ſatisfy it, I perceived myſelf approaching the eve of old age, and haſtening on to death without having lived.

Theſe melancholy but affecting reflections led me to others which, although accompanied with regret, were not wholly unſatisfactory. I thought ſomething I had not yet received was ſtill due to me from deſtiny.

To what end was I born with exquiſite faculties? To ſuffer them to remain unemployed? The ſentiment of conſcious merit, which made me conſider myſelf as ſuffering injuſtice, was ſome kind of reparation, and cauſed me to ſhed tears which with pleaſure I ſuffered to flow.

Theſe were my meditations during the fineſt ſeaſon of the year, in the month of June, in cool ſhades, to the ſong of the nightingale, and the warbling of brooks. Every thing concurred in plunging me into that too ſeducing ſtate of indolence for which I was born, but from which

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my auſtere manners, proceeding from a long effervescence, ſhould for ever have delivered me. I unfortunately recollected the dinner of the Chateau de Toure, and my meeting with the two charming girls in the ſame ſeaſon, in places much reſembling that in which I then was. The remembrance of theſe circumſtances, which the innocence that accompanied them rendered to me ſtill more dear, brought ſeveral others of the ſame nature to my recollection. I preſently ſaw myſelf ſurrounded by all the objects which, in my youth, had given me emotion. Mademoiſelle Galley, Mademoiſelle de G.....d, Mademoiſelle de Breil, Madame Bazile, Madame de Larnage, my pretty ſcholars, and even the bewitching Zulietta, whom my heart could not forget. I found myſelf in the midſt of a ſeraglio of houris of my old acquaintance, for whom the moſt lively inclination was not new to me. My blood became inflamed, my head turned, notwithſtanding my hair was almoſt grey, and the grave citizen of Geneva, the auſtere *Jean Jacques*, at forty-five years of age, again became the fond ſhepherd. The intoxication, with which my mind was ſeized, although ſudden and extravagant, was ſo ſtrong and laſting, that, to enable me to recover from it, nothing leſs than the unforeſeen and terrible criſis it brought on was neceſſary.

This intoxication, to whatever degree it was carried, went not ſo far as to make me forget my age and ſituation, to flatter me that I could ſtill inſpire love, nor to make me attempt to communicate the devouring flame by which, ever ſince my youth, I had felt my heart in vain conſumed. For this I did not hope; I did not even deſire it. I knew the ſeaſon of love

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was paſt; I knew too well in what contempt the ridiculous pretenſions of ſuperannuated gallants were held, ever to add one to the number, and I was not a man to become an impudent coxcomb in the decline of life, after having been ſo little ſuch during the flower of my age. Beſides, as a friend to peace, I ſhould have been apprehenſive of domeſtic diſſenſions; and I too ſincerely loved Thérèſa to expoſe her to the mortification of ſeeing me entertain for others more lively ſentiments than thoſe with which ſhe inſpired me for herſelf.

What ſtep did I take upon this occaſion? My reader will already have gueſſed it, if he has taken the trouble to pay the leaſt attention to my narrative. The impoſſibility of attaining real beings threw me into the regions of chimera, and ſeeing nothing in exiſtence worthy of my delirium, I ſought food for it in the ideal world, which my imagination quickly peopled with beings after my own heart. This reſource never came more apropos, nor was it ever ſo fertile. In my continual extacy I intoxicated my mind with the moſt delicious ſentiments that ever entered the heart of man. Entirely forgetting the human ſpecies, I formed to myſelf ſocieties of perfect beings, whoſe virtues were as celeſtial as their beauty, tender and faithful friends, ſuch as I never found here below. I became ſo fond of ſoaring in the empyrean, in the midſt of the charming objects with which I was ſurrounded, that I thus paſſed hours and days without perceiving it; and, loſing the remembrance of all other things, I ſcarcely had eaten a morſel in haſte before I was impatient to make my eſcape and run to regain my groves. When, ready to depart for the enchanted

enchanted world, I ſaw arrive wretched mortals who came to detain me upon earth, I could neither conceal nor moderate my vexation; and, no longer maſter of myſelf, I gave them ſo uncivil a reception, that it might juſtly be termed brutal. This tended to confirm my reputation as a miſanthrope, from the very cauſe which, could the world have read my heart, ſhould have acquired me one of a nature directly oppoſite.

In the midſt of my exaltation I was pulled down like a paper kite, and reſtored to my proper place by means of a ſmart attack of my diſorder. I recurred to the only means that had before given me relief, and this made a truce with my angelic amours; for beſides that it ſeldom happens that a man is amorous when he ſuffers, my imagination, which is animated in the country and beneath the ſhade of trees, languiſhes and becomes extinguiſhed in a chamber, and under the joiſts of a cieling. I frequently regretted that there exiſted no Dryads; it would certainly have been amongſt thoſe that I ſhould have fixed my attachment.

Other domeſtic broils came at the ſame time to increaſe my chagrin. Madame le Vaſſeur, while making me the fineſt compliments in the world, alienated from me her daughter, as much as ſhe poſſibly could. I received letters from my late neighbourhood, informing me, that the good old lady had ſecretly contracted ſeveral debts in the name of Thérèſa, to whom theſe had become known, but of which ſhe had never mentioned to me a word. The debts to be paid hurt me much leſs than the ſecret that had been made of them. How could ſhe, for whom I had never had a ſecret, have one for me? Is it poſſible to diſſimulate with perſons whom we

we love? The *Coterie H...chique*, who found I never made a journey to Paris, began ſeriouſly to be afraid I was happy and ſatisfied in the country, and madman enough to reſide there.

Hence the cabals by which attempts were made to recal me indirectly to the city. Diderot, who did not immediately wiſh to ſhew himſelf, began by detaching from me De Leyre whom I had brought acquainted with him, and who received and tranſmitted to me the impreſſions Diderot choſe to give without ſuſpecting to what end they were directed.

Every thing ſeemed to concur in withdrawing me from my charming and mad reverie. I was not recovered from the late attack I had had when I received the copy of the poem on the deſtruction of Liſbon, which I imagined to be ſent to me by the author. This made it neceſſary I ſhould write to him and ſpeak of his compoſition. I did ſo, and my letter was a long time afterwards printed without my conſent, as I ſhall hereafter have occaſion to remark.

Struck by ſeeing this poor man, overwhelmed, if I may ſo ſpeak, with proſperity and honour, bitterly exclaiming againſt the miſeries of this life, and finding every thing to be wrong: I formed the mad project of making him turn his attention to himſelf, and of proving to him that every thing was right. Voltaire while he appeared to believe in God, never really believed in any thing but the devil; ſince his pretended deity is a malicious being, who, according to him, has no pleaſure but in evil. The glaring abſurdity of this doctrine is particularly diſguſting from a man enjoying the greateſt proſperity; who, from the boſom of happineſs, endeavours,

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by the frightful and cruel image of all the calamities from which he is exempt, to reduce his fellow creatures to deſpair. I, who had a better right than he to calculate and weigh all the evils of human life, impartially examined them, and proved to him that of all poſſible evils there was not one to be attributed to Providence, and which had not its ſource rather in the abuſive uſe man made of his faculties than in nature. I treated him, in this letter, with the greateſt reſpect and delicacy poſſible. Yet, knowing his ſelf-love to be extremely irritable, I did not ſend the letter immediately to himſelf, but to Doctor Tronchin, his phyſician and friend, with full power either to give it him or deſtroy it. Voltaire informed me in a few lines that being ill, having likewiſe the care of a ſick perſon, he poſtponed his anſwer until ſome future day, and ſaid not a word upon the ſubject. Tronchin, when he ſent me the letter, encloſed in it another, in which he expreſſed but very little eſteem for the perſon from whom he received it.

I have never publiſhed, nor even ſhewn, either of theſe two letters, not liking to make a parade of ſuch little triumphs; but the originals are in my collections. Since that time Voltaire has publiſhed the anſwer he promiſed me, but which I never received. This is the novel of Candide, of which I cannot ſpeak becauſe I have not read it.

All theſe interruptions ought to have cured me of my fantaſtic amours, and they were perhaps the means offered me by heaven to prevent their deſtructive conſequences; but my evil genius prevailed, and I had ſcarcely begun to go out before my heart, my head, and my feet returned to the ſame paths. I ſay the ſame in

certain reſpects; for my ideas, rather leſs exalted, remained this time upon earth, but yet were buſied in making ſo exquiſite a choice of all that was to be found there amiable of every kind, that it was not much leſs chimerical than the imaginary world I had abandoned.

I figured to myſelf love and friendſhip, the two idols of my heart, under the moſt raviſhing images. I amuſed myſelf in adorning them with all the images of the ſex I had always adored. I imagined two female friends rather than two of my own ſex, becauſe, although the example be more rare, it is alſo more amiable. I endowed them with different characters, but analogous to their connection, with two faces, not perfectly beautiful, but according to my taſte, and animated with benevolence and ſenſibility. I made one brown and the other fair, one lively and the other languiſhing, one wiſe and the other weak, but of ſo amiable a weakneſs that it ſeemed to add a charm to virtue. I gave to one of the two a lover, of whom the other was the tender friend, and even ſomething more, but I did not admit their rivalry, quarrels, or jealouſy; becauſe every painful ſentiment is painful to me to imagine, and I was unwilling to tarniſh this delightful picture by any thing which was degrading to nature. Smitten with my two charming models, I drew my own portrait in the lover and the friend, as much as it was poſſible to do it; but I made him young and amiable, giving him, at the ſame time, the virtues and defects which I felt in myſelf.

That I might place my characters in a reſidence proper for them, I ſucceſſively paſſed in review the moſt beautiful places I had ſeen in my travels. But I found no grove ſufficiently delightful, no landſkip that pleaſed me. The

valleys

valleys of Theſſaly would have ſatisfied me had I but once had a ſight of them; but my imagination, fatigued with invention, wiſhed for ſome real place which might ſerve it as a point to reſt upon, and create in me an illuſion with reſpect to the real exiſtence of the inhabitants I intended to place there. I thought a good while upon the Boromean iſlands, the delightful proſpect of which had tranſported me, but I found in them too much art and ornament for my lovers. I however wanted a lake, and I concluded by making choice of that about which my heart has never ceaſed to wander. I fixed myſelf upon that part of the banks of this lake where my wiſhes have long ſince placed my reſidence in the imaginary happineſs to which fate has confined me. The native place of my poor mamma had ſtill for me a charm. The contraſt of the ſituations, the richneſs and variety of the ſites, the magnificence, the majeſty of the whole, which raviſhes the ſenſes, affects the heart, and elevates the mind, determined me to give it the preference and I placed my young pupils at Vevey. This is what I imagined at the firſt ſketch; the reſt was not added until afterwards.

I for a long time confined myſelf to this vague plan, becauſe it was ſufficient to fill my imagination with agreeable objects, and my heart with ſentiments in which it delighted. Theſe fictions, by frequently preſenting themſelves, at length gained a conſiſtence and took in my mind a determined form. I then had an inclination to expreſs upon paper ſome of the ſituations fancy preſented to me, and, recollecting every thing I had felt during my youth, thus, in ſome meaſure, gave an object to that deſire of loving,

loving, which I had never been able to ſatisfy, and by which I felt myſelf conſumed.

I firſt wrote a few incoherent letters, and when I afterwards wiſhed to give them connection, I frequently found a difficulty in doing it. What is ſcarcely credible, although moſt ſtrictly true, is my having written the two firſt parts almoſt wholly in this manner, without having any plan formed, and not foreſeeing I ſhould one day be tempted to make it a regular work. For this reaſon the two parts afterwards formed of materials not prepared for the place in which they are diſpoſed, are full of unmeaning expreſſions not found in the others.

In the midſt of my reveries I had a viſit from Madame d'H....., the firſt ſhe had ever made me, but which unfortunately was not the laſt, as will hereafter appear. The Comteſſe d'H..... was the daughter of the late M. de B.....e, a farmer-general, ſiſter to M. D'....., and Meſſieurs de L..... and de la B....., both of which have ſince been introductors to ambaſſadors. I have ſpoken of the acquaintance I made with her before ſhe was married; ſince that event I had not ſeen her, except at the fêtes of la C.....e, with Madame D'.....y, her ſiſter-in-law. Having frequently paſſed ſeveral days with her, both at la C.....e and E....y. I always thought her amiable, and that ſhe ſeemed to be my well wiſher. She was fond of walking with me; we were both good walkers, and the converſation between us was inexhauſtible. However I never went to ſee her in Paris, although ſhe had ſeveral times requeſted and ſolicited me to do it. Her connections with M. de St. L.....t, with whom I began to be intimate, rendered her more intereſting

tereſting to me, and it was to bring me ſome account of that friend who was, I believe, then at Mahon, that ſhe came to ſee me at the Hermitage.

This viſit had ſomething of the appearance of the beginning of a romance. She loſt her way. Her coachman, quitting the road which turned to the right, attempted to croſs ſtraight over from the mill of Clairvaux to the Hermitage: her carriage ſtuck in a quagmire in the bottom of the valley, and ſhe got out and walked the reſt of the road. Her delicate ſhoes were ſoon worn through; ſhe ſunk into the dirt, her ſervants had the greateſt difficulty in extricating her; and ſhe at length arrived at the Hermitage in boots, making the place reſound with her laughter, in which I moſt heartily joined. She was obliged to change every thing. Thérèſa provided her with what was neceſſary, and I prevailed upon her to forget her dignity and partake of a ruſtic collation, with which ſhe ſeemed highly ſatisfied. It was late, and her ſtay was ſhort; but the interview was ſo mirthful that it pleaſed her and ſhe ſeemed diſpoſed to return. She did not however put this project into execution until the next year: but, alas! the delay was not favourable to me in any thing.

I paſſed the autumn in an employment no perſon would ſuſpect me of undertaking: this was guarding the fruit of M. d'Eſpinay. The Hermitage was the reſervoir of the waters of the park of the C....e; there was a garden walled round and planted with eſpaliers and other trees which produced M. D'.....y more fruit than his kitchen garden at the C.....e, although three fourths of it were ſtolen from him. That I might not be a gueſt entirely uſeleſs,

uſeleſs, I took upon myſelf the direction of the garden and the inſpection of the conduct of the gardener. Every thing went on well until the fruit ſeaſon, but as this became ripe, I obſerved that it diſappeared without knowing in what manner it was diſpoſed of. The gardener aſſured me it was the dormice which eat it all. I deſtroyed a great number of theſe animals, notwithſtanding which the fruit ſtill diminiſhed. I watched the gardener's motions ſo narrowly, that I found he was the great dormouſe. He lodged at Montmorency, whence he came in the night with his wife and children to take away the fruit he had concealed in the day-time, and which he ſold in the market at Paris as publicly as if he had brought it from a garden of his own. This wretch, whom I loaded with kindneſs, whoſe children were cloathed by Thérèſa, and whoſe father, who was a beggar, I almoſt ſupported, robbed us with as much eaſe as effrontery, not one of the three being ſufficiently vigilant to prevent him; and in one night he emptied my cellar. Whilſt he ſeemed to addreſs himſelf to me only I ſuffered every thing, but being deſirous of giving an account of the fruit, I was obliged to declare by whom a great part of it had been ſtolen. Madame D'.....y deſired me to pay and diſcharge him and look out for another: I did ſo. As this raſcal rambled about the Hermitage in the night, armed with a thick club ſtaff with an iron ferrule, and accompanied by other villains like himſelf, to relieve the governeſſes from their fears, I made his ſucceſſor ſleep in the houſe with us; and this not being ſufficient to remove their apprehenſions, I ſent to aſk M. D'.....y for a muſket, which I kept in the chamber of the gardener, with a charge

charge not to make uſe of it except an attempt was made to break open the door or ſcale the walls of the garden, and to fire nothing but powder, meaning only to frighten the thieves. This was certainly the leaſt precaution a man indiſpoſed could take for the common ſafety of himſelf and family, having to paſs the winter in the midſt of a wood, with two timid women. I alſo procured a little dog to ſerve as a centinel. De Leyre coming to ſee me about this time, I related to him my ſituation, and we laughed together at my military apparatus. At his return to Paris he wiſhed to amuſe Diderot with the ſtory, and by this means the Coterie d'H.... .e learned that I was ſeriouſly reſolved to paſs the winter at the Hermitage. This perſeverance, of which they had not imagined me to be capable, diſconcerted them, and, until they could think of ſome other means of making my reſidence diſagreeable to me, they ſent back, by means of Diderot, the ſame De Leyre, who, though at firſt he had thought my precautions quite natural, now pretended to diſcover that they were inconſiſtent with my principles, and ſtiled them more than ridiculous in his letters, in which he overwhelmed me with pleaſantries ſufficiently bitter and ſatyrical to offend me had I been the leaſt diſpoſed to take offence. But at that time being full of tender and affectionate ſentiments, and not ſuſceptible of any other, I perceived in his biting ſarcaſms nothing more than a jeſt, and believed him only jocoſe when others would have thought him mad.

By my care and vigilance I guarded the garden ſo well, that, although there had been but little fruit that year, the produce was triple that of the preceding years: it is true, I ſpared no pains

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to preſerve it, and I went ſo far as to eſcort what I ſent to the C.....e and to E...y, and to carry baſkets of it myſelf. The aunt and I carried one of theſe, which was ſo heavy that we were obliged to reſt at every dozen ſteps, and when we arrived with it we were quite wet with perſpiration.

As ſoon as the bad ſeaſon began to confine me to the houſe, I wiſhed to return to my indolent amuſements, but this I found impoſſible. I had every where the two charming female friends before my eyes, their friend, every thing by which they were ſurrounded, the country they inhabited, and the objects created or embelliſhed for them by my imagination. I was no longer myſelf for a moment, my delirium never left me. After many uſeleſs efforts to baniſh all fictions from my mind, they at length ſeduced me, and my future endeavours were confined to giving them order and coherence, for the purpoſe of converting them into a ſpecies of novel.

What embarraſſed me moſt was, that I had contradicted myſelf ſo openly and fully. After the ſevere principles I had juſt ſo publicly aſſerted, after the auſtere maxims I had ſo loudly preached, and my violent invectives againſt books, which breathed nothing but effeminacy and love, could any thing be leſs expected or more extraordinary, than to ſee me, with my own hand, write my name in the liſt of the authors of theſe books I had ſo ſeverely cenſured? I felt this incoherence in all its extent, I reproached myſelf with it, I bluſhed at it and was vexed; but all this could not bring me back to reaſon. Completely overcome, I was at all riſks obliged to ſubmit, and

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to reſolve to brave the *what will the world ſay of it?* except only deliberating afterwards whether or not I ſhould ſhew my work, for I did not yet ſuppoſe I ſhould ever determine to publiſh it.

This reſolution taken, I entirely abandoned myſelf to my reveries, and, by frequently revolving theſe in my mind, formed with them the kind of plan of which the execution has been ſeen. This was certainly the greateſt advantage that could be drawn from my follies; the love of good which has never once been effaced from my heart, turned them towards uſeful objects, the moral of which might have produced its good effects. My voluptuous deſcriptions would have loſt all their graces, had they been devoid of the colouring of innocence.

A weak girl is an object of pity, whom love may render intereſting, and who frequently is not therefore the leſs amiable; but who can ſee without indignation the manners of the age, and what is more diſguſting than the pride of an unchaſte wife, who openly treading under foot every duty, pretends that her huſband ought to be grateful for her unwillingneſs to ſuffer herſelf to be taken in the fact? Perfect beings are not in nature, and their examples are not near enough to us. But whoever ſays that the deſcription of a young perſon born with good diſpoſitions, and a heart equally tender and virtuous, who ſuffers herſelf when a girl to be overcome by love, and when a woman, has reſolution enough to conquer in her turn, is upon the whole ſcandalous and uſeleſs, is a liar and a hypocrite; hearken not to him.

Beſides

Beſides this object of morality and conjugal chaſtity which is radically connected with all ſocial order, I had in view one more ſecret in behalf of concord and public peace, a greater, and perhaps more important object in itſelf, at leaſt for the moment for which it was created. The ſtorm brought on by the *Encyclopedie*, far from being appeaſed, was at this time at its height. The two parties exaſperated againſt each other to the laſt degree of fury, ſoon reſembled enraged wolves, ſet on for their mutual deſtruction rather than chriſtians and philoſophers, who had a reciprocal wiſh to enlighten and convince each other, and lead their brethren to the way of truth. Perhaps nothing more was wanting to each party than a few turbulent chiefs, who poſſeſſed a little power, to make this quarrel terminate in a civil war; and God only knows what a civil war of religion founded on each ſide upon the moſt cruel intolerance would have produced. Naturally an enemy to all ſpirit of party, I had freely ſpoken ſevere truths to each, to which they had not liſtened. I thought of another expedient, which, in my ſimplicity, appeared to be admirable: this was to abate their reciprocal hatred by deſtroying their prejudices, and ſhewing to each party the virtue and merit which in the other was worthy of public eſteem and reſpect. This project, little remarkable for its wiſdom, which ſuppoſed ſincerity in mankind, and whereby I fell into the error with which I reproached the Abbé de Saint Pierre, had the ſucceſs that was to be expected from it: it drew together and united the parties for no other purpoſe than that of cruſhing the author. Until experience made me diſcover my folly, I gave my attention to it, with a zeal worthy of the motive by which

I was inſpired; and I imagined the two characters of Wolmar and Julia in an extacy, which made me hope to render them both amiable, and, what is ſtill more, by means of each other.

Satisfied with having made a rough ſketch of my plan, I returned to the ſituations in detail, which I had marked out; and from the arrangement I gave them reſulted the two firſt parts of the Eloiſa, which I finiſhed during the winter with inexpreſſible pleaſure, procuring gilt paper to receive a fair copy of them, azure and ſilver powder to dry the writing, and blue narrow ribband to tack my ſheets together; in a word, I thought nothing ſufficiently elegant and delicate for my two charming girls; of whom, like another Pygmalion, I became madly enamoured. Every evening, by the fire ſide, I read the two parts to the governeſſes. The daughter, without ſaying a word, was like myſelf, moved to tenderneſs, and we mingled our ſighs; her mother finding there were no compliments, underſtood nothing of the matter, remained unmoved, and at the intervals when I was ſilent always repeated: *Sir, that is very fine.*

Madame D'.....y, uneaſy at my being alone, in winter, in a ſolitary houſe, in the midſt of woods, often ſent to enquire after my health. I never had ſuch real proofs of her friendſhip for me, to which mine never more fully anſwered. It would be wrong in me were not I, amongſt theſe proofs, to make ſpecial mention of her portrait, which ſhe ſent me, at the ſame time requeſting inſtructions from me in what manner ſhe might have mine, painted by La Tour, and which had been ſhewn at the exhibition. I ought equally to ſpeak of another proof of her attention

attention to me, which, although it be laughable, is a feature in the hiſtory of my character, on account of the impreſſion received from it. One day when it froze to an extreme degree, in opening a packet ſhe had ſent me of ſeveral things I had deſired her to purchaſe for me, I found a little under-petticoat of Engliſh flannel, which ſhe told me ſhe had worn, and deſired I would make of it an under-waiſtcoat. This care, more than friendly, appeared to me ſo tender, and as if ſhe had ſtripped herſelf to clothe me, that in my emotion I repeatedly kiſſed, ſhedding tears at the ſame time, both the note and the petticoat. Thérèſa thought me mad. It is ſingular that of all the marks of friendſhip Madame D'.....y ever ſhewed me, this touched me the moſt, and that even ſince our rupture I have never recollected it without being very ſenſibly affected. I for a long time preſerved her little note, and this would ſtill have been in my poſſeſſion had it not ſhared the fate of my other notes received at the ſame period.

Although my diſorder then gave me but little reſpite in winter, and that a part of the interval was employed in ſeeking relief from pain, this was ſtill upon the whole the ſeaſon which ſince my reſidence in France I had paſſed with moſt pleaſure and tranquillity. During four or five months, whilſt the bad weather ſheltered me from the interruptions of importunate viſits, I taſted to a greater degree than I had ever yet or have ſince done, of that equal ſimple and independent life, the enjoyment of which ſtill made it more deſirable to me; without any other company than the two governeſſes in reality, and the two female couſins in idea. It was then eſpecially that I daily congratulated

myſelf upon the reſolution I had had the good ſenſe to take, unmindful of the clamours of my friends, who were vexed at ſeeing me delivered from their tyranny; and when I heard of the attempt of a madman, when De Leyre and Madame D'.....y ſpoke to me in their letters of the trouble and agitation which reigned in Paris, how thankful was I to heaven for having placed me at a diſtance from all ſuch ſpectacles of horror and guilt. Theſe would have continued and increaſed the bilious humour which the ſight of public diſorders had given me; whilſt ſeeing nothing around me in my retirement but gay and pleaſing objects, my heart was wholly abandoned to ſentiments which were amiable.

I remark here with pleaſure the courſe of the laſt peaceful moments that were left me. The ſpring ſucceeding to this winter, which had been ſo calm, developed the germ of the misfortunes I have yet to deſcribe; in the tiſſue of which, a like interval, wherein I had leiſure to reſpire, will not be found.

I think however, I recollect, that during this interval of peace, and in the boſom of my ſolitude, I was not quite undiſturbed by the H.....s. Diderot ſtirred me up ſome ſtrife, and I am much deceived if it was not in the courſe of this winter that the *Fils Naturel**, of which I ſhall ſoon have occaſion to ſpeak, made its appearance. Independently of the cauſes which left me but few papers relative to that period, even thoſe which I have been able to preſerve are not very exact with reſpect to dates. Diderot never dated his letters. Madame D'.....y and Madame d'H..... ſeldom

* Natural Son; a comedy, by Diderot.

dated

dated theirs, except the day of the week, and De Leyre moſtly confined himſelf to the ſame rule. When I was deſirous of putting theſe letters in order I was obliged to ſupply what was wanting by gueſſing at dates, ſo uncertain that I cannot depend upon them. Unable therefore to fix with certainty the beginning of theſe quarrels, I prefer relating in one ſubſequent article every thing I can recollect concerning them.

The return of ſpring had increaſed my amorous delirium, and in my melancholy occaſioned by the exceſs of my tranſports, I had compoſed for the laſt parts of Eloiſa, ſeveral letters wherein evident marks of the rapture in which I wrote them are found. Amongſt others I may quote thoſe from the Elyſium, and the excurſion upon the lake, which, if my memory does not deceive me, are at the end of the fourth part. Whoever, in reading theſe letters, does not feel his heart ſoften and melt into the tenderneſs by which they were dictated, ought to lay down the book: nature has refuſed him the means of judging of ſentiment.

Preciſely at the ſame time I received a ſecond unforeſeen viſit from Madame d'H..... in the abſence of her huſband, who was captain of the *Gendarmerie*, and of her lover, who alſo was in the ſervice. She had come to Eaubonne, in the middle of the valley of Montmorency, where ſhe had taken a pretty houſe, from thence ſhe made a new excurſion to the Hermitage. She came on horſeback, and dreſſed in men's cloaths. Although I am not very fond of this kind of maſquerade, I was ſtruck with the romantic appearance ſhe made, and, for once, it was with love. As this was the

firſt and only time in all my life, the conſequences of which will for ever render it terrible to my remembrance, I muſt take the permiſſion to enter into ſome particulars on the ſubject.

The Counteſs d'H..... was nearly thirty years of age, and not handſome; her face was marked with the ſmall pox, her complexion coarſe; ſhe was ſhort ſighted, and her eyes were rather round; but ſhe had fine long black hair, which hung down in natural curls below her waiſt; her figure was agreeable, and ſhe was at once both aukward and graceful in her motions; her wit was natural and pleaſing; to this, gaiety, heedleſſneſs, and ingenuity were perfectly ſuited; ſhe abounded in charming ſallies after which ſhe ſo little ſought, that they ſometimes eſcaped her lips in ſpite of herſelf. She poſſeſſed ſeveral agreeable talents, played the harpſichord, danced well, and wrote pleaſing poetry. Her character was angelic, this was founded upon a ſweetneſs of mind, and, except prudence and fortitude, contained in it every virtue. She was beſides ſo much to be depended upon in all intercourſe, ſo faithful in ſociety, that even her enemies were not under the neceſſity of concealing from her their ſecrets. I mean by her enemies the men, or rather the women, by whom ſhe was not beloved, for as to herſelf ſhe had not a heart capable of hatred, and I am of opinion this conformity with mine greatly contributed towards inſpiring me with a paſſion for her. In the confidence of the moſt intimate friendſhip, I never heard her ſpeak ill of perſons who were abſent, nor even of her ſiſter-in-law. She could neither conceal her thoughts from any one, nor diſguiſe any of her ſentiments, and

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I am perſuaded ſhe ſpoke of her lover to her huſband, as ſhe ſpoke of him to her friends and acquaintance, and to every body without diſtinction of perſons. What proved, beyond all manner of doubt, the purity and ſincerity of her nature was, that ſubject to very extraordinary abſences of mind, and the moſt laughable inconſiderateneſs, ſhe was often guilty of ſome very imprudent ones with reſpect to herſelf, but never in the leaſt offenſive to any perſon whatſoever.

She had been married very young and againſt her inclinations to the Comte d'H....., a man of faſhion, and a good officer; but a man who loved play and chicane, who was not very amiable, and whom ſhe never loved. She found in M. de Saint L.....t all the merit of her huſband, with more agreeable qualities of mind, joined with virtue and talents. If any thing in the manners of the age can be pardoned, it is an attachment which duration renders more pure, to which its effects do honour, and which becomes cemented by reciprocal eſteem. It was a little from inclination, as I am diſpoſed to think, but much more to pleaſe St. L.....t, that ſhe came to ſee me. He had requeſted her to do it, and there was reaſon to believe the friendſhip which began to be eſtabliſhed between us, would render this ſociety agreeable to all three. She knew I was acquainted with their connection, and as ſhe could ſpeak to me without reſtraint, it was natural ſhe ſhould find my converſation agreeable. She came; I ſaw her; I was intoxicated with love without an object; this intoxication faſcinated my eyes, the object fixed itſelf upon her. I ſaw my Julia in Madame d'H....., and I ſoon ſaw nothing but Madame d'H.....,

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but with all the perfections with which I had juſt adorned the idol of my heart. To complete my delirium ſhe ſpoke to me of St. L....t with all the fondneſs of a paſſionate lover.—Contagious force of love! while liſtening to her, and perceiving myſelf near her, I was ſeized with a delicious trembling which I had never before experienced when near to any perſon whatſoever. She ſpoke, and I felt myſelf affected; I thought I was nothing more than intereſted by her ſentiments, when I perceived I poſſeſſed thoſe which were ſimilar: I drank deeply of the empoiſoned cup, of which I yet taſted nothing more than the ſweetneſs. Finally, imperceptibly to us both, ſhe inſpired me for herſelf with all ſhe expreſſed for her lover. Alas! it was very late in life, and cruel was it to conſume with a paſſion not leſs violent than unfortunate for a woman whoſe heart was already in the poſſeſſion of another.

Notwithſtanding the extraordinary emotions I had felt when near to her, I did not at firſt perceive what had happened to me; it was not until after her departure that, wiſhing to think of Julia, I was ſtruck with ſurpriſe at being unable to think of any thing but Madame de H..... Then was it that my eyes were opened: I felt my misfortune, and lamented what had happened, but I did not foreſee the conſequences.

I heſitated a long time on the manner in which I ſhould conduct myſelf towards her, as if real love left behind it ſufficient reaſon to deliberate and act accordingly. I had not yet determined upon this when ſhe unexpectedly returned and found me unprovided. It was this time, perfectly acquainted with my ſituation, ſhame, the companion of evil, rendered

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me dumb, and made me tremble in her preſence; I neither dared to open my mouth nor raiſe my eyes; I was in an inexpreſſible confuſion which it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould not perceive. I reſolved to confeſs to her my troubled ſtate of mind, and left her to gueſs the cauſe whence it proceeded: this was telling it her in terms ſufficiently clear.

Had I been young and amiable, and Madame d'H..... afterwards weak, I ſhould here blame her conduct; but this was not the caſe, and I am obliged to applaud and admire it. The reſolution ſhe took was equally prudent and generous. She could not ſuddenly break with me without giving her reaſons for it to St. L.....t, who, himſelf had deſired her to come and ſee me; this would have expoſed two friends to a rupture, and perhaps a public one which ſhe wiſhed to avoid. She had for me eſteem and good wiſhes; ſhe pitied my folly without encouraging it, and endeavoured to reſtore me to reaſon. She was glad to preſerve to her lover and herſelf a friend, for whom ſhe had ſome reſpect; and ſhe ſpoke of nothing with more pleaſure than the intimate and agreeable ſociety we might form between us three the moment I ſhould become reaſonable. She did not always confine herſelf to theſe friendly exhortations, and, in caſe of need, did not ſpare me more ſevere reproaches which I had richly deſerved.

I ſpared myſelf ſtill leſs: the moment I was alone, I began to recover; I was more calm after my declaration; love, known to the perſon by whom it is inſpired, becomes more ſupportable.

The forcible manner in which I reproached myſelf with mine ought to have cured me of

it had the thing been poſſible. What powerful motives did I call to my aid to ſtifle it! My morals, ſentiments, and principles; the ſhame, the treachery, and crime, of abuſing what was confided to friendſhip, and the ridiculouſneſs of burning, at my age, with the moſt extravagant paſſion for an object whoſe heart was pre-engaged, and who could neither make me a return, nor leave me the leaſt hope; moreover with a paſſion which, far from having any thing to gain by conſtancy, daily became leſs ſufferable.

Who would imagine that the laſt conſideration, which ought to have added weight to all the others, was that whereby I eluded them? What ſcruple, thought I, ought I to make of a folly prejudicial to nobody but myſelf? Am I then a young man of whom Madame d'H..... ought to be afraid? Would not it be ſaid, by my preſumptive remorſe, that, by my gallantry, manner, and dreſs, I was going to ſeduce her? Poor *Jean Jacques*, love on at thy eaſe, in all ſafety of conſcience, and be not afraid that thy ſighs will be prejudicial to St. L.....t.

It has been ſeen that I never was a coxcomb, not even in my youth. The manner of thinking, of which I have ſpoken, was according to my turn of mind, it flattered my paſſion; this was ſufficient to induce me to abandon myſelf to it without reſerve, and to laugh even at the impertinent ſcruple I thought I had made from vanity, rather than from reaſon. This is a great leſſon for virtuous minds, which vice never attacks openly: it finds means to ſurpriſe them by maſking itſelf with ſophiſms, and not unfrequently with a virtue.

Guilty without remorſe, I ſoon became ſo without meaſure; and I entreat it may be obſerved

ſerved in what manner my paſſion followed my nature, at length to plunge me into an abyſs. In the firſt place, it aſſumed an air of humility to encourage me; and to render me intrepid, it carried this humility even to miſtruſt. Madame d'H....., inceſſantly putting me in mind of my duty, without once for a ſingle moment flattering my folly, treated me with the greateſt mildneſs, and remained with me upon the footing of the moſt tender friendſhip. This friendſhip would, I proteſt, have ſatisfied my wiſhes, had I thought it ſincere; but finding it too ſtrong to be real, I took it into my head that love, ſo ill ſuited to my age and appearance, had rendered me contemptible in the eyes of Madame d'H.....; that this young mad creature only wiſhed to divert herſelf with me and my ſuperannuated paſſion, that ſhe had communicated this to St. L.....t; and that the indignation cauſed by my breach of friendſhip, having made her lover enter into her views, they were agreed to turn my head, and then to laugh at me. This folly, which at twenty-ſix years of age, had made me guilty of ſome extravagant behaviour to Madame L.....t, whom I did not know, would have been pardonable in me at forty-five with Madame d'H..... ... had not I known that ſhe and her lover were two perſons of too much uprightneſs to indulge themſelves in ſuch a barbarous amuſement.

Madame d'H..... .. continued her viſits, which I delayed not to return. She, as well as myſelf was fond of walking, and we took long walks in an enchanting country. Satisfied with loving and daring to ſay I loved, I ſhould have been in the moſt agreeable ſituation had not my extravagance ſpoiled all the

charm

charm of it. She, at firſt, could not comprehend the fooliſh pettiſhneſs with which I received her attentions; but my heart, incapable of concealing what paſſes in it, did not long leave her ignorant of my ſuſpicions; ſhe endeavoured to laugh at them, but this expedient did not ſucceed; tranſports of rage would have been the conſequence, and ſhe changed her tone. Her compaſſionate gentleneſs was invincible: ſhe made me reproaches which penetrated my heart; ſhe expreſſed an inquietude at my unjuſt fears, of which I took advantage. I required proofs of her being in earneſt. She perceived there was no other means of relieving me from my apprehenſions. I became preſſing: the ſtep was delicate. It is aſtoniſhing, and perhaps without example, that a woman having ſuffered herſelf to be brought to heſitate, ſhould have got herſelf off ſo well. She refuſed me nothing the moſt tender friendſhip could grant; yet ſhe granted me nothing that rendered her unfaithful, and I had the mortification to ſee that the diſorder into which her moſt trifling favours had thrown all my ſenſes, had not the leaſt effect upon her's.

I have ſomewhere ſaid that nothing ſhould be granted to the ſenſes when we wiſh to refuſe them any thing. To prove how falſe this maxim was relative to Madame d'H....., and how far ſhe was right to depend upon her own ſtrength of mind, it would be neceſſary to enter into the detail of our long and frequent converſations, and follow them, in all their livelineſs, during the four months we paſſed together in an intimacy almoſt without example between two friends of different ſexes, who contain themſelves within the bounds which

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we never exceeded. Ah! if I had lived ſo long without feeling the power of real love, my heart and ſenſes abundantly paid the arrears. What therefore are the tranſports we feel with the object of our affections by whom we are beloved, ſince the paſſion of which my idol did not partake inſpired ſuch as I felt!

But I am wrong in ſaying Madame d'H..... did not partake of the paſſion of love; that I felt was in ſome meaſure confined to myſelf; yet love was equal on both ſides, but not reciprocal. We were both intoxicated with the paſſion, ſhe for her lover, and I for herſelf; our ſighs and delicious tears were mingled together. Tender confidents of the ſecrets of each other, there was ſo great a ſimilarity in our ſentiments that it was impoſſible they ſhould not find ſome common point of union. In the midſt of this delicious intoxication, ſhe never forgot herſelf for a moment, and I ſolemnly proteſt that, if ever, led away by my ſenſes, I have attempted to render her unfaithful, I was never really deſirous of ſucceeding. The vehemence itſelf of my paſſion contained it within bounds. The duty of ſelf denial had elevated my mind. The luſtre of every virtue adorned in my eyes the idol of my heart: to have ſoiled their divine image would have been to deſtroy it. I might have committed the crime; it has been a hundred times committed in my heart; but, to diſhonour my Sophia! Ah, was this ever poſſible? No: I have told her an hundred times it was not. Had I had it in my power to ſatisfy my deſires, had ſhe conſented to commit herſelf to my diſcretion, I ſhould, except in a few moments of delirium, have refuſed to be happy at the

price

price of her honour. I loved her too well to wiſh to poſſeſs her.

The diſtance from the Hermitage to Eaubonne is almoſt a league; in my frequent excurſions to it I have ſometimes ſlept there. One evening after having ſupped tête-à-tête, we went to walk in the garden by a fine moon light. At the bottom of the garden is a conſiderable copſe, through which we paſſed in our way to a pretty grove ornamented with a caſcade of which I had given her the idea, and ſhe had procured it to be executed accordingly.

Eternal remembrance of innocence and enjoyment! It was in this grove that, ſeated by her ſide upon a ſeat of turf under an acacia in full bloom, I found for the emotions of my heart a language worthy of them. It was the firſt and only time of my life; but I was ſublime, if every thing amiable and ſeducing with which the moſt tender and ardent love can inſpire the heart of man, can be ſo called. What intoxicating tears did I ſhed upon her knees! how many did I make her to ſhed involuntarily! At length in an involuntary tranſport ſhe exclaimed: No, never was man ſo amiable, nor ever was there one who loved like you! But your friend St. L..... hears us; and my heart is incapable of loving twice. I exhauſted myſelf with ſighs: I embraced her——what an embrace! But this was all. She had lived alone for the laſt ſix months, that is abſent from her huſband and lover; I had ſeen her almoſt every day during three months, and love ſeldom failed to make a third. We had ſupped tête-à-tête, we were alone, in a grove by moon-light, and after two hours of the moſt lively and tender converſation, ſhe left this grove at midnight, and the arms of her lover,

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as morally and physically pure as she had entered it. Reader, weigh all these circumstances; I will add nothing more.

Do not however imagine that in this situation my passions left me as undisturbed, as I was with Thérèsa and mamma. I have already observed I was this time inspired not only with love, but with love in all its energy and fury. I will not describe either the agitations, tremblings, palpitations, convulsionary emotions, nor faintings of the heart, I continually experienced; these may be judged of by the effect her image alone made upon me. I have observed the distance from the Hermitage to Eaubonne was considerable; I went by the hills of Andilly, which are delightful, I mused, as I walked, on her whom I was going to see, the charming reception she would give me, and upon the kiss which awaited me at my arrival. This single kiss, this pernicious embrace, even before I received it, enflamed my blood to such a degree as to affect my head; my eyes were dazzled, my knees trembled, and were unable to support me; and I was obliged to stop and sit down; my whole frame was in inconceivable disorder, and I was upon the point of fainting. Knowing the danger, I endeavoured at setting out to divert my attention from the object, and think of something else. I had not proceeded twenty steps before the same recollection, and all that was the consequence of it assailed me in such a manner that it was impossible to avoid them, and in spite of all my efforts I do not believe I ever made this little excursion alone with impunity. I arrived at Eaubonne, weak, exhausted, and scarcely able to support myself. The moment I saw her every thing was repaired;

ed; all I felt in her preſence was the importunity of an inexhauſtible and uſeleſs ardour. Upon the road to Eaubonne there was a pleaſant terrace, called *Mont Olympe*, at which we ſometimes met. I arrived firſt, it was proper I ſhould wait for her; but how dear this waiting coſt me? To divert my attention I endeavoured to write with my pencil, billets which I could have written with the pureſt drops of my blood; I never could finiſh one which was legible. When ſhe found a note in the niche upon which we had agreed, all ſhe learned from the contents was the deplorable ſtate in which I was when I wrote it. This ſtate and its continuation, during three months of irritation and ſelf-denial, ſo exhauſted me that I was ſeveral years before I recovered from it, and at the end of theſe it left me an aliment which I ſhall carry with me, or which will carry me, to the grave. Such was the ſole enjoyment of a man of the moſt combuſtible conſtitution, but who was, at the ſame time, perhaps one of the moſt timid mortals nature ever produced. Such were the laſt happy days I can reckon upon earth; at the end of theſe began the long train of evils, in which there will be found but little interruption.

It has been ſeen that, during the whole courſe of my life, my heart, as tranſpatent as cryſtal, has never been capable of concealing for the ſpace of a moment, any ſentiment in the leaſt lively which had taken refuge in it. It will therefore be judged whether or not it was poſſible for me long to conceal my affection for Madame d'H..... Our intimacy ſtruck the eyes of every body, we did not make of it either a ſecret or a myſtery. It was not of a nature to require any ſuch precaution, and as Madame d'H.....

d'H..... had for me the moſt tender friendſhip with which ſhe did not reproach herſelf, and I for her an eſteem with the juſtice of which nobody is better acquainted than myſelf; ſhe, frank, abſent, heedleſs; I, true, aukward, haughty, impatient, and choleric; we expoſed ourſelves more in deceitful ſecurity than we ſhould have done had we been culpable. We both went to the C.....; we ſometimes met there even by appointment. We lived there according to our accuſtomed manner: walking together every day, talking of our amours, our duties, our friend, and our innocent projects; all this in the park oppoſite the apartment of Madame D'.....y, under her windows, whence inceſſantly examining us, and thinking herſelf braved, ſhe by her eyes filled her heart with rage and indignation.

Women have the art of concealing their anger, eſpecially when it is great. Madame D.....y, violent, but deliberate, poſſeſſed this art to an eminent degree. She feigned not to ſee or ſuſpect any thing, and at the ſame time that ſhe doubled toward me her cares, attention, and allurements; ſhe affected to load her ſiſter-in-law with incivilities and marks of diſdain, which ſhe, ſeemingly, wiſhed to communicate to me. It will eaſily be imagined ſhe did not ſucceed: but I was on the rack. Torn by oppoſite paſſions, at the ſame time that I was ſenſible of her careſſes, I could ſcarcely contain my anger when I ſaw her wanting in good manners to Madame H..... The angelic ſweetneſs of this lady made her endure every thing without a complaint, or even without being offended.

She was in fact ſo abſent, and always ſo little attentive to theſe things, that half the time ſhe did not perceive them.

I was ſo taken up with my paſſion, that, ſeeing nothing but Sophia (one of the names of Madame d'H.....), I did not perceive that I was become the laughing ſtock of the whole houſe, and all thoſe who came to it. The Baron d'H.....k, who never, as I had heard of, had been at the C.....e, was one of the latter. Had I at that time been as miſtruſtful as I am ſince become, I ſhould ſtrongly have ſuſpected Madame D'.....y to have contrived this journey to give the baron the amuſing ſpectacle of the amorous citizen. But I was then ſo ſtupid that I ſaw not that even which was glaring to every body. My ſtupidity did not, however, prevent me from finding in the baron a more jovial and ſatisfied appearance than ordinary. Inſtead of looking upon me with his uſual moroſeneſs, he ſaid to me a hundred jocoſe things without my knowing what he meaned. Surpriſe was painted in my countenance, but I anſwered not a word: Madame D'.....y ſhook her ſides with laughing; I knew not what poſſeſſed them. As nothing yet paſſed the bounds of pleaſantry, the beſt thing I could have done, had I been in the ſecret, would have been to have humoured the joke. It is true, I perceived amid the rallying gaiety of the baron, that his eyes, ſparkled with a malicious joy, which would have given me pain had I then remarked it to the degree it has ſince occurred to my recollection.

One day when I went to ſee Madame d'H..... at Eaubonne, after her return from one of her journies to Paris, I found her melancholy, and obſerved that ſhe had been weeping. I was obliged to put a reſtraint on myſelf, becauſe Madame

dame de B.....e, ſiſter to her huſband, was preſent; but the moment I found an opportunity, I expreſſed to her my uneaſineſs. Ah! ſaid ſhe, with a ſigh, I am much afraid your follies will coſt me the repoſe of the reſt of my days. St. L.....t has been informed of what has paſſed, and ill informed of it. He does me juſtice, but he is vexed; and what is ſtill worſe, he conceals from me a part of his vexation. Fortunately I have not concealed from him any thing relative to our connection, which was formed under his auſpices. My letters, like my heart, were full of yourſelf; I made him acquainted with every thing, except your extravagant paſſion, of which I hoped to cure you, and which he imputes to me as a crime. Somebody has done us ill offices: I have been injured, but what does this ſignify? either let us entirely break with each other, or do you be what you ought to be. I will not in future have any thing to conceal from my lover.

This was the firſt moment in which I was ſenſible of the ſhame of feeling myſelf humbled by the ſentiment of my fault, in preſence of a young woman of whoſe juſt reproaches I approved, and to whom I ought to have been a Mentor. The indignation I felt againſt myſelf, would, perhaps, have been ſufficient to overcome my weakneſs, had not the tender paſſion inſpired me by the victim of it again ſoftened my heart. Alas! was this a moment to harden it when it was overflowed by the tears which penetrated it in every part? This tenderneſs was ſoon changed into rage againſt the vile informers, who had ſeen nothing but the evil of a criminal but involuntary ſentiment, without believing or even imagining

the

the ſincere uprightneſs of heart by which it was counteracted. We did not remain long in doubt about the hand by which the blow was directed.

We both knew that Madame D'....y correſponded with St. L.....t. This was not the firſt ſtorm ſhe had raiſed up againſt Madame d'H....., from whom ſhe had made a thouſand efforts to detach her lover, the ſucceſs of ſome of which made the conſequences to be dreaded. Beſides, Grimm who, I think, had accompanied M. de C.....e to the army was in Weſtphalia as well as St. L....t; they ſometimes viſited. Grimm had made ſome attempts on Madame d'H.... which had not ſucceeded, and, being extremely picqued, ſuddenly diſcontinued his viſits to her. Let it be judged with what calmneſs, modeſt as he is known to be, he ſuppoſed ſhe preferred to him a man older than himſelf, and of whom, ſince he had frequented the great, he had never ſpoken but as of a perſon he protected.

My ſuſpicions of Madame D'.....y were changed into a certainty the moment I heard what had paſſed in my own houſe. When I was at the C.....e, Thérèſa frequently came there, either to bring me letters or pay me that attention which my ill ſtate of health rendered neceſſary. Madame D'.....y had aſked her if Madame d'H..... and I did not write to each other. Upon her anſwering in the affirmative, Madame D.....y preſſed her to give her the letters of Madame d'H....., aſſuring her ſhe would re-ſeal them in ſuch a manner as it ſhould never be known. Thérèſa, without ſhewing how much ſhe was ſhocked at the propoſition, and without even putting me upon my guard, did nothing more than

ſeal

ſeal the letters ſhe brought me more carefully; a lucky precaution, for Madame D'....y had her watched when ſhe arrived, and waiting for her in the paſſage, ſeveral times carried her audaciouſneſs as far as to examine her tucker. She did more even than this: having one day invited herſelf with M. de M.....y to dinner at the Hermitage, for the firſt time ſince I had reſided there, ſhe ſeized the moment I was walking with M.....y, to go into my cloſet with the mother and daughter, and to preſs them to ſhew her the letters of Madame d'H..... Had the mother known where the letters were, they would have been given to her; but, fortunately, the daughter was the only perſon who was in the ſecret, and denied my having preſerved any one of them. A virtuous, faithful, and generous falſhood; whilſt truth would have been a perfidy. Madame D'.....y perceiving Thérèſa was not to be ſeduced, endeavoured to irritate her by jealouſy, reproaching her with her eaſy temper and blindneſs. How is it poſſible, ſaid ſhe to her, you cannot perceive there is a criminal intercourſe between them? If beſides what ſtrikes your eyes you ſtand in need of other proofs, lend your aſſiſtance to obtain that which may furniſh them: you ſay he tears the letters from Madame d'H....., as ſoon as he has read them. Well; carefully gather up the pieces and give them to me; I will take upon myſelf to put them together. Such were the leſſons my friend gave to the partner of my bed.

Thérèſa had the diſcretion to conceal from me, for a conſiderable time, all theſe attempts; but, perceiving how much I was perplexed, ſhe thought herſelf obliged to inform me of every

every thing, to the end that, knowing with whom I had to do, I might take my meaſures accordingly. My rage and indignation are not to be deſcribed. Inſtead of diſſembling with Madame D'....y, according to her own example, and making uſe of counter-plots, I abandoned myſelf without reſerve to the natural impetuoſity of my temper; and with my accuſtomed inconſiderateneſs, came to an open rupture. My imprudence will be judged of by the following letters, which ſufficiently ſhew the manner of proceeding of both parties on this occaſion.

Note from Madame D'.....y.

" Why, my dear friend, do not I ſee you? You make me uneaſy. You have ſo often promiſed me to do nothing but go and come between this place and the Hermitage! In this I have left you at liberty; and you have ſuffered a week to paſs without coming. Had not I been told you were well I ſhould have imagined the contrary. I expected you either the day before yeſterday, or yeſterday, but found myſelf diſappointed. My God, what is the matter with you? You have no buſineſs, nor can you have any uneaſineſs; for, had this been the caſe, I flatter myſelf you would have come and communicated it to me. You are, therefore, ill! relieve me, I beſeech you, ſpeedily from my fears. Adieu, my dear friend: let this adieu produce me a good morning from you."

Anſwer.

" I cannot yet ſay any thing to you. I wait to be better informed, and this I ſhall be ſooner or later. In the mean time be perſuaded

ſuaded that innocence will find a defender ſufficiently powerful to cauſe ſome repentance in the ſlanderers, be they who they may."

Second note from the ſame.

"Do you know that your letter frightens me? What does it mean? I have read it twenty times. In truth I do not underſtand what it means. All I can perceive is, that you are uneaſy and tormented, and that you wait until you are no longer ſo before you ſpeak to me upon the ſubject. Is this, my dear friend, what we agreed upon? What then is become of that friendſhip and confidence, and by what means have I loſt them? Is it with me or for me that you are angry? However, this may be, come to me this evening I conjure you: remember you promiſed me no longer than a week ago to let nothing remain upon your mind, but immediately to communicate to me whatever might make it uneaſy. My dear friend, I live in that confidence——There——I have juſt read your letter again; I do not underſtand the contents better, but they make me tremble. You ſeem to be cruelly agitated. I could wiſh to calm your mind, but as I am ignorant of the cauſe whence your uneaſineſs ariſes, I know not what to ſay, except that I am as wretched as yourſelf, and ſhall remain ſo until we meet. If you are not here this evening at ſix o'clock, I ſet off to-morrow for the Hermitage let the weather be how it will, and in whatever ſtate of health I may be; for I can no longer ſupport the inquietude I now feel. Good-day, my dear friend, at all riſks I take the liberty to tell you, without knowing whether or not you are in need of ſuch advice,

advice, to endeavour to ſtop the progreſs uneaſineſs makes in ſolitude. A fly becomes a monſter. I have frequently experienced it."

Anſwer.

"I can neither come to ſee you nor receive your viſit ſo long as my preſent inquietude continues. The confidence of which you ſpeak no longer exiſts, and it will not be eaſy for you to recover it. I ſee nothing more in your preſent anxiety than the deſire of drawing from the confeſſions of others ſome advantage agreeable to your views; and my heart, ſo ready to pour its over-flowings into another which opens itſelf to receive them, is ſhut againſt trick and cunning. I diſtinguiſh your ordinary addreſs in the difficulty you find in underſtanding my note. Do you think me dupe enough to believe you have not comprehended what it meaned? No: but I ſhall know how to overcome your ſubtilties by my frankneſs. I will explain myſelf more clearly that you may underſtand me ſtill leſs.

"Two lovers cloſely united and worthy of each other's love are dear to me; I expect you will not know who I mean unleſs I name them. I preſume attempts have been made to diſunite them, and that I have been made uſe of to inſpire one of the two with jealouſy. The choice was not judicious, but it appeared convenient to the purpoſes of malice, and of this malice it is you whom I ſuſpect to be guilty. I hope this becomes more clear.

"Thus the woman whom I moſt eſteem would, with my knowledge, have been loaded with the infamy of dividing her heart and perſon between two lovers, and I with that of being one of theſe wretches. If I knew that,

for

for a ſingle moment in your life, you ever had thought this, either of her or myſelf, I ſhould hate you until my laſt hour. But it is with having ſaid, and not with having thought it, that I charge you. In this caſe, I cannot comprehend which of the three you wiſhed to injure; but, if you love peace of mind, tremble leſt you ſhould have ſucceeded. I have not concealed either from you or her all the ill I think of certain connections, but I wiſh theſe to end by a means as virtuous as their cauſe, and that an illegitimate love may be changed into an eternal friendſhip. Should I, who never do ill to any perſon, be the innocent means of doing it to my friends? No, I ſhould never forgive you; I ſhould become your irreconcilable enemy. Your ſecrets are all I ſhould reſpect; for I will never be a man without honour.

"I do not apprehend my preſent perplexity will continue a long time. I ſhall ſoon know whether or not I am deceived, I ſhall then perhaps have great injuries to repair, which I will do with as much chearfulneſs as that with which the moſt agreeable act of my life has been accompanied. But do you know in what manner I will make amends for my faults during the ſhort ſpace of time I have to remain near to you? By doing what nobody but myſelf would do; by telling you freely what the world thinks of you, and the breaches you have to repair in your reputation. Notwithſtanding all the pretended friends by whom you are ſurrounded, the moment you ſee me depart, you may bid adieu to truth; you will no longer find any perſon who will tell it you."

Third letter from the ſame.

"I did not underſtand your letter of this morning: this I told you becauſe it was the caſe. I underſtand that of this evening; do not imagine I ſhall ever return an anſwer to it, I am too anxious to forget what it contains; and although you excite my pity, I am not proof againſt the bitterneſs with which it has filled my mind. I! deſcend to trick and cunning with you! I! accuſed of the blackeſt of all infamies! Adieu, I regret your having the —— adieu. I know not what I ſay —— adieu: I ſhall be very anxious to forgive you. You will come when you pleaſe; you will be better received than your ſuſpicions deſerve. All I have to deſire of you is not to trouble yourſelf about my reputation. The opinion of the world concerning me is of but little importance in my eſteem. My conduct is good and this is ſufficient for me. Beſides I am ignorant of what has happened to the two perſons who are as dear to me as they are to you."

This laſt letter extricated me from a terrible embarraſſment and threw me into another of almoſt the ſame magnitude. Although theſe letters and anſwers were ſent and returned the ſame day with an extreme rapidity, the interval had been ſufficient to place another between my rage and tranſport, and to give me time to reflect on the enormity of my imprudence. Madame d'H..... had not recommended to me any thing ſo much as to remain quiet, to leave her the care of extricating herſelf, and to avoid, eſpecially at that moment, all noiſe and rupture; and I, by the moſt open and atrocious inſults, took the propereſt means of carrying rage to its greateſt height in the heart of a woman

woman who was already but too well diſpoſed to it. I now could naturally expect nothing from her but an anſwer ſo haughty, diſdainful, and expreſſive of contempt, that I could not, without the utmoſt meanneſs, do otherwiſe than immediately quit her houſe. Happily ſhe, more adroit than I was furious, avoided, by the manner of her anſwer, reducing me to that extremity. But it was neceſſary either to quit or immediately go and ſee her; the alternative was inevitable; I reſolved on the latter, though I foreſaw how much I muſt be embarraſſed in the explanation. For how was I to get through it without expoſing either Madame d'H..... or Théréſa? and woe to her whom I ſhould have named! There was nothing that the vengeance of an implacable and an intriguing woman did not make me fear for the perſon who ſhould be the object of it. It was to prevent this misfortune that in my letter I had ſpoken of nothing but ſuſpicions, that I might not be under the neceſſity of producing my proofs. This, it is true, rendered my tranſports leſs excuſable, no ſimple ſuſpicions being ſufficient to authoriſe me to treat a woman, and eſpecially a friend, in the manner I had treated Madame D'.....y. But here begins the noble taſk I worthily fulfilled of expiating my faults and ſecret weakneſſes by charging myſelf with ſuch of the former as I was incapable of committing, and which I never did commit.

I had not to bear the attack I had expected, and fear was the greateſt evil I received from it. At my approach, Madame D'.....y threw her arms about my neck, burſting into tears. This unexpected reception, and by an old friend, extremely affected me: I alſo ſhed

many tears. I ſaid to her a few words which had not much meaning; ſhe uttered others with ſtill leſs, and every thing ended here. Supper was ſerved; we ſat down to table, where, in expectation of the explanation I imagined to be deferred until ſupper was over, I made a very poor figure; for I am ſo overpowered by the moſt trifling inquietude of mind that I cannot conceal it from perſons the leaſt clear-ſighted. My embarraſſed appearance muſt have given her courage, yet ſhe did not riſk any thing upon that foundation. There was no more explanation after than before ſupper; none took place on the next day, and our little tête-a-tête converſations conſiſted of indifferent things, or ſome complimentary words on my part, by which, while I informed her I could not ſay more relative to my ſuſpicions, I aſſerted with the greateſt truth, that, if they were ill founded, my whole life ſhould be employed in repairing the injuſtice. She did not ſhew the leaſt curioſity to know preciſely what they were, nor for what reaſon I had formed them, and all our peace-making conſiſted, on her part as well as on mine, in the embrace at our firſt meeting. Since Madame D'.....y was the only perſon offended, at leaſt in form, I thought it was not for me to ſtrive to bring about an eclairciſſement for which ſhe herſelf did not ſeem anxious, and I returned as I had come; continuing, beſides to live with her upon the ſame footing as before, I ſoon almoſt entirely forgot the quarrel, and fooliſhly believed ſhe had done the ſame, becauſe ſhe ſeemed not to remember what had paſſed.

This, as it will ſoon appear, was not the only vexation cauſed me by weakneſs; but I

had others not leſs diſagreeable, which I had not brought upon myſelf. The only cauſe of theſe was a deſire of forcing me from my ſolitude *, by means of tormenting me. Theſe originated from Diderot and the d'H . . . . . Since I had reſided at the Hermitage, Diderot inceſſantly harraſſed me, either himſelf or by means of De Leyre, and I ſoon perceived from the pleaſantries of the latter upon my ramblings in the groves, with what pleaſure he had traveſtied the hermit into the gallant ſhepherd. But this was not the queſtion in my quarrels with Diderot; the cauſes of theſe were more ſerious. After the publication of the *Fils Naturel* he had ſent me a copy of it, which I had read with the intereſt and attention I ever beſtowed on the works of a friend. In reading the kind of poem annexed to it, I was ſurpriſed and rather grieved to find in it, amongſt ſeveral things, diſobliging but ſupportable, againſt men in ſolitude, this bitter and ſevere ſentence without the leaſt ſoftening: *Il n'y a que le mechant qui ſoit ſeul*†. This ſentence is equivocal, and ſeems to preſent a double meaning; the one true, the other falſe; ſince it is impoſſible that a man who is determined to remain alone can do the leaſt harm to any body, and conſequently he cannot be wicked. The ſentence in itſelf therefore required an interpretation; the more ſo from an author who, when he ſent it to the preſs, had a friend retired from the world. It appeared to me ſhocking

* That is, to take from it the old woman who was wanted in the conſpiracy. It is aſtoniſhing that, during this long quarrel, my ſtupid confidence prevented me from comprehending that it was not I but ſhe whom they wanted at Paris.

† The wicked only is alone.

and

and uncivil, either to have forgotten that ſolitary friend, or, in remembering him, not to have made from the general maxim the honourable and juſt exception which he owed not only to his friend, but to ſo many reſpectable ſages, who, in all ages, have ſought for peace and tranquillity in retirement, and of whom, for the firſt time ſince the creation of the world, a writer took it into his head indiſcriminately to make ſo many villains.

I had great affection and the moſt ſincere eſteem for Diderot, and fully depended upon his having the ſame ſentiments for me. But tired with his indefatigable obſtinacy in continually oppoſing my inclinations, taſte, and manner of living, and every thing which related to no perſon but myſelf; ſhocked at ſeeing a man younger than I was wiſh, at all events, to govern me like a child; diſguſted with his facility in promiſing, and his negligence in performing; weary of ſo many appointments given by himſelf and capriciouſly broken, while new ones were again given only to be again broken; diſpleaſed at uſeleſsly waiting for him three or four times a month on the days he had aſſigned, and in dining alone at night after having gone to Saint Denis to meet him, and waited the whole day for his coming; my heart was already full of theſe multiplied injuries. This laſt appeared to me ſtill more ſerious, and gave me infinite pain. I wrote to complain of it, but in ſo mild and tender a manner that I moiſtened my paper with my tears, and my letter was ſufficiently affecting to have drawn others from himſelf. It would be impoſſible to gueſs his anſwer on this ſubject; it was literally as follows: "I am glad my work has pleaſed and affected you.

You

You are not of my opinion relative to hermits. Say as much good of them as you pleaſe, you will be the only one in the world of whom I ſhall think well: even on this there would be much to ſay were it poſſible to ſpeak to you without giving you offence. A woman eighty years of age! &c. A phraſe of a letter from the ſon of Madame D'.....y, which, if I know you well, muſt have given you much pain, has been mentioned to me."

The two laſt expreſſions of this letter want explanation.

Soon after I went to reſide at the Hermitage, Madame le Vaſſeur ſeemed diſſatisfied with her ſituation, and to think the habitation too retired. Having heard ſhe had expreſſed her diſlike to the place, I offered to ſend her back to Paris, if that were more agreeable to her; to pay her lodging, and to have the ſame care taken of her as if ſhe remained with me. She rejected my offer, aſſured me ſhe was very well ſatisfied with the Hermitage, and that the country air was of ſervice to her. This was evident, for, if I may ſo ſpeak, ſhe ſeemed to become young again, and enjoyed better health than at Paris. Her daughter told me her mother would, on the whole, have been very ſorry to quit the Hermitage, which was really a delightful abode, being fond of the little amuſements of the garden and the care of the fruit of which ſhe had the handling, but that ſhe had ſaid, what ſhe had been deſired to ſay, to induce me to return to Paris.

Failing in this attempt they endeavoured to obtain by a ſcruple the effect which complaiſance had not produced, and conſtrued into a crime my keeping the old woman at a diſtance from the ſuccours of which, at her age, ſhe might

might be in need. They did not recollect that ſhe, and many other old people, whoſe lives were prolonged by the air of the country might obtain theſe ſuccours at Montmorency, near to which I lived; as if there were no old people, except in Paris, and that it was impoſſible for them to live in any other place. Madame le Vaſſeur, who eat a great deal, and with extreme voracity, was ſubject to overflowings of bile and to ſtrong diarrhæas, which laſted ſeveral days, and ſerved her inſtead of clyſters. At Paris ſhe neither did nor took any thing for them, but left nature to itſelf. She obſerved the ſame rule at the Hermitage, knowing it was the beſt thing ſhe could do. No matter, ſince there were not in the country either phyſicians or apothecaries, keeping here there muſt, no doubt, be with the deſire of putting an end to her exiſtence, although ſhe was in perfect health. Diderot ſhould have determined at what age, under pain of being puniſhed for homicide, it is no longer permitted to let old people remain out of Paris.

This was one of the atrocious accuſations from which he did not except me in his remark; that none but the wicked were alone; and the meaning of his pathetic exclamation with the *et cætera*, which he had benignantly added: *A woman of eighty years of age, &c.*

I thought the beſt anſwer that could be given to this reproach would be from Madame le Vaſſeur herſelf. I deſired her to write freely and naturally her ſentiments to Madame D'.....y. To relieve her from all conſtraint I would not ſee her letter. I ſhewed her that I am going to tranſcribe. I wrote it to Madame D'.....y, upon the ſubject of an anſwer I wiſhed to return to a letter ſtill more ſevere from Diderot,

rot, and which ſhe had prevented me from ſending.

Thurſday.

" My good friend. Madame le Vaſſeur is to write to you: I have deſired her to tell you ſincerely what ſhe thinks. To remove from her all conſtraint, I have intimated to her that I will not ſee what ſhe writes, and I beg of you not to communicate to me any part of the contents of her letter.

" I will not ſend my letter becauſe you do not chooſe I ſhould; but, feeling myſelf grievouſly offended, it would be baſeneſs and falſehood, of either of which it is impoſſible for me to be guilty, to acknowledge myſelf in the wrong. Holy writ commands him to whom a blow is given, to turn the other cheek, but not to aſk pardon. Do you remember the man in the comedy who exclaims, while he is giving another blows with his ſtaff? This is the part of a philoſopher!

" Do not flatter yourſelf that he will be prevented from coming by the bad weather we now have. His rage will give him the time and ſtrength which friendſhip refuſes him, and it will be the firſt time in his life he ever came upon the day he had appointed.

" He will neglect nothing to come and repeat to me verbally the injuries with which he loads me in his letters; I will endure them all with patience. He will return to Paris to be ill again; and, according to cuſtom, I ſhall be a very hateful man. What is to be done? Endure it all.

" But do not you admire the wiſdom of the man who would abſolutely come to Saint Denis in a hackney coach to dine there, bring me

home in a hackney-coach, and whoſe finances, eight days afterwards, obliges him to come to the Hermitage on foot? It is not poſſible, to ſpeak his own language, that this ſhould be the ſtyle of ſincerity. But were this the caſe, ſtrange changes of fortune muſt have happened in the courſe of a week.

"I join in your affliction for the illneſs of madame, your mother, but you will perceive your grief is not equal to mine. We ſuffer leſs by ſeeing the perſons we love ill, than when they are unjuſt and cruel.

"Adieu, my good friend, I ſhall never again mention to you this unhappy affair. You ſpeak of going to Paris with an unconcern, which, at any other time, would give me pleaſure."

I wrote to Diderot, telling him what I had done, relative to Madame le Vaſſeur, upon the propoſal of Madame D'....y, herſelf; and Madame le Vaſſeur having, as it may be imagined, choſen to remain at the Hermitage, where ſhe enjoyed a good ſtate of health, always had company, and lived very agreeably, Diderot, not knowing what elſe to attribute to me as a crime, conſtrued my precaution into one, and diſcovered another in Madame le Vaſſeur continuing to reſide at the Hermitage, although this was by her own choice; and though her going to Paris had, and ſtill depended upon herſelf where ſhe would continue to receive the ſame ſuccours from me as I gave to her in my houſe.

This is the explanation of the firſt reproach in the letter of Diderot. That of the ſecond is in the letter which follows. "The learned man, (a name given in a joke by Grimm to the ſon of Madame D'.....y), muſt have informed

formed you there were upon the rampart twenty poor perſons who were dying with cold and hunger, and waiting for the farthing you cuſtomarily gave them. This is a ſpecimen of our little babbling.....And if you underſtand the reſt it would amuſe you perhaps."

My anſwer to this terrible argument of which Diderot ſeemed ſo proud, was in the following words:

"I think I anſwered the *learned man*; that is, the farmer-general, that I did not pity the poor whom he had ſeen upon the rampart, waiting for my farthing; that he had probably amply made it up to them; that I appointed him my ſubſtitute, that the poor of Paris would have no reaſon to complain of the change; and that I ſhould not eaſily find ſo good a one for the poor of Montmorency, who were in much greater need of aſſiſtance. Here is a good and reſpectable old man, who, after having worked hard all his life-time, no longer being able to continue his labours, is in his old days dying with hunger. My conſcience is more ſatisfied with the two ſols I give him every Monday, than with the hundred farthings I ſhould have diſtributed amongſt all the beggars on the rampart. You are pleaſant men, you philoſophers, while you conſider the inhabitants of cities as the only perſons whom you ought to befriend. It is in the country men learn how to love and ſerve humanity; all they learn in cities is to deſpiſe it."

Such were the ſingular ſcruples on which a man of ſenſe had the folly to attribute to me as a crime my retiring from Paris, and pretended to prove to me by my own example, that it was not poſſible to live out of the capital without

without becoming a bad man. I cannot at preſent conceive how I could be guilty of the folly of anſwering him, and of ſuffering myſelf to be angry inſtead of laughing in his face. However, the deciſions of Madame D'.....y, and the clamours of the *Coterie H.....e*, had ſo far operated in her favour, that I was generally thought to be in the wrong; and that Madame d'H..... herſelf, very partial to Diderot, inſiſted upon my going to ſee him at Paris, and making all the advances towards an accommodation, which, full and ſincere as it was on my part, was not of long duration. The victorious argument, by which ſhe ſubdued my heart, was that at that moment Diderot was in diſtreſs. Beſides the ſtorm excited againſt the *Encyclopedie*, he had then another violent one to make head againſt, relative to his piece, which, notwithſtanding the ſhort hiſtory he had printed at the head of it, he was accuſed of having entirely taken from Goldoni. Diderot, more wounded by criticiſms than Voltaire, was overwhelmed by them. Madame de Grafigny had been malicious enough to ſpread a report that I had broken with him on this account. I thought it would be juſt and generous publicly to prove the contrary, and I went to paſs two days, not only with him, but at his lodgings. This, ſince I had taken up my abode at the Hermitage, was my ſecond journey to Paris. I had made the firſt to run to poor Gauffecourt, who had had a ſtroke of apoplexy, from which he has never perfectly recovered: I did not quit the ſide of his pillow until he was ſo far reſtored as to have no farther need of my aſſiſtance.

Diderot

Diderot received me well. How many wrongs are effaced by the embraces of a friend! after theſe, what reſentment can remain in the heart? We came to but little explanation. This is needleſs for reciprocal invectives. The only thing neceſſary is to know how to forget them. There had been no under-hand proceedings, none at leaſt that had come to my knowledge: the caſe was not the ſame with Madame D'.....y. He ſhewed me the plan of the *Pere de Famille**. This, ſaid I to him, is the beſt defence of the *Fils Naturel*. Be ſilent, give your attention to this piece, and then throw it at the head of your enemies as the only anſwer you think proper to make them. He did ſo and was ſatisfied with what he had done. I had ſix months before ſent him the two firſt parts of my Eloiſa to have his opinion upon them. He had not yet read the work over. We read a part of it together. He found this *feuillet*, that was his term, by which he meant loaded with words and redundancies. I myſelf had already perceived it; but it was the babbling of the fever: I have never been able to correct it. The laſt parts are not the ſame. The fourth eſpecially, and the ſixth, are maſter pieces of diction.

The day after my arrival, he would abſolutely take me to ſup with M. H.....k. We were far from agreeing upon this point; for I wiſhed even to get rid of the bargain for the manuſcript on chemiſtry, for which I was enraged to be obliged to that man. Diderot carried all before him. He ſwore d'H.....k loved me with all his heart, ſaid I muſt forgive him his manner, which was the

* Father of the Family; a comedy by Diderot.

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ſame to every body, and more diſagreeable to his friends than to others. He obſerved to me that, refuſing the produce of this manuſcript, after having accepted it two years before, was an affront to the donor which he had not deſerved, and that my refuſal might be interpreted into a ſecret reproach, for having waited ſo long to conclude the bargain. I ſee, added he, d'H.....k every day, and know better than you do the nature of his diſpoſition. Had you reaſon to be diſſatisfied with him, do you think your friend capable of adviſing you to do a mean thing? In ſhort, with my accuſtomed weakneſs, I ſuffered myſelf to be prevailed upon, and we went to ſup with the baron, who received me as he uſually had done. But his wife received me coldly and almoſt uncivilly. I ſaw nothing in her which reſembled the amiable Caroline, who, when a maid, expreſſed for me ſo many good wiſhes. I thought I had already perceived that ſince Grimm had frequented the houſe of d'A..e, I had not met there ſo friendly a reception.

Whilſt I was at Paris, St. L.....t arrived there from the army. As I was not acquainted with his arrival, I did not ſee him until after my return to the country, firſt at the C..... e, and afterwards at the Hermitage; to which he came with Madame d'H....., and invited himſelf to dinner with me. It may be judged whether or not I received him with pleaſure! But I felt one ſtill greater at ſeeing the good underſtanding between my gueſts. Satisfied with not having diſturbed their happineſs, I myſelf was happy in being a witneſs to it, and I can ſafely aſſert that, during the whole of my mad paſſion, and eſpecially at the moment of

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which I ſpeak, had it been in my power to take from him Madame d'H..... I would not have done it, nor ſhould I have ſo much as been tempted to undertake it. I found her ſo amiable in her paſſion for St. L.....t, that I could ſcarcely imagine ſhe would have been as much ſo had ſhe loved me inſtead of him; and without wiſhing to diſturb their union, all I really deſired of her was to permit herſelf to be loved. Finally, however violent my paſſion may have been for this lady, I found it as agreeable to be the confident as the object of her amours, and I never for a moment conſidered her lover as a rival but always as my friend. It will be ſaid this was not love: be it ſo, but it was ſomething more.

As for St. L.....t, he behaved like an honeſt and a judicious man: as I was the only perſon culpable, ſo was I the only one who was puniſhed: this, however, was with the greateſt indulgence. He treated me ſeverely, but in a friendly manner, and I perceived I had loſt ſomething in his eſteem, but not the leaſt part of his friendſhip. For this I conſoled myſelf, knowing it would be much more eaſy to me to recover one than the other, and that he had too much ſenſe to confound an involuntary weakneſs and a paſſion with a vice of character. If even I were in fault in all that had paſſed, I was but very little ſo. Had I firſt ſought after his miſtreſs? Had not he himſelf ſent her to me? Did not ſhe come in ſearch of me? Could I avoid receiving her? What could I do? They themſelves had done the evil, and I was the perſon on whom it fell. In my ſituation they would have done as much as I did, and perhaps more: for, however eſtimable and faithful Madame d'H..... might be,

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ſhe was ſtill a woman; her lover was abſent; opportunities were frequent; temptations ſtrong; and it would have been very difficult for her always to have defended herſelf with the ſame ſucceſs againſt a more enterpriſing man. We certainly had done a great deal in our ſituation, in placing boundaries beyond which we never permitted ourſelves to paſs.

Although at the bottom of my heart I found evidence ſufficiently honourable in my favour, ſo many appearances were againſt me, that the invincible ſhame always predominant in me, gave me in his preſence the appearance of guilt, and of this he took advantage for the purpoſe of humbling me: a ſingle circumſtance will deſcribe this reciprocal ſituation. I read to him, after dinner, the letter I had written the preceding year to Voltaire, and of which St. L.....t had heard ſpeak. Whilſt I was reading he fell aſleep, and I, lately ſo haughty, at preſent ſo fooliſh, dared not ſtop, and continued to read whilſt he continued to ſnore. Such were my indignities and ſuch his revenge; but his generoſity never permitted him to exerciſe them, except between ourſelves.

After his return to the army, I found Madame d'H..... greatly changed in her manner with me. At this I was as much ſurpriſed as if it had not been what I ought to have expected; it affected me more than it ought to have done, and did me conſiderable harm. It ſeemed that every thing from which I expected a cure, ſtill plunged deeper into my heart the dart, which I at lenght broke in rather than drew out.

I was quite determined to conquer myſelf, and leave no means untried to change my fool-

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ish paſſion into a pure and laſting friendſhip. For this purpoſe I had formed the fineſt projects in the world; for the execution of which the concurrence of Madame d'H..... was neceſſary. When I wiſhed to ſpeak to her I found her abſent and embarraſſed; I perceived I was no longer agreeable to her, and that ſomething had paſſed, which ſhe would not communicate to me, and which I have never yet known. This change, and the impoſſibility of knowing the reaſon of it, grieved me to the heart. She aſked me for her letters; theſe I returned her with a fidelity of which ſhe did me the inſult to doubt for a moment.

This doubt was another wound given to my heart, with which ſhe muſt have been ſo well acquainted. She did me juſtice, but not immediately: I underſtood that an examination of the packet I had ſent her, made her perceive her error: I ſaw ſhe reproached herſelf with it, by which I was a gainer of ſomething. She could not take back her letters without returning me mine. She told me ſhe had burnt them: of this I dared to doubt in my turn, and I confeſs I doubt of it at this moment. No, ſuch letters as mine to her were, are never thrown into the fire. Thoſe of Eloiſa have been found ardent. Heavens! what would have been ſaid of theſe? No, no, ſhe, who can inſpire a like paſſion, will never have the courage to burn the proofs of it. But I am not afraid of her having made a bad uſe of them: of this I do not think her capable; and beſides, I had taken proper meaſures to prevent it. The fooliſh, but ſtrong apprehenſion of raillery, had made me begin this correſpondence in a manner to ſecure my letters from all communication. I carried the familiarity I permitted myſelf with her

her in my intoxication ſo far as to ſpeak to her in the ſingular number: but what *theeing* and *thouing!* ſhe certainly could not be offended with it. Yet ſhe ſeveral times complained, but this was always uſeleſs: her complaints had no other effect than that of awakening my fears, and I beſides could not ſuffer myſelf to loſe ground. If theſe letters be not yet deſtroyed, and ſhould they ever be made public, the world will ſee in what manner I have loved.

The grief cauſed me by the coldneſs of Madame d'H....., and the certainty of not having merited it, made me take the ſingular reſolution to complain of it to St. L ....t himſelf. While waiting the effect of the letter I wrote to him, I ſought diſſipations to which I ought ſooner to have had recourſe. Fetes were given at the C.....e, for which I compoſed muſic. The pleaſure of honouring myſelf in the eyes of Madame d'H..... by a talent ſhe loved, warmed my imagination, and another object ſtill contributed to give it animation, this was the deſire the author of the *Devin du Village* had of ſhewing he underſtood muſic; for I had perceived ſome perſons had, for a conſiderable time paſt, endeavoured to render this doubtful, at leaſt with reſpect to compoſition. My beginning at Paris, the ordeal through which I had ſeveral times paſſed there, both at the houſe of M. D...n and that of M. de la Popliniere; the quantity of muſic I had compoſed during fourteen years in the midſt of the moſt celebrated maſters, and before their eyes:—finally, the opera of the *Muſes Gallantes*, and that even of the *Devin*; a motet I had compoſed for Mademoiſelle Fel, and which ſhe had ſung at the ſpiritual concert;

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the frequent conferences I had had upon this fine art with the firſt compoſers, all ſeemed to prevent or diſſipate a doubt of ſuch a nature. This however exiſted even at the C.....e, and in the mind of M.D'.....y himſelf. Without appearing to obſerve it, I undertook to compoſe him a motet for the dedication of the chapel of the C.....e, and I begged him to make choice of the words. He directed De Linant, the tutor to his ſon, to furniſh me with theſe. De Linant gave me words proper to the ſubject, and, in a week after I had received them, the motet was finiſhed. This time, ſpite was my Apollo, and never did better muſic come from my hand. The words began with: *Ecce ſedes hic tonantis.* (I have ſince learned theſe were by Santeuil, and that M. de Linant had without ſcruple appropriated them to himſelf.) The grandeur of the opening is ſuitable to the words, and the reſt of the motet is ſo elegantly harmonious that every one was ſtruck with it. I had compoſed it for a great orcheſtra. D'.....y procured the beſt performers. Madame Bruna, an Italian ſinger ſung the motet, and was well accompanied. The compoſition ſucceeded ſo well that it was afterwards performed at the ſpiritual concert, where, in ſpite of ſecret cabals, and, notwithſtanding it was badly executed, it was twice generally applauded. I gave, for the birth day of M. D'.....y, the idea of a kind of piece half dramatic and half pantomimical, of which I alſo compoſed the muſic. Grimm, on his arrival, heard ſpeak of my muſical ſucceſs. An hour afterwards not a word more was ſaid upon the ſubject; but there no longer remained a doubt, not at leaſt that I know of, of my knowledge of compoſition.

Grimm

Grimm was ſcarcely arrived at the C.....e, where I already did not much amuſe myſelf, before he made it inſupportable to me by airs I never before ſaw in any perſon, and of which I had no idea. The evening before he came, I was diſlodged from the chamber of favour, contiguous to that of Madame D.....y; it was prepared for Grimm, and, inſtead of it, I was put into another further off. In this manner, ſaid I laughingly to Madame D'.....y, new comers diſplace thoſe which are eſtabliſhed. She ſeemed embarraſſed. I was better acquainted the ſame evening with the reaſon for the change, in learning that between her chamber and that I had quitted there was a private door which ſhe had thought needleſs to ſhew me. Her intercourſe with Grimm was not a ſecret either in her own houſe or to the public, not even to her huſband; yet, far from confeſſing it to me, the confident of ſecrets more important to her, and which ſhe was ſure would be faithfully kept, ſhe conſtantly denied it in the ſtrongeſt manner. I comprehended this reſerve proceeded from Grimm, who, though entruſted with all my ſecrets, did not chuſe I ſhould be ſo with any of his.

However prejudiced I was in favour of this man by my former ſentiments, which were not extinguiſhed, and by the real merit he had, all was not proof againſt the cares he took to deſtroy it. He received me like the Comte de Tuffière; he ſcarcely deigned to return my ſalute; he never once ſpoke to me, and prevented my ſpeaking to him, by not making me any anſwer; he every where paſſed firſt, and took the firſt place without ever paying me the leaſt attention. All this would have been ſupportable had he not accompanied it with a ſhock-

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ing affectation, which may be judged of by one example taken from a hundred. One evening Madame D'.....y, finding herſelf a little indiſpoſed, ordered ſomething for her ſupper to be carried into her chamber, and went up ſtairs to ſup by the ſide of her fire. She aſked me to go up with her, which I did. Grimm came afterwards. The little table was already placed, and there were but two covers. Supper was ſerved: Madame D'.....y took her place on one ſide of the fire, Grimm took an armed chair, ſeated himſelf at the other, drew the little table between them, opened his napkin, and prepared himſelf for eating without ſpeaking to me a ſingle word. Madame D'.....y bluſhed at his behaviour, and, to induce him to repair his rudeneſs, offered me her place. He ſaid nothing, nor did he ever look at me. Not being able to approach the fire, I walked about the chamber until a cover was brought. Indiſpoſed as I was, elder than himſelf, longer acquainted in the houſe than he had been, the perſon who had introduced him there, and to whom, as favourite of the lady, he ought to have done the honours of it, he ſuffered me to ſup at the end of the table, at a diſtance from the fire, without ſhewing me the leaſt civility. His whole behaviour to me correſponded with this example of it. He did not treat me preciſely as his inferior, but he looked upon me as a cypher. I could ſcarcely recogniſe the ſame Grimm, who, at the houſe of the P..... de S... G...., thought himſelf honoured when I caſt my eyes upon him. I had ſtill more difficulty in reconciling this profound ſilence and inſulting haughtineſs with the tender friendſhip he profeſſed for me to thoſe whom he knew to be my real friends. It is true the only proofs he

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gave of it was pitying my wretched fortune, of which I did not complain; compaſſionating my ſad fate, with which I was ſatisfied; and lamenting to ſee me obſtinately refuſe the benevolent ſervices, he ſaid, he wiſhed to render me. Thus was it he artfully made the world admire his affectionate generoſity, blame my ungrateful miſanthropy, and inſenſibly accuſtomed people to imagine there was nothing more between a protector like him and a wretch like myſelf, than a connection founded upon benefactions on one part, and obligations on the other, without once thinking of a friendſhip between equals. For my part, I have vainly ſought to diſcover in what I was under an obligation to this new protector. I had lent him money, he had never lent me any; I had attended him in his illneſs, he ſcarcely came to ſee me in mine; I had given him all my friends, he never had given me any of his; I had ſaid every thing I could in his favour, and if ever he has ſpoken of me it has been leſs publicly and in another manner. He has never either rendered or offered me the leaſt ſervice of any kind. How, therefore, was he my Mecænas? In what manner was I protected by him? This was incomprehenſible to me, and ſtill remains ſo.

It is true he was more or leſs arrogant with every body, but I was the only perſon with whom he was brutally ſo. I remember St. L.....t once ready to throw a plate at his head, upon his, in ſome meaſure, giving him the lie at table by vulgarly ſaying: *that is not true.* With his naturally imperious manner he had the ſelf-ſufficiency of an upſtart, and became ridiculous by being extravagantly impertinent. An intercourſe with the great had ſo far intoxicated him that he gave himſelf airs which none

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but the contemptible part of them ever aſſume. He never called his lackey but by *Eh!* as if amongſt the number of his ſervants my lord had not known which was in waiting. When he ſent him to buy any thing, he threw the money upon the ground inſtead of putting it into his hand. In ſhort, entirely forgetting he was a man, he treated him with ſuch ſhocking contempt, and ſo cruel a diſdain in every thing, that the poor lad, a very good creature whom Madame D'.....y had recommended, quitted his ſervice without any other complaint than that of the impoſſibility of enduring ſuch treatment. This was the la Fleur of this new preſuming upſtart.

All theſe things were nothing more than ridiculous, but, quite oppoſite to my character, they contributed to render his ſuſpicious to me. I could eaſily imagine that a man whoſe head was ſo much deranged could not have a heart well placed. He piqued himſelf upon nothing ſo much as upon ſentiment. How could this agree with defects which are peculiar to little minds? How can the continued over-flowings of a ſuſceptible heart ſuffer it to be inceſſantly employed in ſo many little cares relative to the perſon? He who feels his heart inflamed with this celeſtial fire ſtrives to diffuſe it, and wiſhes to ſhew what he internally is. He would wiſh to place his heart in his countenance, and thinks not of other paint for his cheeks.

I remember the ſummary of his morality which Madame D'.....y had mentioned to me and adopted. This conſiſted in one ſingle article: that the ſole duty of man is to follow all the inclinations of his heart. This morality, when I heard it mentioned, gave me great matter of reflection, although I at firſt conſidered

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it ſolely as a play of wit. But I ſoon perceived it was a principle really the rule of his conduct, and of which I afterwards had, at my own expence, but too many convincing proofs. It is the interior doctrine Diderot has ſo frequently intimated to me, but which I never heard him explain.

I remembered having ſeveral years before been frequently told that Grimm was falſe, that he had nothing more than the appearance of ſentiment, and particularly that he did not love me. I recollected ſeveral little anecdotes which I had heard of him by M. de F.....l and Madame de C.....x, neither of whom eſteemed him, and to whom he muſt have been known as Madame de C.....x was daughter to Madame de R.....t, the intimate friend of the late Comte de F...., and that M. de F.....l, at that time very intimate with the Viſcount de P.....c, had lived a good deal at the *Palais Royal* preciſely when Grimm began to introduce himſelf there. All Paris heard of his deſpair after the death of the Comte de F..e. It was neceſſary to ſupport the reputation he had acquired after the rigours of Mademoiſelle Fel, and of which I, more than any other perſon, ſhould have ſeen the impoſture, had I been leſs blind. He was obliged to be dragged to the Hotel de Caſtries, where he worthily played his part, abandoned to the moſt mortal affliction. There, he every morning went into the garden to weep at his eaſe, holding before his eyes his handkerchief moiſtened with tears, as long as he was in ſight of the hotel, but at the turning of a certain alley, people, of whom he little thought, ſaw him inſtantly put his handkerchief into his pocket and take out of it a book. This obſervation, which was repeatedly made,

made, ſoon became public in Paris, and was almoſt as ſoon forgotten. I myſelf had forgotten it; a circumſtance in which I was concerned brought it to my recollection. I was at the point of death in my bed, in the Rue de Grenelle. Grimm was in the country; he came one morning quite out of breath, to ſee me, ſaying, he had arrived in town that very inſtant; and a moment afterwards I learned he had arrived the evening before, and had been ſeen at the theatre.

I heard many things of the ſame kind; but an obſervation, which I was ſurpriſed not to have made ſooner, ſtruck me more than every thing elſe. I had given to Grimm all my friends without exception, they were all become his. I was ſo inſeparable from him, that I ſhould have had ſome difficulty in continuing to viſit at a houſe where he was not received. Madame de Créqui was the only perſon who refuſed to admit him into her company, and whom, for that reaſon, I have ſeldom ſince ſeen. Grimm, on his part, made himſelf other friends, as well by his own means, as by thoſe of the Comte de F...e. Of all theſe, not one of them ever became my friend: he never ſaid a word to induce me even to become acquainted with them, and not one of thoſe, I ſometimes met at his apartments, ever ſhewed me the leaſt good will; the Comte de F...e, in whoſe houſe he lived, and with whom it conſequently would have been agreeable to me to form ſome connection, not excepted, nor the Comte de S.....g, his relation, with whom Grimm was ſtill more intimate.

Add to this, my own friends, whom I made his, and who were all tenderly attached to me before this acquaintance, were no longer ſo the

moment it was made. He never gave me one of his; I gave him all mine, and theſe he has taken from me. If theſe be the effects of friendſhip, what are thoſe of enmity?

Diderot, himſelf, told me ſeveral times at the beginning that Grimm, in whom I had ſo much confidence, was not my friend. He changed his language the moment he was no longer ſo himſelf.

The manner in which I had diſpoſed of my children wanted not the concurrence of any perſon. Yet I informed ſeveral of my friends of it, ſolely to make it known to them, and that I might not in their eyes appear better than I was. Theſe friends were three in number; Diderot, Grimm, and Madame D'.....y. Duclos, the moſt worthy of my confidence, was the only real friend whom I did not inform of it. He, nevertheleſs, knew what I had done. By whom? This I know not. It is not very probable the perfidy came from Madame D'.....y, who knew that by following her example, had I been capable of doing it, I had in my power the means of a cruel revenge. It remains therefore between Grimm and Diderot, then ſo much united, eſpecially againſt me, and it is probable this crime was common to them both. I would lay a wager that Duclos, to whom I never told my ſecret, and who conſequently was at liberty to make what uſe he pleaſed of his information, is the only perſon who has not ſpoken of it again.

Grimm and Diderot, in their project to take from me the governeſſes, had uſed the greateſt efforts to make Duclos enter into their views; but this he refuſed to do with diſdain. It was not until ſome time afterwards that I learned from him what had paſſed between them on

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the ſubject; but I learned at the time from Thérèſa enough to perceive there was ſome ſecret deſign, and that they wiſhed to diſpoſe of me, if not againſt my own conſent, at leaſt without my knowledge, or had an intention of making theſe two perſons ſerve as inſtruments of ſome project they had in view. This was far from upright conduct. The oppoſition of Duclos is a convincing proof of it. They who think proper may believe it to be friendſhip.

This pretended friendſhip was as fatal to me at home as it was abroad. The long and frequent converſations with Madame le Vaſſeur, for ſeveral years paſt, had made a ſenſible change in this woman's behaviour to me, and the change was far from being in my favour. What was the ſubject of theſe ſingular converſations? Why ſuch a profound myſtery? Was the converſation of that old woman agreeable enough to take her into favour, and of ſufficient importance to make of it ſo great a ſecret? During the two or three years theſe colloquies had, from time to time, been continued, they had appeared to me ridiculous; but when I thought of them again, they began to aſtoniſh me. This aſtoniſhment would have been carried to inquietude had I then known what the old creature was preparing for me.

Notwithſtanding the pretended zeal for my welfare of which Grimm made ſuch a public boaſt, difficult to reconcile with the airs he gave himſelf when we were together, I heard nothing of him from any quarter the leaſt to my advantage, and his feigned commiſeration tended leſs to do me ſervice than to render me contemptible. He deprived me as much as he poſ-

ſibly could of the reſource I found in the employment I had choſen, by decrying me as a bad copyiſt. I confeſs he ſpoke the truth; but, in this caſe, it was not for him to do it. He proved himſelf in earneſt by employing another copyiſt, and prevailing upon every body he could, by whom I was engaged, to do the ſame. His intention might have been ſuppoſed to be that of reducing me to a dependence upon him and his credit for a ſubſiſtence, and to cut off the latter until I was brought to that degree of diſtreſs.

All things conſidered, my reaſon impoſed ſilence upon my former prejudice, which ſtill pleaded in his favour. I judged his character to be at leaſt ſuſpicious, and with reſpect to his friendſhip I poſitively decided it to be falſe. I then reſolved to ſee him no more, and informed Madame D'.....y of the reſolution I had taken, ſupporting it with ſeveral unanſwerable facts, but which I have now forgotten.

She ſtrongly combated my reſolution without knowing how to reply to the reaſons on which it was founded. She had not concerted with him; but the next day, inſtead of explaining herſelf verbally, ſhe, with great addreſs, gave me a letter they had drawn up together, and by which, without entering into a detail of facts, ſhe juſtified him by his concentrated character, attributed to me as a crime my having ſuſpected him of perfidy towards his friend, and exhorted me to come to an accommodation with him. This letter ſtaggered me. In a converſation we afterwards had together and in which I found her better prepared than ſhe had been the firſt time, I ſuffered myſelf to be quite prevailed upon, and was inclined to believe I might have judged

judged erroneouſly. In this caſe I thought I really had done a friend a very ſerious injury, which it was my duty to repair. In ſhort, as I had already done ſeveral times with Diderot, and the Baron d'H ....k, half from inclination, and half from weakneſs, I made all the advances I had a right to require; I went to M. Grimm, like another George Dandin, to make him my apologies for the offence he had given me; ſtill in the falſe perſuaſion, which, in the courſe of my life, has made me guilty of a thouſand meanneſſes to my pretended friends, that there is no hatred which may not be diſarmed by mildneſs and proper behaviour; whereas, on the contrary, the hatred of the wicked becomes ſtill more envenomed by the impoſſibility of finding any thing to found it upon, and the ſentiment of their own injuſtice is another cauſe of offence againſt the perſon who is the object of it. I have, without going farther than my own hiſtory, a ſtrong proof of this maxim in Grimm, and in T....., both become my implacable enemies from inclination, pleaſure, and fancy, without having been able to charge me with having done either of them the moſt trifling injury *, and whoſe rage, like that of tigers, becomes daily more fierce by the facility of ſatiating it.

I expected that Grimm, confuſed by my condeſcenſion and advances, would receive me

* I did not give the ſurname of J..... only to the latter until a long time after his ennity had been declared, and the perſecutions he brought upon me at Geneva and elſewhere. I ſoon ſuppreſſed the name the moment I perceived I was entirely his victim. Mean vengeance is unworthy of my heart, and hatred never takes the leaſt root in it.

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with open arms, and the moſt tender friendſhip. He received me as a Roman Emperor would have done, and with a haughtineſs I never ſaw in any perſon but himſelf. I was by no means prepared for ſuch a reception. When, in the embarraſſment of the part I had to act, and which was ſo unworthy of me, I had, in a few words and with a timid air, fulfilled the object which had brought me to him; before he received me into favour, he pronounced, with a deal of majeſty, an harangue he had prepared, and which contained a long enumeration of his rare virtues, and eſpecially thoſe connected with friendſhip. He laid great ſtreſs upon a thing which at firſt ſtruck me a good deal: this was his having always preſerved the ſame friends. Whilſt he was yet ſpeaking, I ſaid to myſelf, it would be cruel for me to be the only exception to this rule. He returned to the ſubject ſo frequently, and with ſuch affection, that I thought, if in this he followed nothing but the ſentiments of his heart, he would be leſs ſtruck with the maxim, and that he made of it an art uſeful to his views by procuring the means of accompliſhing them. Until then I had been in the ſame ſituation; I had preſerved all my firſt friends, thoſe even from my tendereſt infancy, without having loſt one of them except by death, and yet I had never before made the reflection: it was not a maxim I preſcribed myſelf. Since, therefore, the advantage was common to both, why did he boaſt of it in preference, if he had not previouſly intended to deprive me of the merit? He afterwards endeavoured to humble me by proofs of the preference our common friends gave to me. With this I was as well acquainted as himſelf; the queſtion was, by what means he had obtained it? whether it was by merit or addreſs?

dreſs? by exalting himſelf, or endeavouring to abaſe me? At laſt, when he had placed between us all the diſtance that he could add to the value of the favour he was about to confer, he granted me the kiſs of peace, in a ſlight embrace which reſembled the *accolade* which the king gives to new made knights. I was ſtupified with ſurprize: I knew not what to ſay; not a word could I utter. This whole ſcene had the appearance of the reprimand a preceptor gives to his pupil while he graciouſly ſpares inflicting the rod. I never think of it without perceiving to what a degree judgments, founded upon appearances to which the vulgar give ſo much weight, are deceitful, and how frequently audaciouſneſs and pride are found in the guilty, and ſhame and embarraſſment in the innocent.

We were reconciled: this was a relief to my heart, which every kind of quarrel fills with anguiſh. It will naturally be ſuppoſed that a like reconciliation changed nothing in his manners; all it effected was to deprive me of the right of complaining of them. For this reaſon I took a reſolution to endure every thing, and for the future to ſay not a word.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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